WHEN I WAS A GIRL

HELEN FERRIS

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WHEN I WAS A GIRL

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
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MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO

WHEN I WAS A GIRL

The Stories of Five Famous Women as Told by Themselves

COLLECTED BY
HELEN FERRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY
CURTISS SPRAGUE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK 1930

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Set up and electrotyped. Published July, 1930.

SET UP BY BROWN BROTHERS LINOTYPERS
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE FERRIS PRINTING COMPANY

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

FOR permission to reprint the stories in this book, the editor thanks the authors of the books mentioned and the publishers, who are holders of the copyrights. This indebtedness is hereby definitely acknowledged and recorded:

To DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND COMPANY—for the chapters from *A Daughter of the Samurai,* by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto.

To HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY—for the chapters from *Modeling My Life* by Janet Scudder.

To THE MACMILLAN COMPANY and MARY LAWTON—for the chapters from *Schumann-Heink, the Last of the Titans* by Mary Lawton.

To THE MACMILLAN COMPANY—for the chapters from *Twenty Years at Hull-House* by Jane Addams and for the chapters from *Pierre Curie* by Marie Curie.

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ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

From *Schumann-Heink, the Last of the Titans,* by Mary Lawton.

ABOUT MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

In many countries of the world today, there are people who cherish Ernestine Schumann-Heink's singing—people who have seen her fire and passion as she acted in a great opera, people who will never forget the peace and the wonder in her voice as she sang *Stille Nacht.*

Realizing this, knowing the position Mme. Schumann-Heink now occupies, you may perhaps feel that her girlhood held little of the unexpected. For surely it was inevitable that the unusual quality of so lovely a voice should have been recognized when Tini Roessler was a mere child. Some one was certain to have appeared who would see that that voice was properly trained, despite the poverty of Tini's parents. And then—what could remain but steady progress until she was ranked with the peers of the opera world, acclaimed on every side?

Reading Mme. Schumann-Heink's own story, so sympathetically recorded by Mary Lawton in *Schumann-Heink, the Last of the Titans,* from which the story of her girlhood in this book has been taken, one realizes that life is never so simple as that. If, added to her voice, Tini Roessler had not had magnificent energy and health, she could never have battled her way through the obstacles that blocked her.

Nor was her future only a matter of securing an opportunity for training and of having a superabundant health. The fact that she had no plan for herself could readily have wrecked that opportunity when it opened before her, and, as you will see by her story here, actually did come very close to depriving us of that magnificent voice.

It is not strange, however, that she had no plan. There was no one to suggest it to her even at home. Because she was a girl, her father had never considered it necessary to give her future any special thought. Even after he had seen her early recognition and had reluctantly given his consent to her further training, he remained indifferent to any difficulties that might be before her in her chosen field. He gave no thought to how readily she might make a mistake which would seriously hamper her.

And so the young Ernestine, oblivious that everything she now did would directly affect her great opportunity, oblivious even of how deeply she valued that opportunity, made her mistake. And in the dark days she has so poignantly described, she faced it through—and went forward resolutely.

Perhaps it was the keen sense of her own lack of judgment which now gave Ernestine Schumann-Heink her willingness to follow the lead of those more experienced. Perhaps it was the relatively inconsequential position her family had always occupied that brought about her respect for those whom she considered her superiors. Or it may have been the sharp necessity to support her children.

Whatever the cause, we see her constantly displaying that humbleness of spirit which has always been one of her greatest assets. There was nothing she would not do. She would sing any part however insignificant and however much she inwardly rebelled at not having been assigned the leading rôle.

She learned something from every person whom she met, especially the singers who came her way. Throughout her book, you will find her comments upon them and the reasons she worked out to explain their successes and their failures. And the common sense of many of her observations makes her story suggestive to every girl, whether or not your special interest is music.

So it was that every moment of every day became a training school for Ernestine Schumann-Heink and brought to her a versatility which has been the amazement of many a young opera singer since. Her account of these years is given with the gusto and zestful sense of humor which, no less than her voice, have made her so delightful a person to know. With the cordial friendliness she has always felt for those whom she meets, she invites you to share her colorful life, itself a veritable grand opera, crowded with famous musicians in gorgeous array and filled with dramatic turns of fortune. And even though she frequently throws over it the glamor of the footlights, with characteristic openness she admits many a mistake as well.

As you come to the close of her story, you find her thinking of you, the girl who is reading her book, and of the future which lies before you. And from the eminence of her Golden Jubilee, she says to you, "This shall be my parting word—know what you want to do—then do it. Make straight for your goal and go undefeated in spirit to the end."

H. F.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

I

I AM a soldier's daughter.

I was born, you know, the child of an Austrian army officer. My father was a lieutenant at that time. My mother was raised (and I, too, as is usual in the family of Austrian officers) in an Italian convent. She was most highly educated, my mother, and the education she then had no longer exists. Why, she spoke beautifully Italian, French, German, Dutch and even Latin—and had the most wonderful contralto voice you can imagine. You see, she was raised in Italy, and in Italy they all sing. They sing everywhere (all those operatic arias) in the streets as they go. It is a funny thing, but every Italian has a voice and sings naturally, and my mother was one of those.

Mother married my father in Italy. In this time a great part of Italy was ours, Austrian. My father was the finest kind of man—a perfect gentleman, but—well—I must admit it, a real old rough-neck soldier just the same! A good, good man he was—but a rough-neck! God bless him! He got at the first some little education, then studied later by himself. He ran away from home when he was fifteen, in 1848, the time of the Revolution. He volunteered and from then on followed a military career—worked up from a private to an officer. His father before him had been a military man and had eleven sons, and when they were only six years old they were all put in the military academy to make soldiers of them. So, like the others my father started when he was six and ran

away when he was fifteen. But in some way he got a really good education, later on being able to pass his examinations into the cavalry, and he was until the end a cavalry officer. Eventually he passed the examination to be a Major—one of the most exacting tests. He, too, had to speak all the languages of the different states.

I was born on the 15th of June, 1861, in Lieben, Prague. My mother's name was Charlotte Goldman; my father's name was Hans—Hans Roessler.

When I was three years old, I already sang. I sang what my mother sang. I never was in a theater until I was fourteen, but I acted just the same. I'd put my mother's apron around me and start to act and sing—singing all the different arias and dancing—always dancing. But from three years on, I sang. Then my father was transferred to Verona.

Among my first memories is Verona. We lived all together with the soldiers in the officers' quarters in the barracks, and as I hadn't any playmates, I spent most of my time in the stalls with the horses, playing right under their heels, but of course none of them hurt me, for animals rarely hurt children. I always had such a love for animals, even then.

We came away from Italy in 1866. I was the only child in the family at that time. We came back to Austria because war broke out between Italy and Austria, so Mother and I were sent back to Prague, and there I saw my grandmother for the first time. She was so happy to see my mother and me! She was from Hungary, my grandmother, and her name was Leah Kohn. She was the sweetest, loveliest little thing you can imagine. I recall just how she looked. She was very small and very graceful and very gay. She died when she was only fifty-two, and my mother told me she had not one white hair even then.

Now, I was one of those children that noticed everything—"smart," you say in America. I remember soon after we arrived, I looked at my grandmother and said, "Oh, Grandmother, how is it that they call you *Grossmutter* (grandmother) when you are so little—so tiny?" Because she was not tall, and I thought *gross* (grand) meant tall, I said to her, "How is it you are so small, when they all call you *Grossmutter!*" (You see, she was not much bigger than I was then.)

How she looked at me, so—when I said that! And she laughed and said, feeling the bumps all round my head with her little old hands: "Isn't she clever to think of that? She has a brain, this child." Then she took me up in her arms and looked deep in my eyes, and said to Mother: "And now I tell you something more. This child has a genius—she will be an actress or a singer—something great. You will see. The world will yet speak of this child of yours."

"What?" said my mother. "The child of a poor army officer? How do you know?"

And Grandmother answered, "Well, I don't know *how* I know, but I feel sure—there is something in this little head—something in this child that the world will recognize."

When I heard that, I was "tickled to death," as you say here, and right away I began to dance, and said, "Oh, shall I dance for you the Czardas, Grandmother?"

"What! And can *you* dance the Czardas—that wonderful dance?" (The Czardas, you know, is the national Hungarian dance.)

"Oh, *Ja, Ja!* I can dance the Czardas."

"But," said my grandmother, "you have no music, my child!"

"Oh, that is nothing," I told her. "I can whistle it!" And so I began to whistle, and I whistled and danced the

Czardas from beginning to end. Well, Grandmother was simply delighted. She clapped her hands, and kept time to my whistling and said to my mother again:

"You see, you see? What I tell you! This child will be famous all over the world some day. I know it! I am never mistaken."

So all this brought me very close to my grandmother. Children, you know, understand instinctively, and I felt some bond between us even then. She meant a great deal to me, my little grandmother. I adored her. She was so gay and so good to me. She always took my part and had the idea to the very end that the future would bring something wonderful. Of course, I loved my mother dearly, too, and she was awfully good to me, but she was always so full of worry and work, poor Mother—there was so little money, as the pay of my father in the army was very small. I can never remember the time in those days when I was not hungry.

When the war was over, my father was transferred again and we went to Podgorzj, near Krakow. Mother then put me in St. Andreas Convent, not as a boarder (we couldn't afford that) but as a day scholar. I had to walk to school and every morning must get up at six o'clock to be at the school at eight. My mother gave me a big bottle of black coffee and a piece of dry, black bread—butter was unheard of! That was all she could give me.

It was very hard times then. We had no servant—only a soldier, a private, who helped do the rough work in the house. And then, poor Mother! another baby always coming! In the meantime I had had one sister and a little brother—so there were many mouths to feed, and Mother had to turn this way and that to make things go. For instance, all we could afford to eat at that time was soup, as Mother knew it would nourish us—and how she scrimped and saved to get it! She bought one and a half

pounds of meat and two vegetables, then boiled the meat and from that took the grease and saved every bit in a little dish, and that was all the butter we ever had in those days. Everything had to count in our household—even the fat on the soup. She saved everything, poor Mother, and how she slaved for her children! Think of it! There she was, a woman so fine, so sensitive, so highly educated, but facing always hard work and bitter poverty! Every one who met her in later years—I mean the wives and daughters of the army officials—always appreciated her. And how often I think of it now in my days of plenty, how she struggled for us and how carefully we were brought up. We, too, had our special little routine education, like all army officers' children—for it is required that they be put in proper boarding schools and able to meet at any time the King, the Queen, the highest officials of the Court. We were taught to know etiquette, how to behave properly in any circumstance—and it was my mother who saw to all this.

So I went to school in the convent at Krakow. At ten o'clock came the first break in the day. I'd eat my dry bread and drink the black coffee—then at twelve o'clock we could go out.

The Sisters were Polish, so of course hated the Austrians and had no interest in keeping the children in or in protecting them from the streets. I was only eleven years old then and delighted to run the streets—which I did. I didn't fear anything—and perhaps it was all well and good, because it was the beginning of my independence, as you will see.

Well, one fine day I wandered into the market place, and there I found a wonderful circus (wonderful to me, anyway) with all the people crowding about, and the circus people, clowns, riders, animals and everything so strange—so marvellous! They were just having the mid-

day meal when I came along. Oh, how it smelled, so good! And I was so hungry—I was always hungry, you know, and everything excited me so—the people, the horses, the smell of that good food all fixed with garlic and all the things I loved (and I love garlic to this day, I tell you), and I so starving.

"*Ach!*" I thought to myself, "what must I do! What *must* I do to get some of that good food?"

I thought, if I could only have something to eat, why, I would do anything for it. So I asked them, *please, please,* could they give me something to eat—and I would work for it—I'd do anything to get it!

Of course, they were astonished, and roared at me with laughter and said:

"*Si, si!* if you want to work, little one, clean the monkey cages first, then you can eat!"

I suppose they didn't think I'd really do it—they were just joking—but I did it, I tell you, as quick as a wink. And what a meal they gave me! I was stuffed like a Strassbourg goose! And they began right away to like me.

But I didn't tell them who I was or anything. I didn't say I was an army officer's daughter. I just said I was going to school near there. They were Italians, these circus people, big, soft-hearted Italians, and of course, they started to have such a love for me, and I for them, that I stopped going back to school sometimes—in fact, very often. Then little by little they let me do other things, and said if I wanted to help in the circus I could do that too—they'd let me ride the horses and so on. I could already do this, because we always lived with the soldiers in the officers' quarters. In that period the families of the Austrian officers lived in the barracks—as I told you—it was not like the "high-falutin" thing of today, so naturally I knew how to ride a horse.

"But," they said, "you don't need to jump through the

big hoops yet, little one—that's too dangerous. You just ride."

You see, they were really careful of me.

Now I didn't say anything at home, because I knew my father had a loose hand, and what would happen if he caught me—a thrashing! So I went to school every morning and at twelve o'clock disappeared to my circus. And it was such a bad school, anyway. They didn't even report my absences. No! They asked me why I was away so often, and I always made some excuse (I was well able to lie—like all good children); and we had six or eight children at home (when we had only three) and I must help Mother, etc. Well, to confess is to be excused—so I hope I may now be excused for all those good lies.

But the fun couldn't go on forever, and I was finally caught by the commanding officer of my father's regiment. He went to the circus and discovered me there. He didn't say anything; he just looked at me. I decided quick I'd better go home, so I ran as fast as I could, but at home everything was peaceful—there hadn't been time yet for the officer to tell my father. But the next afternoon, ach! Father was there waiting! That had never happened before. He never came home that early. So I knew trouble was brewing—that he knew about the circus.

"Ernestine," he called. "Ernestine!"

That was bad, because no "Tini" this time. He always called me "Tini"—but "Ernestine!" *Ach,* God help me! That meant a thrashing, and a good one!

"Ernestine," he roared, "did you go every day to your school?"

"Yes, yes, Father."

"Then where were you yesterday afternoon?"

Well, you know, Grandmother had said I had a brain —and I used it then, I can tell you. I knew the officer had seen me, so I told my father the truth. I said:

"I was in the circus."

"In the *circus?* And how came *you* in the circus? What were you doing in the circus? Were you dressed like one of those circus girls? How so? *Explanation, Ernestine!!*"

Well, there I was—caught!

So then I confessed everything. I said:

"Father, I had to go, I was so hungry! And they fed me!"

Hungry! Poor Father and Mother! You should have seen their faces—how they looked when I said that! And my father turned to Mother—but poor Mother! she knew nothing about it. It was not her fault. The school was to blame. So Father (after giving me my good thrashing) went to school and made a terrible row; he was not a rough-neck for nothing! Anyway, thank God, we left there in a few weeks, and I was removed from temptation.

Of course, I hated to give up my beloved circus and the good food, for I loved those people, and they loved me, too—and the animals, even the monkeys. There was only one monkey that was mean to me when I cleaned his cage, and he only scratched my nose.

Well, after the circus episode we were transferred to Hungary for a few months and then back again to Prague. There Mother put me in the Ursuline Convent, and these Sisters were of the finest—wonderful women. It was there, studying the Mass, that Mother Bernardine—she is long since dead now—first discovered my voice. Then she sent for my mother and said to her:

"I know it will sound very peculiar to you that I, now shut forever from the world, and never going out of this convent, or seeing anything of life except through this little door [they looked out through a latticed window, you know]—that I tell you this thing: that this little child of yours is one of the most gifted—and blessed with a great voice. God love her!"

My mother was overcome with surprise. "Why, I don't understand," she said. "How can that be? Tini can sing, yes—but such a child! We never thought of such a thing! But, although she is a good girl," said my mother, "I can not always understand her. We say at home she has the 'devil' in her—but still I could not get along without her help. If the baby's sick, she takes it in her arms, and walks back and forth, up and down, and sings—all night, if need be, to the sick baby! She does everything on earth for her poor mother—but in spite of that, there is something in her that we call the 'devil' or 'gipsy'—something you can not control."

But Mother Bernardine only smiled and shook her head, and my mother went on:

"And then, we have no money—nothing! What can we do for her?"

But Mother Bernardine said: "Wait—wait a few years. But I would ask you not to neglect this child, because she will be a great actress or singer. Yes, I think she will be a great singer, for the voice is beautiful! Mother Angeline is trying now to teach her the tenor part in the Mass, but you must come to the church and listen for yourself, for this child of yours has the most wonderful contralto voice you ever heard."

Mother said: "That is all right and well, and I will come, but what can I do with these few *gulden* that my husband gets—no fortune, friends, or influence—nothing? How can we do anything?"

But Mother Bernardine replied again: "It will come. It will surely come! Where God has given such a talent, there will always be a way."

My mother, of course, spoke to Father about it.

"What? What?" he shouted. "A singer—an actress—a *bad* woman? Why, look at all these women going about half-naked on the stage and—doing this and that" [imi-

tating them]. "My child an actress? Never!" said he, scolding and making a terrible rumpus.

"But, Hans," said my mother, trying to quiet him, "that is not always the way. Oh, no! There are famous singers that are good—there is Adelina Patti, for instance. She is not going naked on the stage—and look how the whole world is at her feet!"

But Father only grumbled. "Adelina Patti! And do you expect our Tini to be an Adelina Patti? Nonsense! And from where comes the money to do all these fine things—from where do you get the money?"

Of course, Mother couldn't answer that argument, but she believed in her heart what Mother Bernardine had said.

Well, anyhow, I did study the Mass. I was absolutely unmusical then. I knew nothing of musical notes—it was by ear that I sang. I couldn't read music then.

And now, this is something I regret as long as I live: I forgot the name of the lady who first helped me! She had been a great prima donna in Paris, had left the stage, and married a rich man in Prague. This lady was at the Mass and heard my singing. She hurried back to the convent after Mass, to the little door, and asked who was the girl with the contralto voice singing there.

Mother Bernardine came right away and said, "Why, she is a very poor child from an Austrian officer's family, and we are greatly interested in her."

"Well," this lady said, "I must see her at once, because I never heard such a voice—in all my long experience, I never heard such a voice as that!"

So Mother Bernardine arranged our meeting. My mother came, of course, and it was settled that I could take some lessons at once, which I did. But it was only for a few weeks.

I remember well the misery of this time—not even a

piano to practice on! And then came a neighbor with the idea to help me. She worked on those Bohemian gloves that were so fashionable then and sold all over the world. She stitched the backs of the gloves, and for each glove got one penny, but this included the silk, the needles, and the frame to work on. It was quickly done, so I thought, "Now I'll try it too." So I began, and when I came from school each day, sat until night stitching, and made in one day about twenty-five cents American money. Well, twenty-five cents was a lot! And I was proud like a peacock! But it only lasted a short time, for one day comes Father with bad news. We were to be transferred again —to Graz this time. A few weeks after, we had to pack up and go. It was a blow. Convent, singing lessons, hopes —all gone!

Father tried hard to get me in the Czech Conservatory —a free scholarship—but they refused; it was only for Czechs. Hope gone again, and I, of course, desperate! And to pile up the misery, the day before we started, Mother gave birth to my sister Jenny, and the very next day we had to go to Graz—second-class, of course. Think of it!

We all got there somehow, but Mother became critically ill. And there I was with brother Karl and two sisters and no one to help. I knew nothing about young babies. I was frantic! I didn't know what to do, and Mother so ill. I gave the new baby water and sugar, and as that didn't stop its crying, I thought I must do something *more!* We all drank coffee, so I gave the poor little baby coffee! Fortunately a neighbor arrived just in time and saved the child —but—can you believe it?—my sister, when she grew up, although she had the most beautiful skin (a little bit yellow perhaps, but she was really a beauty) to her dying day will think I ruined her complexion, giving her coffee when she was just born!

Well, after that, Mother got well, thank God! And then began the same things all over again.

At this time an officer in my father's regiment had a daughter who had been an opera singer. She had retired from the opera and was then settled down in Graz, giving singing lessons. Marietta von Leclair was her name. Mother heard about her and went at once to tell her of our misery and of all that had happened to me.

Then Marietta was greatly interested and said: "Well, why don't you bring your child and let me hear her voice? I will see what I can do."

So Mother took me there at once.

Marietta heard my voice and tried me out with scales, and she was delighted. "My child," she cried, "all I know I will teach you, and I now prophesy you will be a great singer. You will be one of the first contraltos in the world. *Ach,* what a voice!"

Well, she gave me lessons twice a week. I was still very unmusical—I mean, I couldn't read the notes or keep the time.

Marietta said: "Now, I will have to do something about this. The child must take piano lessons, too. That can not be neglected. Yes, she must study music. She must be a first-rate musician."

At that time I still went to school, for I was only thirteen, and must remain until I was fourteen, so what to do to manage? And at home I must also help Mother, too.

"Never mind the children," said Marietta when I told her all this. "You have to learn to play anyway. You *must* have a piano and study at once."

So she started making the lines of the scale and teaching me music from the beginning to the end. All she knew —bless her!

And, can you believe it? We actually got a piano, such

as it was, and we paid only one dollar for it. It was one of those old-fashioned kind—long like this room—of course, not so many octaves as now. It was an awful old rattletrap, and God knows when it had been tuned. So what to do! I had never tuned a piano—didn't know it could be tuned. But when the strings began to break and crack, and the little hammers got loose (which they frequently did) I had to do something! Father had a big lump of sealing wax, so I got that and began my surgery. First I bound the broken things together with string, and then put all around that thick sealing wax. Sometimes they came out too short, sometimes too long—I wasn't a very good surgeon. But that didn't bother me at all. I practiced just the same. That old piano was a sight! How I wish I could see it now! Wilhelm Kienzl will remember about it. He is a famous composer, and he saw that old piano. He said then there wasn't another in the whole world like it.

So I began playing songs—oh, anything to practise—and to count the time—tap, tap, tap, tap—which Marietta told me was very important. But you know how it was, with the children all in the next room, and the baby crying—so I used to bring the baby to the piano, and rocked the cradle with one foot and beat time with the other! And that's the way I studied the piano. No wonder I didn't turn out a Paderewski! Anyway, I learned to play my own accompaniments, after a fashion. Of course, I used the wrong fingers—I didn't know or care anything about that. It didn't matter to me what fingers I used. And it's a good thing I did learn to play my songs, because it kept me from starving to death later on, when I could sing at dinners and so on, and play for myself.

It was in Graz, after I had two years' singing lessons, that I went first to the opera. My father didn't like me to go alone—he was always very particular—so he said,

"All right, you can go, but I will send some one to take care of you, Ernestine."

Naturally I was very much excited at that, but *who* do you think the "some one" was? Well, it was our old private—the soldier who did the housework for Mother! He was the one who had the honor of taking me to my first opera. Of course, I had to go with him, and we must have been a funny sight, for he wore his spurs, and they went clack—clack—clack—right into the theater. It made all the people look at me and laugh.

That is how I heard my first opera, *"Il Trovatore,"* with Marianna Brandt, one of the greatest contralto singers in the world. How she sang! And how she acted! This gave me a new ambition.

I still knew really very little in a musical way. I was just beginning, and then came a new person into my life, a musician, Rosbaud by name. She dressed like a man, smoked cigars, and was the talk of the town, of course. But she started in seriously to give me piano lessons and help me on my way. When I played accompaniments, she would say,

"That sounds well enough, but *why* don't you use the proper finger?" (I always took the wrong one!)

Well, to make a long story short, she taught me a little more—carried on what the other had begun.

I had studied singing three years, when Marie Wilt—the famous soprano, one of the greatest that ever lived—came to Graz. She was a wonder! One day she sang coloratura parts like the *Queen* in "The Magic Flute," and the next, *Valentine,* in "Les Huguenots." She was bad-tempered—a big woman, fat and disagreeable as could be, but what a voice! Nearest to her in voice was Nordica. Dear Nordica!

About this time I got a chance to sing the alto part in

the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven with Marie Wilt. But even then I didn't know the notes, for I remember Wilt said to my teacher,

"Why, she doesn't know it!"

And Marietta replied: "Oh, never mind that—I can teach it to her by ear. She is intelligent and very musical. I know she will be very good for this part. You can depend upon it."

So this was my first public singing, with Marie Wilt. She sang the soprano and I the alto part. It was a great day for me when I sang with this wonderful opera singer. Marie Wilt looked splendid and had a beautiful dress on, too. I was a homely little thing, famous even then for my homeliness, and I had no nice clothes, and only old shoes made in the barracks by the soldiers! So I must have been a funny sight beside the great Wilt. When I sang that time, I had on only a black dress made from one of Mother's, but I did have beautiful hair anyway, and took great pains fixing it, and I stuck a red rose in it, too—extra—for the occasion. Also, most important, I got about six dollars for that singing.

The first thing, I gave two dollars to my mother, kept some for myself, and the rest I gave to my bird, Nazi. He had such a little house—cage, you call it—to live in, and that always made me feel badly, so I went to a second-hand store and bought a nice, big cage for him. Much later, when I went home from Dresden, Nazi was still alive, but not singing. And it was a grateful thing that he opened his mouth wide as soon as I came into the room and almost sang his head off! He remembered me, you see. So it was a good thing for the canary bird, too, that I sang in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

I suppose I should have used some of the money for decent shoes, but I bought instead the first white curtains we ever had—second-hand, of course, but still white cur-

tains—and so one of my dreams was fulfilled. You see, we had very little furniture—not even real beds. I remember the mattresses. They were only big sacks—the kind soldiers use—stuffed with straw. But I had such a way to make them that they were smooth like the finest beds. We had only rough military blankets for sheets. Then for furniture we had boxes made like a long sofa. Mother could use them for packing when we moved from place to place. And these had on top the sacks with straw, like the beds, only sewed through, so the stuffing didn't move. Then it was covered with cretonne and tacked on to the boxes and made to look like a real couch. The boxes were specially made; we always packed the stuff in them when we made a move. This was our furniture—and a cradle. Always the cradle! So, you see, the second-hand white curtains were a great event in our household.

I can not remember the time, in early years, when the pennies didn't have to be counted, and we had sometimes as little food as we had furniture.

As you know, Father was in the barracks, and every officer had a piece of land allotted him. The pay of the soldiers and officers was so small that land was a godsend, and we worked every inch of it. We planted potatoes, turnips, cabbage, onions, etc., and a certain salad called *raddicci,* an Italian vegetable. In the summer the leaves are eaten for salad. We had this always for supper—a big bowl of salad was our evening meal at this time. That was all, unless there were cucumbers by a bit of good luck, then they were served only to Father and Mother, as they were a great luxury. Olive oil was out of the question, but we had plenty of vinegar—we got a barrel for a penny. But for oil we had only linseed oil, you call it here. That was cheap, and a big bottle cost only 5 *kreutzer.* And it didn't taste any too well, I recollect.

A piece of bread and this salad was our supper always, except at the first of the month, when Mother had a little money on hand. Then we had a feast! She'd rub a little lard and flour together and make a kind of gravy into which she would put some spinach. Then she'd take a big piece of bread, rub it on both sides with good garlic, and spread on the spinach gravy, and would say, "Now, children, see, I give you a fine supper tonight."

And, oh, how we always counted the days to the first of the month!

Poor Mother, how she managed I don't know. Of course, we always owed the grocery some money. At the first of every month we would pay as much as we could, but there was always something owing. Just before my sister was born—the one I fed with black coffee—Mother was feeling so sick and had such an appetite for—what do you think?—just a piece of cheese! She said to me:

"Oh, Tini, I would so like a piece of Swiss cheese. How I wish I could have it now!"

"Well, I will go and get it," I said.

"But, my child, we have no money," she answered. "Swiss cheese is very expensive."

"Oh, never mind that," I said. "I'll get it for you."

So I went to the big fat grocery woman. She was sitting in front of her shop with all the neighbors around her, chattering. But I ran up to her and said,

"Oh, please, will you give me a piece of Swiss cheese?" putting on the sweetest face I could.

"*Swiss* cheese! *Swiss* cheese! How can that be done? Have you the money?"

"*Ach!* no, I haven't," I said.

"Well, then," she screamed, "you can't have it, that's all! Be off!"

"But," I said, "I *must* have some Swiss cheese. My mother is sick and wants it right away."

And then that old fatty just opened her mouth wide and roared. "Oh, who ever heard of a *sick* person wanting cheese! That's nonsense!"

I began to cry and said: "Oh, but my mother *is* sick. She's going to have another baby, and she wants that Swiss cheese now."

Of course, that wicked old woman knew what I meant then, but she didn't relent, just kept shaking her head. "No, no, you can not have it."

And then I had a bright thought. I knew she loved to see me dance, so I said:

"Oh, if you will give me the cheese for my mother, I will dance for you the Czardas. I will sing it and dance it all for you, but first, *please,* my cheese. Mother is waiting."

"Oh, oh!" she grumbled. "I know you, you little devil. You'll get the cheese, and you won't come back! You'll have some excuse—your father, or something!"

"No, no," I said. "I'll come back, I promise you."

Well, my promises weren't much good at this time, but anyway she took a chance, because she loved the Czardas so, and gave me a piece of Swiss cheese, wrapped it in a little paper, and I ran home with it tight in my hand, and said,

"Here it is, Mother, and that old fatty won't put it on the grocery bill, for I'm going back to sing and dance for her the Czardas!"

Of course, poor Mother was delighted, and said: "Tini, you are a rascal—but you surely have a brain. Thank God for that!" So she kissed me and said, "Run quick now, before your father comes home."

And I said, "What! Will he scold me?"

"Never mind," she said. "Go quick—quick."

So I ran back to that old fatty, and there she sat waiting, with all the neighbors crowding about. So I sang and

danced in fine style, and at the end she gave me an apple as a reward.

It was Graz, where I began to study singing, that I want to tell you about now—a word in memory of the people who were so kind and fed me in the days when I was always hungry.

There lived in Graz then a Fräulein Erich, the daughter of Colonel von Erich. I passed their house every day to go to my singing lessons. They had a big house and lived in the finest part of town. I ran always at the last minute for my lessons, because there was so much work at home. One day, as I was hurrying along, my songs in my arms—very important looking, of course—the Colonel's wife was sitting in the window working. She happened to look up, and I noticed that she followed me with her eyes, so the next day I greeted her—kissed my hand to her in grand style—which turned out afterward a good thing for me. Every day, when I ran by, I made some kind of greeting. So after a while she beckoned me to come in.

Of course, I was tickled to death at that, for as you know I was always hungry, and I scented food in the air. I was like a dog—I could smell it a mile away!

You know, in Austria, every one in the afternoon drinks coffee and has rolls and cakes to eat. Well, it smelled so good, that coffee, and the first day I went in I just couldn't help it, for right away I said,

"Oh, you must make wonderful coffee here—it smells so good!"

That, of course, was pretty fresh of me, but they all laughed and said,

"And would you like to have some of our good coffee?"

"I should say so," I answered.

"And who are you?" Frau Erich inquired.

Well, I told her, I was Tini Roessler; that I went twice

a week to my singing lessons with Marietta von Leclair. Oh, I told her the whole story of my life—all for a cup of coffee!—and they were all very interested at once. That was the beginning of our friendship.

It was a wonderful room they took me into, with pictures of all their ancestors hanging on the walls and everything so beautiful. One of the daughters, Louisa, took a great fancy to me and an interest in my singing. So twice a week, after my lessons, it was arranged that I stop on my way home. The coffee was put in the stove to keep hot, and the rolls, too. The old Colonel, the father, was happy to have me come in, for it brought youth to that lonely house. He would talk and talk to me and ask all kinds of questions.

"And what have you studied today?" he would ask, and I answered him—with my mouth full of bread and butter, of course. First, I began with one roll and one cup of coffee, then I had two rolls, then four, and then, *Ach,* came sandwiches and cake too! Yes, I must say I ate "to beat the band!" During the four years I studied with Marietta, I always stopped for afternoon coffee on my way home. The father and mother died years after, but Louisa kept the friendship with me until she died. I always called her "Tante Louisa." I was her idol, and she followed my career always with love and sympathy. It was a wonderful friendship for me. A little garden spot in my life—even to this day it lives.

And now I must tell you of a wonderful thing that happened later, when the great opera singer, Materna, heard my voice. This, too, was in Graz. Wilhelm Kienzl was a famous composer of that time, and it was his beloved mother, Frau Nina Kienzl—whom I always called "Tante Nina Kienzl"—who took such a great interest in me. She was a remarkable woman. She held a sort of salon at that time, and had celebrities from everywhere around her—

playwrights, singers, sculptors, poets, philosophers. She always had the deepest interest in me, and I was often invited to her house. Of course, I had no nice clothes, so I kept in the background and just listened. But sometimes I sang, and it was there that the great Materna heard me, and LeBatt, the tenor, too. You see, Tante Nina Kienzl was the most elegant and highly educated person you can imagine, and my experience in her house was my first entrance to anything like society. It was most brilliant—wonderful! She took care of me with such affection! She had no daughter of her own, but she had a great kindness for all children. My poverty, I know, touched her heart, and she always tried to help me. It was another big step in my career, when Materna heard me sing. Materna was then one of the most famous German prima donnas. She sang first in light opera and then went into grand opera. She was very, very dark, but with a grand, imposing figure —and a great voice and personality—one of the most wonderful singers of her time.

LeBatt, the tenor, came with Materna from the Imperial Opera in Vienna. And it was there in Graz that Tante Nina Kienzl had Materna hear my voice.

"You will be surprised," she said to Materna, "you will be surprised, I tell you, when you hear this voice. I know how this child is struggling, and I want you to hear and like her, too."

So I sang for Materna. She listened quietly and said: "Why, yes, it is beautiful—a really beautiful voice, but she is much too young for opera. [I was only fifteen.] What can you do with a child like this? It's no use. She's impossible. Short, homely, undernourished, poverty-stricken, no appearance—nothing—Oh, no, No! Never!"

And so it was. I was homely. I made a poor appearance and had nothing then to say for myself. I was bash-

ful—I always was—although I suppose I'd have hard work to make any one believe it now!

So, in spite of Tante Nina Kienzl, Materna was not interested in me at all.

But LeBatt, the tenor, was much kinder. He said, "I will speak for her—I will speak for this child to our Director." And then he asked me, "Do you think you can come to Vienna to sing for our Director?"

Of course, I said, "Yes," although I didn't have a penny for the journey. I thought and thought—and then came a bright idea. At that time one of Tante Nina Kienzl's friends, Field-Marshal Benedikt, one of our greatest Austrian heroes, was in pension at Graz, Graz being the city of pensioners, you know. So I went to Tante Nina Kienzl and said:

"I beg of you to do me a favor. You can introduce me to Field-Marshal Benedikt [he was very rich, through his wife], and as the child of an Austrian officer I could perhaps get money for the journey to Vienna."

So we were invited for dinner, and I will never forget that occasion as long as I live. Mother was there, of course, and Tante Nina Kienzl, and my teacher, Marietta von Leclair, very excited.

Well, I sang, and the outcome of it all was, he gave me fifty *gulden*—God love him!—and that is how I first went to Vienna.

Yes, I went to Vienna—to the Director—and sang. I sang *"Ah, Mon Fils,"* and the Drinking Song from "Lucrezia Borgia"—the *"Brindisi,"* they generally called it—which made me famous in the United States long years after—though at that time I didn't know anything about the United States; didn't know even that there was such a place!

Well, I had a good success, but that wasn't enough. The

Director (Zauner was his name) listened to me patiently, and then turned to LeBatt, and said, shrugging his shoulders:

"Well, what you want? What's all the fuss? Look at her! *Mein Gott!* With such a face—and such poverty—nothing? What do you want? What do you expect? *Gott in Himmel!*"

And then to me: "No, no, my dear child," waving his hands. "Go home, quick, and ask your kind friends who helped you to come to Vienna to buy you instead a sewing machine, and learn to be a good dressmaker maybe, or something like that—but a singer—an *opera* singer! *Ach,* no! Never—never in this world!"

So home I went, heartbroken!

And Father, when he heard the news, flew into a temper. "Well," he said, "I thought so—I told you so! That settles it. Now you go to a school and learn to be a teacher. That at least is a *decent* profession, and I don't want to hear anything more, ever again, about theaters or actresses or opera singers—nothing like that! You be a teacher!"

Poor Mother, of course, was heart-sick, too; she felt with me. But my teacher, Marietta von Leclair, was simply furious! She said to my father:

"*Ach!* You do not understand—you understand nothing! You don't understand even your child! You don't know her yet at all."

Mother told me about it after. I wasn't present, of course.

"You are the most cruel father—you are simply the meanest man I ever met in all my life. To kill the ambition of your own child! It is a crime! And I tell you that Tini is what I feel she is, and will prove to you and the world what I know she will prove."

She still had such a confidence in me, you see.

Then later on I told her, "Father said I must now give up my singing," No more lessons!

"*Ach,* nonsense," she replied. "Never listen to him any more. You come for your lessons just the same. He's away all day and has not to know anything about it. Forget him!"

But then there came a little Jew—a little bit of a man. He was an agent, Levi was his name, and he came to Graz to make engagements for singers, and went to my teacher, of course. He said how the whole Vienna opera house was buzzing—talking about this new singer with the contralto voice—this young girl that sang there.

"Now," he said, "I am interested in young talent, and I telegraphed to the Dresden Royal Opera, and they are willing to pay the expenses and hear her there. And if they find she is what they think, and has talent and voice, they will make a contract with her, I'm sure."

So when my teacher Marietta von Leclair heard all this, she came right away to my mother.

"Now," she said, "*this* is the real opportunity! I know positively that this child will have a success. It is a sign of God!"

But poor Mother said: "Yes—perhaps. But we can not go a *second* time to the Field-Marshal."

"We don't have to," cried Marietta. "We can borrow the money somewhere, because the opera will pay it back. She will have a success this time, I know."

"But suppose she doesn't," replied Mother, "and then we can not pay the debts?"

"Never mind, Mother, never mind," I cried. "I'll get it somehow."

I was so excited at this good news that I thought right away of another plan. A schoolmate of mine had married

a rich man in Graz, and he was interested in me, too. So I went to him, and when I told him of my opportunity, he said right away:

"Now, here are 400 *gulden.* Take them—do anything you want with them, but for God's sake, first get some *real* clothes! You can not go to Dresden looking like that. Buy yourself a decent dress, *mein Gott!* And buy also some real shoes!"

You see, I still had those old soldier shoes, made in the barracks.

I took his advice. But first I gave 200 *gulden* to my mother, that she, too, could get a dress. *Ach!* poverty is so terrible. My heart aches still again when I think of those black days.

But this time I didn't say anything to my father about my trip. I lied because I thought it was necessary. I heard once how a famous man said that "A lie is too precious a thing to be wasted"—which means, I suppose, not to throw away a good lie on a poor occasion. So I made what I thought a very good lie for my necessity then—and I've never regretted it, either! I said to him:

"Father, I'm invited with a school friend to go on a visit to the mountains, but I'll be back soon—in a week."

Well, it doesn't sound a very good lie now, after all these years, but it was sufficient then. He believed me. Poor Father!

So, all alone, I went to Dresden. My feelings you can imagine. I went to the Hotel Weber, where Sembrich lived when she was young. I had already bought the new dress and hat and shoes, so I presented a decent appearance for the first time in my life. There were three other singers to be heard on trial—all contraltos. Well, they sang first, I was the last. To me who sat listening, they sounded, *ach,* so beautiful! I thought: "Oh, I am nothing

to compare to them. I have no chance here!" And my heart dropped down into my new boots!

Well, when my turn came, I sang my same songs, *"Ah, Mon Fils!"* and the Drinking Song. I did my very best—I had to succeed this time! When I was through, Plateu, an old Hanover aristocrat—a big, wonderful man (he was the *intendant-impresario*—like Gatti-Casazza here) he said:

"It is a very beautiful voice. I will engage you. I'll pay you 3,600 marks the first year, 4,600 marks the second year, and the third year I pay you 5,000 marks—so you will go up all the time. After the first year, if you disappoint us, I have, of course, the right to cancel the contract; in addition, you can sing in the cathedral, too."

Well, I was so overcome, I could only stare at him and nod my head. I couldn't speak.

"Now, we will make the contract," he went on. "You will sign first, and then we have to send it to the King, and if he is satisfied, everything is well and good."

So I had my contract for 3,600 marks. I hardly knew what a mark was—I had seen so little money.

"Now," he said, "after you sign, and it comes back from the King, then your father must sign it, too. We will send it to you."

But that was not all, for when he told me I must come back in September to begin my engagement, I burst out crying and said:

"Herr Director, you tell me I must be back in September—but that is impossible! In October we expect another baby, and my mother—what will she do without me? I must help my mother! I must be there!"

And this man—well he just stared at me, then the tears ran in his old eyes, he was so touched.

"You poor child," he said. Oh, I remember how he looked at me standing there,

"You poor, blessed child! Don't worry. Everything will be all right."

But I still asked, "What will Mother do without me?"

"Oh," he said, "she can keep a servant *now*—she will not need you."

That comforted me, and so I signed the contract.

My first engagement!

Happy? I should say so! I came home, and they had given me 200 marks to make the expenses. I had to go to Vienna to get the train for home—a whole day and a night. I had my new dress—but I was careful not to wear it on the train. I tied it up in a package and put my old one on, in spite of the new contract.

When Father saw me, he said: "Well, and did you have a good visit? You don't look as if you'd been in the mountains. You look pale, Ernestine. *How is that?*"

"It is all right, Father," I said. "Now I can tell you the truth. I was not in the mountains at all!"

"But *where* have you been, then?"

"In Dresden, Father."

"In *Dresden?* And with whom, Ernestine?"

"Alone!"

Oh, you should have seen him! "What does this mean?" he said, turning to my mother. "Did you know about this?"

"Yes, I knew about it, Hans," she replied, smiling.

And then it started—the row! But when I said I had a contract with the Dresden opera, he just laughed and laughed.

"Oh, ho! Oh, ho! And you say they paid for your trip?" he roared. "Well, that is very decent of them, I must say."

But when I told him the King had to sign the contract,

"Oh, the King wouldn't bother with a contract with you. Is this another fine story that you tell me?"

Poor Father! He didn't understand—he simply couldn't believe it. And I was a little bit frightened, too, and began to wonder if it was true myself. Then at last, two weeks after, the postman came with a big envelope with the seal from the Dresden Royal Opera—the contract!

And Mother! When she saw that envelope, she just put her head down on the table and cried and cried! She was all broken to pieces. Then she held me in her arms with such a look on her face—for she knew that good fortune had come to me at last.

"Tini! Tini!" she cried, "God in heaven bless you! But what shall I do without you?"

"Oh," I told her, "the Director says you can now keep a servant, and I will send you all I can, always."

Then Mother talked very seriously, and told me I must dress well and keep strong and eat good food. "You can have proper food now, thank God."

And then came her great triumph when she showed the contract to Father, and said, "Now, I hope, Hans, you are satisfied at last and will believe your child, for here is the contract, with the King's signature!"

But Father—how he looked at it! "Why," he grumbled, "she gets more money than I get—and she'll make more money than I do!" He couldn't believe it—even then.

And I was proud like a peacock! And Father was proud, in his heart. He was a mighty good Father, but he was always frightened for me.

"God only knows what will happen to you, Tini, you are so young," he said.

Well, his fears were useless, because from the very first, I had one big protection: *I was homely.* I had nice hair and black eyes, but a yellow complexion, always. Yes, I was homely—and I knew it. That is why vanity never bothered me. I knew from the beginning how homely I was. But, homely or not—nothing mattered then. For at

last I had my contract for the Dresden Royal Opera—signed by the King!

II

And now comes Dresden and my first engagement at the opera. I have already told you of my contract there, signed by the King, and that at last I had put my foot on the lowest, but the first rung of the operatic ladder. I was very well looked after there, for it was then that the Princess of Teck began to take an interest in me. She had, through Tante Nina Kienzl, a great interest in my progress, so again, it was my beloved Tante Nina Kienzl who helped me. She passed me on to the Princess of Teck, and the Princess of Teck, in turn, gave me a letter of recommendation to Caroline, Queen of Saxony, so that I had a wonderful protector in the Queen when I went to Dresden.

The Princess of Teck was an English Princess and married to Baron Hugel. She lived in a beautiful château in Graz, and was very much interested in music. We often went there, and I sang. I remember that I had from her an old-fashioned brooch and earrings, made of malachite. As usual, I gave them to my mother, and she wore them during her life. Although I was little more than a child when I started in opera, she prophesied even then a big career for me.

Of course, I wasn't used to society in those days. The child of an army officer hasn't the right to go out at her pleasure, and make acquaintances by herself, as in this country. When I left home, I knew nothing of life. Such was my early training.

So when I sang in Dresden, nobody dared to say anything to me, because they knew the Queen of Saxony had an eye on me. They were really touched that I was so

alone. Of course, they laughed at me and my country ways behind my back, but I didn't understand them then, so it didn't matter.

I lived there very plainly with the widow of the organist at the cathedral. I had only a little bit of a room on the fourth floor, and a corner with a little bed and washstand, but I had a real piano at last. It was all very plain, and I paid 60 marks a month. This paid my rent, and I got my coffee for this, too, and dinner, but the supper I bought myself. I bought for 7 pfennigs a kind of sausage, a piece of bread for 5 pfennigs, and a little glass of Culmbacher beer. It is a malt beer, very good, and it made me strong. My whole supper cost not more than about 5 cents in American money.

Every month I had my money, which I sent to my family, leaving only 75 marks—25 marks extra when I needed shoes and other things. The 3,600 marks I did not get all at once. This I got at the end of the year, and then I had a vacation of four weeks. I could go home. I went home the first year feeling rich like a millionaire!

The opera house at Dresden was a wonderful place, clean and fine, and I sang for the first time *Azucena* in "Il Trovatore." I had a tremendous success, but I got the part only because they thought the voice was still too young. I sang only the small rôles in the beginning. I had my church position, also, but that was very hard for me, because I still didn't know how to read music very well.

Now I must tell you what first made me determined to learn to read music properly. It was at Easter time—a big celebration in the Cathedral. A great holiday and the King and Queen marched in full procession. I was singing in the Mass. When the King and Queen started down the aisle—well I stopped singing to look at them—forgot all about my cue, and *Ach!* I made an awful mess of it. I sang all wrong notes, the wrong pitch, of course—and the

Ernestine Schumann-Heink

Conductor, Karl Krebs—already 77 years old—he gave me a good, heavy blow on the shoulder with his baton.

"You damn little goose!" he whispered. "Now—there—you are ruining my whole Mass!"

Well, that was bad! And it was also good—for me. I almost ruined the Mass, but it gave me a new ambition to read the notes properly. It was wrong to be such a "damn little goose," as the conductor said, any longer.

Now I must tell you that when I came to Dresden I had had very little actual school education. Mother could not spare me from home and the children, as you know. Why, when I first came to Dresden, I could not spell right even in German. But after my contract at the opera I started by myself to read. Of course, I went at it in the wrong way. I had already heard about the great German philosopher, Schopenhauer, so I started off with a book of his, which was, of course, the very worst thing I could have tackled. Well! I couldn't understand a word. Some of my colleagues laughed at me and said:

"Why do you read that? You will never understand it. That is for brainy old faculty professors, not for opera singers—not for you. Drop it."

Well, I dropped old Schopenhauer, but I kept on in other ways, after a fashion, trying to improve myself a little. Then, too, my eyes were opened a bit by seeing and being with all those opera artists. I began to realize things I had never dreamed. I then started myself to be different. I began to take more interest in my appearance. I combed my hair better—a little bit looser, not so tightly plastered back—and I started to look a little better. My figure was good, thank goodness! I was slender—never wore a corset or anything like that—and so I made the most of my hair and figure, so that people wouldn't think too much about my homely face, which the Director in Vienna had so bitterly objected to.

Well, at the end of the first year I had a vacation of four weeks, and I went home to Graz. And then it was that I got my first—what you call in America—"proposal." Yes. Two men actually wanted to marry me. Think of it! Both doctors from the Regiment. One had known me as a child, the other was my father's doctor.

Naturally I was much interested in these proposals, but my career meant far more to me. But you can imagine, when you hear all the time how homely you are, and then suddenly get two proposals at once. Well, a good fate protected me, for one of these men died in an asylum. He lost his mind, poor fellow—though he didn't lose it about me!

When I came home, Mother, of course, was so happy over my success, and Father was happy, too, though he wouldn't admit it. But he still kept a strict house even then, when I was an opera singer. No going out at night and always early to bed. They treated me still like a child. But it was good. It kept me strong and healthy. And my poor old teacher, Marietta von Leclair, she was "tickled to death," and so proud of me. It was touching.

That was the first year. The second year I came back, I knew a little more about music, I had seen all the theaters and operas, could talk to people about these things, and had a few words to say for myself. The Princess of Teck was still interested and wonderfully kind. I remember, when we talked about my singing in the operas, I complained and said:

"It is all very well and good, these little parts, but they don't let me sing enough parts. I want to sing the great rôles—*Amneris, Ortrud,* and——"

"No, no," she interrupted. "They are right. You are too young. The voice is still far too young. If you sing these big parts now, you will be done for—the voice gone in a few years."

How truly she spoke—but I didn't realize it then.

Now, in the meantime, Professor Wüllner came to Dresden. Wüllner was a well-known conductor at that time. He was also director at the Dresden Royal Opera House with Schuck, and I thank him that I am musical. It was through him in the beginning that I learned at least the difference between high and low key. He held the same position there as Hans Schuck—they were both directors of the opera. Well, Wüllner heard me right away and considered me a very promising singer. But he wanted to make me more musical so he let me sing in the vesper service every afternoon for practice. Not many people came to this service—only a few old ladies, mostly deaf, and this was good, because it left the church quite empty. Although I had a contralto voice and sang the alto parts, one day he'd hand me the tenor part to sing, another day the soprano, because my voice had a tremendous range up and down. So I sang all the parts for practice, and nearly froze to death doing it, too, because, you see, all the old Kings and Queens were buried underneath the church, resting peacefully in their tombs, and for that reason there could be no heating apparatus in the cellar, so we must shiver upstairs in the organ loft, out of respect to them.

I have a funny little story to tell about those days when I sang in the Catholic church. I have just told you how unmusical I was then and when I began my solo part in the Mass I could not always find the right note; that is, get the proper pitch. Well, the choir boys who stood next to me were far more musical, and one of those boys was very musical, so every time I came to my solo part I would give him a little kick to give me the proper pitch. One day I was so anxious and afraid he would forget me that I poked him and kicked him too hard it seems for then he whispered to me and said, "I can't find the right pitch at all if you are always punching and poking me before-

hand! Don't worry, I will give you the note in time. But stop kicking me,—PLEASE!"

Well, for his valuable services at that time, I went out and bought him one day for three marks a cheap little watch, to express my gratitude. Now, here is the funny thing. The very first year I sang in America, I got a little note from a man in Brooklyn, telling me that he (the man who was writing the letter) was the little boy who used to give the right note in the Mass in the old cathedral in Dresden years ago, that now he was a man—and in the watch business! He said he wanted to tell me this and that he still had the little old watch I gave him so long ago, and that it was *really* that little *watch* that decided him to go into the watch business. I have never seen him since those early days, but I can see it all now just as it used to be, and remember the way I used to kick and poke him! Poor fellow!

Well, to return for a moment to Wüllner and the cold, cold church. It was at any rate a wonderful practice I had there, a great training in reading the most difficult music. In fact, now I never have to make a great effort to study a part. I read it and sing it, and it's all due to the training at that time. Years later, when I was invited to create the great rôle of *Clytemnestra* in Strauss's "Electra," I surprised them all in reading that most difficult music at sight because it was by then second nature to me—thanks to Wüllner.

And so I sang on in Dresden. My life was one of routine and study, and singing of small parts in the opera. Although this was the beginning of my second season, I still sang only small parts in the opera. But I sang in concerts at this time. Life moved along in this fashion for three years without any great change, and then came the first great break and, of course—it was a man!

Yes, it was then that there came into my life Heink,

whom I married—without the permission of the *Intendant* at the opera—and which brought about my great tragedy: I lost my position in the opera! It is written in all the contracts that no young singer may marry *without* the permission of the *Intendant*. By marrying I broke this rule, and so it was that I must suffer in consequence—and a heavy penalty I paid, as you will see.

But although I was very much in love with Heink and married him, I must confess I had had a slight "flurry" as you say, before, and it was a soldier with brass buttons that first set my heart to thumping.

I remember it all to this day and just how he looked, for there in the first row at the opera he always sat—my nice young officer with his brass buttons. A fine Grenadier—a first lieutenant he was, but—poor like a church mouse, of course. He was all eyes for me, and I for him and we flirted over the footlights in good style. This was really my first love affair. When I came home and told my parents about it, Father, as usual, was terribly upset.

"What?" he cried. "What, you would marry a poor young officer and then right away—blessed as you are with perfect health—you start to get children—stop your singing and lose your voice, ruin your career after all this fuss? Never—never!"

My mother was against it, too, and they talked me out of it at last. I'd always listened to my parents in everything, naturally so I took their advice again. I wrote my poor little farewell love letter to the young lieutenant.

Of course, I wept for days—all of my blouse ran down with bitter tears. It was a very tragic time, and I was heartsore. For six weeks at least I couldn't look at, or even think of, a brass button at all!

But the next time it was more serious. I fell in love with Heink and he desperately so with me, and then I didn't ask Father and Mother what to do—I just up and married

him! I was only eighteen at the time. Then, as I have already said, I lost my position at the opera. And it proved a double tragedy, because Heink, too, lost his position at the same time for the same reason. He was Secretary to the Royal Opera in Dresden, and it was there I met him.

So there we were—both out of the opera, without work or money. Heink after some time finally got a small position in the Custom House which kept us alive, that's all. It was a desperate time—no work and the gradual realization of all I had lost. It was only Professor Wüllner who still kept me for the church singing at the Cathedral. Father and Mother were bitterly disappointed—really crushed—and that added to my suffering. I was desperate at what I'd done, because in me was always the longing—longing for my career. It was greater than anything else, it was my whole life as I found out too late.

It was a big mistake, my marriage then. Let it go at that. Heink didn't understand how I felt, of course. No man ever can. So the misery piled up. I worried and worried, looking for work, and on top of all that were the debts. Heink had many debts, you see, and I had never had debts before—it was against my nature.

Well, there we were. We didn't understand each other, like so many people that marry, that's all. But God knows it's enough!

Then came the first little comfort—when my first baby, my August, was born.

During this period I was always looking for work and tried everything. I went to Berlin for an engagement there, but failed. I couldn't get anything. I looked so poor and sick. All this worry affected my voice, which was in bad condition, as well as my spirits. My colleagues at the opera were all very sorry for me and tried to help me get chances to sing, but it was no use, for when the time came,

I couldn't sing—I was so sick and discouraged. And this was my desperate situation.

There was only one ray of light at this time, a small one, but it proved to be a shining sun later on. I knew a famous music critic, Ludwig Hartman—the critic who first made Sembrich. Hartman always had a great warm spot in his heart for me, for he was interested in all young talent. He didn't spare the great artists, but for young talent he always had a kind word and a generous helping hand.

It was then that the Director from the Hamburg Opera, Pollini, came to visit Hartman. Pollini sounds Italian, but he was really a Jew from Prussia.

When Pollini came to visit Hartman, Hartman said to me:

"Now, I will talk to Pollini about you, and maybe he can use you for something there in the Hamburg opera. We shall see."

So it was through Hartman that I met Pollini. At that time Pollini really didn't need or want me, but Hartman impressed him so much that he finally said I could come to Hamburg and do the small parts, anyway. So I was engaged at a few hundred marks the season, and life began again for me—thanks to Hartman. Small as it was, that engagement was like a gift from heaven.

I took my baby, little August, with me and went to Hamburg. Heink was transferred from Dresden to Hamburg in that time, still in the Custom House.

I look back at that period now. It was the beginning of the terrible struggle for success, for my career. I had only very small parts to sing, and a few hundred marks each year—and debts on top of it all. During that time too, the first year a child, and then every year another. But I kept up my courage somehow. I struggled on, and in the second vacation I went home.

At the station Father and Mother were there, waiting

for me. When they saw me, they looked and looked—they really didn't know me, I was such a sight!

Then Father cried, "*Ach, Gott in Himmel!* What have they done to you, my child!"

I was like a skeleton.

But I was home again, thank God! My parents took such care of me and fed me, and I found myself once more. And there, too, was born my second child, my Lotta.

After that I went back to Hamburg to sing again. The Director had sent me money, that I would at least have my fare back. I started in to work once more, but after a few months there was something more to face. Another child was to come. Another baby to bear and care for! I could do nothing. And so then my Henry was born.

Then came the most misery that is in the world. I was helpless, and I had no way to do anything more—just a few small parts in the opera. The few hundred marks of my salary was all the money I had—no clothes, barely food to eat, and all those children to care for. Why, in your money I had only about ten dollars a month.

By this time Heink had left me—he said he had to go. A new law was passed in the Custom House, and they didn't want Saxony people in Hamburg, so he was transferred to Saxony, and I was left there alone with the children.

During all this terrible time at Hamburg I had nothing to sing but small parts—my only good parts were *Nancy* in "Marta," and *Azucena* in "Il Trovatore"—which I got through Boetel, the tenor. He knew all about me and always wanted to help. He said to Pollini, one day:

"Why don't you let Heink sing 'Trovatore'? Give her a chance. Let her sing it; I like her best."

And that's how I got this big part—because Boetel insisted—but otherwise I sang only small parts. I spoke in

prologues or epilogues—I danced in the ballet—everything, anything. In fact, owing to that training, today I could be just as well as an actress as a singer.

Now I must tell you a most important thing that happened to me then—it has to do with Hans von Bülow. Hans von Bülow was a great figure in the musical world then. He was not only a great pianist, but he was also a great conductor. A wonderful man he was in every way. And this is how he came into my life at this time. There was to be a big Festival at Hamburg, and one of Brahms' great compositions was to be sung—the Brahms Rhapsody, for alto, male chorus and orchestra, the poem by Goethe. Johannes Brahms was an invited guest, and von Bülow was to conduct. I remember this so well. Brahms sat in the front seat. It was my first important singing in Hamburg outside the opera.

I came out in a plain white dress—the only one I had—street shoes, of course, as I had no slippers, and sang my part. Oh, how I loved this music! It is a wonderful thing. It was a great day for me, for there sat Johannes Brahms in front, and I sang—for him! It is most marvellous, this music, and the contralto voice has a solo, a wonderful prayer. Well, when I finished, the success was so tremendous I had to sing an encore. Now, that is a work that lasts one-half hour at least, and to get an encore to that—it was something, I tell you.

After it was over they applauded and applauded, and Johannes Brahms came on the stage to make his bow, but he wouldn't go alone. I didn't want to go, but they said "Yes," so out I came with those two great men—von Bülow on one side and Johannes Brahms on the other; and they both kissed my hand. Whatever success came later, there was nothing ever to compare to that—there was no moment like that. I rode the clouds! I shall never forget it all the days of my life.

Of course, this success made me the talk of the town, and then von Bülow found out more about me. How poverty-stricken I was—how desperately I struggled for the daily bread. He was only a little man—but a great artist with a big heart. So when he heard how things were with me, he was not only interested, but wanted to help me.

"Why," he said, "this woman looks as if she was actually hungry—and she has little children, too! Well, I must do something about this."

So next day I had a message from von Bülow that he wanted to see me. I was so surprised and frightened, too. I thought I must have done something wrong, and went in great anxiety to him.

"Now, listen, my child," he said. "I have something to propose, but I want you first to take dinner with us here, at our house, today."

Of course, I was dumbfounded, but I said, "Oh, yes, yes, thank you—but *first* I must go home to my children."

"No," he replied, "no. *First* you take your dinner here, and then you can go home to your children and take some dinner to them, too. Now, what is your favorite dish?"

When I heard that, *Ach, Gott!* I forgot everything! I felt as I did back in the old circus days, when I was a child. I could almost smell the good food again. My favorite dish?

"Oh," I clasped my hands and told him right away quick, *"Sauerkraut! Sauerkraut mit Schweinefleisch!"* Which is like smoked pork with dumplings—and this all to be cooked together if you make it right.

At that von Bülow roared and said: "Now, listen, Heink, you are to come here twice a week for your dinner. Eat as much as ever you want, and then," he added, "there will always be plenty for you to take back to your little children—enough to last a week!"

Well, I needn't tell you that I went for those good din-

ners, need I? What it meant to me—this kindness of von Bülow! Those good dinners saved my life!

But it didn't last very long, because then it was that my fourth child—my little Hans—was to be born. So this comfort lasted only a short time. That was in September, and Hans came in November.

And there was still another misfortune, too. They were soon to give the Mozart Cycle, and I was to sing the big alto part. Of course, with the expected arrival of my little Hans so close at hand I couldn't depend on myself, and I had to tell von Bülow.

Poor von Bülow, he had counted on me and was so upset and furious when I told him. Now von Bülow was very peculiar—the least thing could put him out of patience, and he could be very unjust when he was angry. Oh, how he stormed around when he heard about the new baby coming!

"Why," he said, "*why* must this baby come just at *this* time, when we are giving the Mozart Cycle? Why couldn't it be born some other time just as well—why upset everything—spoil it all?"

Oh, he was so mad! He even said I did it on purpose! He refused to listen when I told him I could sing in the Mozart Cycle anyway in spite of the new baby coming. He wouldn't even hear of such a thing.

Of course, all this made me feel terribly, for I was so anxious for every opportunity to sing, and von Bülow's friendship meant the world to me. So, you see, my little Hans was a disturber and his arrival not only upset my good dinners with von Bülow, but broke up the Mozart Cycle as well!

But I kept on working at the opera as usual, until the very last moment. I sang even a few hours before Hans was born, I needed the money so. I sang and then went home. I had to walk. There was no money for a carriage,

and no money for a doctor either, so I had only a midwife —which was all I could afford—and in a few days must be up and at work again. But the midwife was very good and kind, and I paid her $2.50 for bringing my child into the world.

It was a dreadful time—the starvation time. Only a few marks' salary from the opera and so many debts. Each period the sheriff came to take the furniture—everything they could lay hands on, because I must pay all these debts of my husband. It is the German law that the wife must pay the debts of her husband, so I did it. Poor Heink had left things in such a mess, and the whole burden fell on me.

Yes, it was a terrible time. I wonder how I ever got through with it. I was so desperate after Heink left that I made up my mind to kill myself and the children. You know, if you are desperate, you are blind—you see only one thing. At this time I was blind with suffering. It was in November. To the end of my life I shall remember the day—cold and damp, with a bitter wind. I started with my children. I had no proper clothing for them, and we were all shivering with the cold. I took them out, the baby in my arms, the rest running by my side. I had it in my mind to throw them and then myself in front of the train. The poor children didn't know what I was going to do; they only knew they must go with their mother. I had only one thought then—to make an end of us all. I planned it all out. I knew the time the train would pass—the tracks were already in sight. I didn't even answer the children when they called to me. I was like a crazy woman. They were crying and clinging to me, stumbling along at my side.

Then I heard the whistle. I plunged forward to the tracks. We were already close upon them—only another step. I bent down to pull the children close together and ready. At that moment it must have been that my little

Lotta saw my face. My agony—it was all written there, for right away she threw herself in front of me and caught my hand in her little freezing ones, screaming:

"Mamma! Mamma! I love you. I love you. Take me home!"

Her little, pinched blue face—her tiny child's voice screaming, "I love you, I love you!" *Ach!*—I tell you, it was as if the train had already struck me! I believe to this day that the dear Madonna I had always prayed to must have put into this child's mouth those very words—and the *way* she said them!

I turned back. I never again thought to kill myself.

So I kept on with the struggle. I still had only the small parts to sing. It was before Hans was born that I had already sent a letter to Pollini, Director of the opera, begging him to let me sing bigger parts to make more money.

I remember he sat there looking at me, so—sneering—his hands in his pockets. He looked and looked and then said:

"Well, I got your letter, Heink, and I really laughed when I read it. It was too funny."

"Herr Direktor," I cried, "you say you read my letter and you laughed, because it was *funny?*"

"Yes," he said, and got up and walked toward me laughing. "You asked that I let you sing the big contralto parts—*you*" (and he pointed his finger at me). "Why," he said, "you are nothing! You will never be a first contralto, never—never—never!" and he shook his fist right in my face and laughed again. "I can make you, maybe, a good *comédienne. Yes,* that I can do—but first contralto in the opera—*Ach, Gott! Never!*"

Oh, I was furious! I went up to him close, my face to his, and I said:

"Herr Pollini, now I will tell *you* something! I will be

first contralto—not only of Germany, but I will be first contralto in all the world! Mark that!"

And then I went. I left him standing there, still laughing—at my joke!

So I was alone, indeed, after that. No understanding, no hope—nothing.

In that time I had one comfort—a good neighbor, Frau Merton, God bless her kind heart! She was the wife of a poor public school teacher. She had nine children and lived in the flat next to mine. She was my true friend. When I went to the opera to sing, and must leave my children alone, I would give her the key and say:

"For God's sake, if you hear any noise or fire—if anything should happen——"

"Yes, yes," she'd say, "never fear. Go and trust me. I will look after your children."

What that meant to me!

She was a wonderful woman—and with all her own big family and such poverty—yet willing to help me. We were sisters in poverty, and, as usual, the poorer the people, the more they cling together.

Well, I went on with my struggle in the opera, but always with such a sad, anxious face that one of my colleagues, Boetel, the tenor, noticed it and said,

"Now, Heink, why have you such a sad face all the time?"

"Oh, what is the use?" I replied. "What is the use to live?"

"You mean your husband?" he asked. "Well, other women have to go through such hard things. That is nothing. It will pass."

"No," I said, "I don't mean my husband. That is now forever a closed book. But I must go forward in my *work*. I can not stay always like this—I must do something for

my children. Do you think I want them always to suffer? I want to raise my children, educate them, start them in life."

"Well," he said after a moment, "I will tell you something. I have an idea. I'll see what I can do. I will arrange that you come and sing at the Kroll Theater. That will help you."

Now the Kroll Theater was in Berlin. It is in the park, a beautiful summer theater, where opera is given, and famous throughout all Europe. All the great singers have sung there in their day—Nordica, Lehmann, and many other noted artists.

So Boetel said, "Yes, I will have you come and sing there, but, of course, you must come the first time without being paid."

"Oh," I cried, "is there really an opportunity for me at Kroll?"

"Why, yes," said Boetel, "yes, if you have a success there, it will be a great advertisement for you—a big step forward."

"All right," I said, "I will go."

The vacation was coming at the opera—there was always three months' vacation in summer without pay—so this was a great chance for me.

Well, one day in August the telegram came. I still have that telegram. It said to come—that Boetel was to have his benefit performance and would pay traveling expenses back, and maybe something more.

Of course, I didn't have any money to go with, but my good neighbor, Frau Merton, came to the rescue. I said to her:

"I have this telegram to sing at the Kroll Theater, but how can I go? There is no money for the trip—not even second class."

"Never mind," she said. "You must go—go third class,

and I will take care of the children. Go and sing, and I'll give you money for the trip. It is your good luck that is now coming."

So she gave me the money she had put aside for the rent and said: "I give this because I believe in you. Take it, and God be with you! It's your chance."

She gave me all she had—and even sandwiches for the journey.

I went at night and arrived in Berlin at five o'clock in the morning. I couldn't go to a hotel, of course; there was no money after the fare was paid—not even for a cup of coffee. I had only a bundle with my things—costumes—in it. So I went and sat in the park right in front of the theater. I sat down on a bench and waited until the theater would open.

There I sat waiting, with my little Hans under my heart, because all this happened just a few months before he was born. But I was so happy, although I had nothing to eat except the sandwiches that Frau Merton had given me, that nothing mattered then except this chance to sing.

Well, at ten o'clock comes Boetel, rushing madly to the theater. When he saw me on the bench, he stopped short and cried:

"Oh, here you are, Heink, you goose! Why, we have looked everywhere for you—all over the city—in all the hotels. We thought you didn't come! We didn't know what to do, and now—here you are—on a bench, in the park! Why didn't you go to the hotel?"

"But," I said, "I couldn't go to a hotel. I had no money."

"Bah! I had a room and breakfast waiting for you there."

"But I didn't know that," I told him, "so please don't be cross. I am so happy—so happy. Please don't scold me now, I can't bear it."

Well, he stormed around a few minutes more, and then we went in to the rehearsal.

So I got my chance and had a great success. Every one was talking, the people and critics. They told how I'd come there alone with no notices, no one to do anything, and it was my voice and art alone that had brought me this good fortune.

I was happy, I can tell you, but as always I was thinking of my children—that I must hurry back to them.

So the Manager said, "Now, here are 30 marks for your fare back. Go home to your children, but in three days you must return to sing again, and then you will get 60 marks for each performance."

So I returned to Hamburg and Frau Merton with the good news—work for a few weeks, at least. The money was not much, with all those debts, and my little Hans soon to come, but—I had made a success at Kroll! The rest would come—perhaps not at once, but it would come.

After that summer season I went back to the opera at Hamburg. But at first things were no better there for me. Then my Hans was born, and the little money I had made during the summer was gone. It was the same misery over again. I sent two of my children, August and Henry, to my parents. I had to send them home because I had no way to care for them.

And then—well, one day I broke down and fainted. They brought me home to that empty house which had nothing left now but a little bed for Hans and Lotta—which the sheriff couldn't take—three hard chairs and the stove. I couldn't afford coals, so I had to burn *torf*—made into a kind of brick. It stays in the oven for hours and becomes very hot. One thousand pieces of *torf* cost only two marks. It burned day and night.

This day they brought me home and put me to bed, and

again my good neighbor, Frau Merton, came. I was unconscious for two or three days and knew nothing until I woke up one morning, and there by the bed sat my little Lotta, but no Hans in the room!

Yes, there was Lotta alone, in her poor dress, shivering, all huddled up like a little bundle, with an apron wrapped around her shoulders. She sat staring at me, eyes big as saucers, and I said:

"Why, Lotta, what happened. Why do you shiver like this?"

And she said in a whisper, "Don't—don't talk, Mother," and she started to cry, "because if you talk you will die."

"But what is the matter?" I asked. You see, I couldn't remember anything.

"You are so sick, Mother," she said. "The doctor was here, and said if you wake up and talk, you will die."

"Nonsense!" I said. "But where is Hans? Where is my baby?"

And then this poor child tells me that Frau Merton had Hans with her—that I must be quiet, and she must sit there and put into my mouth little pieces of ice all day long! My poor little Lotta.

"Well," I said, "I'm better now—I know it, and must see my baby."

So Frau Merton came, and I said to her:

"Oh, why did you leave Lotta alone here? And where is my baby?"

Poor woman! She said: "*Ach, Gott,* Frau Heink! What else could I do—with all my nine children? There was no one to help you, so I took your little Hans, because he was crying for food, and I bought for him milk. Some one must care for him, and Lotta must stay with you. I have done the best I could."

Then I began to understand what had happened and what that blessed Frau Merton had done for me. The pic-

ture stays always with me, of my shivering little Lotta and that cold, empty room!

I realized then that it was all beyond me—everything. I did not care for the whole world. At that time I didn't even care about my voice—I suffered so for those children. I saw the misery of it all. So I had to send again to my mother and say:

"Have mercy on my two little ones. Come! Come, for God's sake, and get now my Lotta and my Hans."

My heart felt dead, like stone, that I must now part with them all—but there was no other way. Besides, I realized, too, that if I didn't have the worry of caring for them—especially after having made that success the previous summer at Kroll—I would be able to do more in my career and go ahead faster. I must send my children to my parents for safe keeping. I *must* get ahead in my career. That must come first now. I must fight and push forward.

But, oh, it was sad—after they had all gone. When I got home at night, there was no greeting—nothing—no one to speak to, not a sound or sign of life. I was alone in that bare, desolate room. But never mind, it was all right—and so I finished the season.

Well, anyway, after this period things began to be easier and I must tell you how I first began to get better parts in Hamburg. It was when one of my colleagues—the prima donna contralto: Goetze was her name—started to make trouble. She was always my worst enemy and kept me down. Now, Pollini was much interested in Goetze, and so, too, was von Bülow. She had studied *Carmen* with him, so in a way she was a kind of *protégée* of von Bülow, always getting the preference, the big parts. She always sang *Carmen,* and I had to be content with *Mercedes,* a small bit, until this time—although I wanted to sing *Carmen* myself—like every other singer on the face of the earth.

Well, Goetze had some kind of quarrel with Pollini—which often happens with prima donnas—and Pollini flew into a terrible rage.

He got furious with her, and told her:

"*You* are not the only one who can sing *Carmen.* There is some one else right here in the opera who can do it! I will now give the Heink the opportunity she wants. That's what I'll do!" (You see, Pollini had changed his tune about me.)

So it was that Pollini sent for me in great excitement and asked if I could sing *Carmen* that same night without a rehearsal.

Of course, I said, "You bet," or something equally strong in my best German!

I sang it—I'd have sung it if I had died on the stage—for I knew now was my chance at last.

But now comes a funny thing. You see, I had studied *Carmen* by *ear* with my teacher when I was very young, and from that time on I had always watched each of the different *Carmens,* always hoping I could get a chance to sing it, and had learned it in that way. I learned a little from them all—mostly their faults, though—by just watching; and Mahler, the conductor, said afterwards (Oh, how he laughed!) that I had all the *mistakes* of all the *Carmens* combined! I had learned all the *faults* when I learned the part—which was perfectly true.

"Yes," Mahler said, "the Heink, she has all the peculiarities of all the *Carmens*! She makes the same stupid old mistakes that they all make—but she sings it, just the same."

And, thank God, I sang it that time and saved the performance!

Of course, I had no costumes at this time, and nothing ready for *Carmen,* but my colleagues were very good. They all helped out. One gave a veil, another a skirt.

My colleagues all helped out

another beads, some one else a comb. Everything I could lay hands on I borrowed for that great occasion. And Marie Kauer—I'll tell you she was generous—gave me her beautiful shawl.

It was funny, when you come to think of it, for all those things from the different singers were of all sizes and lengths: one was too short, another too long—one too big and one too small. But I managed somehow—everything except the shoes, and they were too short. *Ach!* I could hardly walk, they hurt me so. But I did walk somehow. I suppose excitement made me forget the pain. At any rate, my *Carmen* was a great success. Today I would not dare to do such a thing, but then—well, that is youth plus ambition.

The next opera was to be "Le Prophète." Goetze—who was furious, of course, at my success in *Carmen*—cancelled again. She thought this time I was *not* prepared, and couldn't jump in as I did with *Carmen,* and would make a terrible fiasco. But Pollini, still angry, comes again, and asked if I could sing *Fides,* too.

Again I said, "Yes, you bet," in my strongest German.

Now, you must understand that *Fides,* in "Le Prophète," is one of the biggest contralto parts ever written. It goes up and down with coloratura—oh, what a part! Even Pollini doubted me—in fact, they all thought I couldn't possibly do it; that I wouldn't dare to attempt this difficult rôle without even a rehearsal. But he was in such a hole he had to risk it.

I went home and studied like the devil was after me, and I did manage it somehow, and I sang *Fides* in "Le Prophète." It was a tremendous success, I may say. And then for the third time Goetze, who was now raging, cancelled for *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin." And that, too, I sang without a rehearsal. Then I was made at last! Then it

was that Pollini—all smiles, this time—came and gave me a new contract.

Well, I was ready for him—ready to sing *Carmen, Fides, Ortrud*—all the big rôles—everything. I took my opportunity with both hands. I tried to learn from every one. I never was so swell-headed that I didn't know I could learn from others, and poverty had made me very humble. *Ach!* what I went through! All the years I slaved for my profession, until I came to the United States. It took me twenty years to make my career. That is why I respect to this day the highest and the lowest—be it a boy in the theater, a working man, every one can teach me a little bit of life—and all that helps to a career and success.

So now with the new contract at Hamburg, I was prepared for the next season. At last daylight ahead! This, I suppose, may be called the first big upward step in my career. I'd shown that I could sing those big parts. That is why they offered me a new contract for ten years. I was to get eight hundred marks a month—which is about $200 of your money—and also, after I had sung fifteen times, I was to get an extra five dollars for each performance. This naturally made me ambitious to sing many parts to make the extra money. At the same time it gave me the chance to develop my art in acting and singing everything, from *Katisha* in "The Mikado," to *Fides* in "Le Prophète" —one day a light comic opera part, the next day *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin"; one day I danced in the ballet, the next I recited the prologue in a play. In fact, everything they wanted me to do, I did.

Yes, the sun was shining now, after all these black years. Thank God, I had money now with which to live decently. Two hundred dollars a month! Why, I felt like a millionaire, and best of all, I was now able to send my parents money each month for taking care of my children.

In the summer I went to Kroll—the first of June—and

from then started my big career. I came back to Hamburg to the opera the end of August, and the first of September the opera there opened—every year the same.

One of my first new big parts was *Leonora* in "La Favorita," and then *Adriano* in "Rienzi." I had not sung that before. Now I had also the great rôle of *Amneris* in "Aïda." In that time Hamburg was known as the "factory" of operas. They called it "factory," because every second week we did a new opera. Sometimes there was only one performance of the new work, and then it was "dead"—it was a sort of "try-out."

Pollini was very good to me at this time. He believed in me at last. I'll say this now and "give the devil his due." Besides the opera house in Hamburg, he had also the Civic Theater, and another theater in Altona (the other side of Hamburg) in Prussia. So when we didn't sing in Hamburg, we would sing in Altona. He kept me busy, I can tell you. Why, there was one month I sang thirty-two times in succession. For instance, I would sing in the afternoon in "Trilby" (the drama)—I sang behind the scenes the song "Ben Bolt"; then went over and sang *Lady Pamela* in "Fra Diavolo"—then back to the big Civic Theater in Hamburg.

I was about this period that I first sang *Erda* in "Siegfried"—and for each performance $5—like 20 marks—so I made 60 marks in one day—think of it! *Ach,* I would have sung *Mephistopheles* even, to have earned that extra money.

After Heink finally left me, I was for more than four years alone in the Hamburg opera. But with my new contract with Pollini things were getting always better. The children were still with my parents, and I was having new big rôles all the time—and marching forward.

It was at this time that I had my Benefit, at the opera. You know, during each season the different artists are

entitled to a Benefit. Old Mr. Warburg, the banker, was the finest kind of man. He was one of those who always gave generously, but never wished it mentioned publicly.

Well, it was at my first Benefit that he sent me a beautiful basket of flowers, and inside was a little envelope with two hundred marks, and sent in such a way that it was a compliment. And it was through the Warburgs that I made another good friend—Mrs. Kahn, the old lady Kahn, in Mannheim—the mother of Otto Kahn in New York. She was indeed a kind friend. She provided me with warm blankets and shoes and many things during my bad days. I sang in Mannheim with tremendous success, but it was when my luck first turned, and I still did not have the proper clothes. When she saw how poor I looked, she would dive into her own wardrobe and say:

"That won't do! You know, Heink, you are a prima donna now, and you must dress better—you can not wear such poor-looking clothes. I will give you something nice —something pretty and fashionable."

So she would pull out this and that, and say, "Now, my child, which do you like best—which do you want?"

I remember there was a coat, all rich black satin, with a very fine lining, and I said:

"Oh, this one, please, the black one. That is best for me, because no one can see if there is ever a spot!"

I was always practical, you know—too practical—even in those days. My terrible poverty was not yet so far in the background that I could forget it and be even a little bit extravagant. It took me many years to learn to spend money freely. I still had the inclination to count the pennies. Of course, Mrs. Kahn would laugh at me for not taking the pretty one, but she gave me any number of things besides clothes. She saw to it that I was supplied with needles, thread, pins, and even safety pins! Yes, she taught me how to use safety pins, for I had always

had just plain pins before. One day she asked me why I didn't use safety pins, and I said:

"Oh, they are so expensive, I can't afford them."

"But, my child," she said, "that is dangerous at the opera if you use ordinary pins. When you sit down they will hurt you maybe. You might even have an accident and part of your costume fall off, pinned up the way you are! No, no, that won't do."

And so it was dear old lady Kahn who gave me my first introduction to safety pins. That will sound very funny, I am sure, to the people who read this story, but it's the truth.

I first met Schumann at a big *soirée*—a "party" you call it in America. This was in May, and his wife died on New Year's Eve. Then it was that I began to help him look out a bit for his baby once in a while. He used to tell me about his misfortunes and about this poor little child. It made my heart ache, of course, and I said:

"Oh, if you will only let me come and see your little boy."

I was so hungry for my own children—my arms were empty and aching for them—and to see this little baby of Schumann's once in a while was a perfect godsend to me. That was the beginning of our friendship.

Of course, I was very busy with my career then, because I was singing all the big new parts, and life was going along more smoothly.

This was the most beautiful time in my career. Alas, it is not to be had any more these days! Everything was so happy, so simple and different from now. We had such good times together with our colleagues. We would all go to take our supper after the opera, a glass of beer and something to eat, each one paying his own share—"Dutch treat," you call it here.

Well, to go back to Schumann. He was a fine scholar as

well as actor. And I must tell you he played once with your great Edwin Booth in Germany. It was when Booth played *Hamlet* in Hamburg. Booth played in English, of course, as he spoke no German, and Schumann in German. He was such an admirer of Booth. He said there was never any one like him. Schumann was such a fine actor himself—so handsome and such a gentleman. But he was so overcome with admiration for Booth's art that he bent down and kissed his hand after the performance, and said to me afterward, "Tini, if you could only see this great man act and hear his wonderful voice!" Schumann had heard all the great artists of that time, but he said:

"There is no one to compare with this man Booth—no one! I don't think there ever will be again. It is a God-given genius!"

It interested me very much to have a letter from the daughter of Edwin Booth, who wrote that she was with her father in Hamburg when my Schumann—the "handsome blonde tenor" as she called him—kissed the hand of her father. Isn't it remarkable that she should have been in the audience that very night and now, after all these years, writes to thank me for the tribute my Schumann paid her great father? Schumann was always like that. He had the greatest reverence and respect for all true art and artists.

And now to go on with my story. It was on New Year that Schumann's wife died, I had already got my divorce from Heink. Then it was we decided to marry.

He said, "I can not see why we should not marry at once."

But I replied: "How is that possible? You are a Mason, and I am a Roman Catholic."

A divorced woman, you know, can never marry while her husband is still alive. In the Catholic Church it can

not be done. You can not go to communion if you marry again while the former husband lives.

"Then, too," I said, "I have my own four children at home with my parents, and I am sick and tired of being separated from them. In these few years I have established my position as first contralto, and I can now afford to have them with me. I can not do anything that will keep them from me now."

But Schumann wouldn't listen to objections. He said: "Well, bring your children, Tini, and then we will have five children to start with!" and he laughed. "That is a good beginning!" Then he added, very seriously, I remember: "If you will only promise me not to change, then nothing else matters. It will be more than the whole world, because I love you."

And I said: "I love you, too, Paul. It is the first time that I know what real love is. I not only love you, but I respect you."

And so, in spite of my religion, we were married. My love for Schumann overruled everything—even that. Schumann gave me, then, for the wedding, as is the custom with the Masons, a pair of white gloves, and he said:

"These gloves are white, unsoiled, and so will I keep you and hold you in my heart, Tini, until my last hour"—and he did.

I have those gloves to this day—they have grown old with me. *Ach!* What life does to us—and what we do to ourselves!

Schumann had always the greatest influence on my career and art. You can imagine what a benefit his knowledge was. He'd talk to me and tell me so many things I didn't know. And my songs—always before I sang them, he would speak the words to me. Oh! when he would speak those words! What expression—what interpretation! I learned so much from him in that way.

Such criticism as he gave is of the highest value to an artist. One can never either hear or see himself, and there is a need—if one would make real progress in art—for constant criticism. Any young artist who does not realize or disdains this can never reach the greatest heights.

So began my new married life with Schumann, but as always in the life of any artist, there were rocks ahead. It was not smooth sailing even then, for I soon had to face the bitter knowledge that Schumann was a sick man—very sick indeed. It was a great misery, his illness—a sorrow to us both—and he suffered terribly. Everything suffered, even his acting. This was the beginning of his breakdown, which later on cost him his life.

And now we come to the greatest moment in my career—a break that meant a complete change in my work, my home, and, I might almost say, my nationality, although I didn't realize it at the time.

I was now turning my face toward America. It was Maurice Grau, that fine man and impresario, manager of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York at that time, who was my good angel in this. It was owing to his persistence that I finally left Hamburg. Yes, he was my fate in this, and a good fate it was—and is to this day.

Of course, I was singing in concerts as well as opera during the Hamburg years. In the summer I would go with the other singers on concert tours. Pollini, our manager, arranged this, and we went everywhere—Scandinavia, Dresden, Vienna, all over. And most important of all were the concert tours to Paris. I made a great success there, and the French people were simply wild about my voice. They wanted me to learn French and to sing there in opera. But, as usual, I said:

"No! no! No, I can not give the time. I can not leave my husband and my children."

I wouldn't listen to it.

It was about this time that Nordica was in Berlin—where I had sung with her *Marthe* in "Faust" and other parts—and Sembrich too was there. They both began to talk and argue with me about this—learning French, etc.

"What is the matter with you, Heink? Why don't you now study Italian and French? Get out of that hole—make a world reputation for yourself. You don't want to stay in Hamburg forever. Go to America. Go to the Metropolitan, and then you will have the world at your feet."

JANET SCUDDER

ABOUT JANET SCUDDER

HAVE you ever seen a statue of a very small boy who is such a little elf that the minute you lay eyes on him you can't help smiling back? Have you come suddenly upon him beside a pool and been perfectly sure that in exactly one more minute he is going to topple over into the water after the goldfish, bobbing up laughing and splashed and altogether adorable?

If you have, it is quite likely that you have seen one of Janet Scudder's statues. And nothing ever pleases her more than to have someone tell her that her small figures are real and alive and very amusing.

Today Janet Scudder's garden sculpture is on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum and other famous art galleries of the world. Yet when she left Terre Haute to attend art school in Cincinnati, as you will see by her story, she had no thought of becoming a sculptor. To tell the truth, she didn't know what a sculptor was!

But she did like to draw. And perhaps, as you read of how she was forever at it from the time she was quite small, it will seem to you that this was the most important thing about her as a girl.

Janet Scudder does not think so. In her book, *Modeling My Life,* in which she describes the many interesting and really thrilling things which have happened to her, she says that unless she had had certain other characteristics, her artistic ability would have come to little. She is glad she has always been so keenly interested in everything that is going on around her. She is glad she has plunged into

her plans with such enthusiasm. She is glad she is so fascinated by all kinds of people. And not least of all, she is happy that once she starts upon something, she holds on to it with persistence.

These, she thinks, have been as important to her sculpture as her artistic talents. And reading of her girlhood days in Terre Haute and as an art student, going with her to Chicago and Lorado Taft—from whom she got her first real start—one readily understands why Janet Scudder considers these other characteristics of hers so significant.

But there was something else in this girl, too. It was curiosity.

Curiosity led Janet Scudder to open that mysterious door in the art school to find out what the students were doing whom she had seen going in and out. Curiosity made her ask concerning the exquisite piece of sculpture on the lagoon at the World's Fair, "Who made it? Where is he?"

To another young woman it would have been enough to see and to admire that sculpture. Not so Janet Scudder. She asked about it and with the enthusiastic swiftness of decision so typical of her, she at once made up her mind to study with that very man in Paris.

Later, in Italy—after she had indeed studied with MacMonnies, that very man in Paris—it was curiosity which took her into the Vecchio to see the work of Donatello. And there, before his lovely figures, she experienced for the second time the thrill she had felt the day in Cincinnati when she first took clay into her hands.

On that other day she had found an answer to her question, "What special kind of artist do I wish to be?" And feeling the moist clay, she had known beyond all doubt that she wished to be a sculptor. This time, the question that was answered for her was, "What kind of sculpture shall I do?" For even though by now Janet Scudder had spent years in fitting herself for her chosen field, even

though she had already made splendid progress in that field, she was still restless.

People liked her portrait medallions, her architectural ornaments and the other work that she had done. They had given her commissions to continue, a very important consideration for every young artist. But to Janet Scudder this work was not entirely satisfying. She accepted the commissions. She executed them to the best of her ability. But all the while she was searching for the special kind of sculpture which she most wished to create, something which would be distinctively hers, an expression for her of that which she felt within herself. She had no desire to create elaborate memorial statues of determined generals and the like. Other statues, too, seemed aloof and cold to her.

But what did she wish to do?

There, in the Vecchio, once more she recognized her own. She would make sculpture that people would wish to have around them in their homes, intimate statues, aglow with reality and life. A few days later when, in Pompeii, she came upon ancient homes which had been especially planned and even named for the little statues in their center courts, her determination grew.

Back in Paris, Janet Scudder became absorbed in the children she saw everywhere about her. And when, one day, a quaint little fellow in an oddly picturesque costume came to the door and begged her to use him as a model, there suddenly flashed into her mind the picture of a garden fountain that he would help her make. She even had a title for it, at once—*Frog Fountain.*

Other sculpture stood in her studio, waiting to be finished. But the picture persisted, coming between her and it until, at length, Janet Scudder turned from her more solemn tasks to the gay little idea in her mind. What if she did not make anything of it at all? What if she never

sold her *Frog Fountain* to any one? More than anything else in the world, it was what she wished to do. So she did it.

When she showed her completed *Frog Fountain* to MacMonnies and he said, "It is very amusing," Janet Scudder was ecstatic. That was so exactly what she had wished to accomplish!

From that moment, her course was clear to her. Gone was the old restlessness and in its place was a plan for herself. But between that day and the time when many people were to know her enchanting little figures and to want them for their own gardens and homes lay years of struggle and hard work and many discouraging days. It is the story of this time and of her eventual recognition with which Janet Scudder concludes her book, *Modeling My Life.* But running through all the work and the struggle and the discouragements of her story is her wonderful zest for life. With sturdy spirit, she takes difficulties for granted and finds a way through them. And how she does enjoy the people and the many diverting incidents that come her way! It is our good fortune that an artist has been able to write of her experiences so interestingly and entertainingly.

But always and ever, *Modeling My Life* is the story of the girl whom you meet here—Janet Scudder who never once lost her gift of curiosity.

H. F.

JANET SCUDDER

I

"WHAT do you think it was that made you decide to devote your life to art?" a friend once asked me.

This friend knew something about me, that I was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in the '70's, in surroundings utterly devoid of any artistic traditions and made dismal by poverty—all tremendous burdens for a young woman determined to hitch her wagon to a star.

The question sent my thoughts wandering back through the past for an answer until they stopped before the tiny figure of myself when I was about six years old. I had been out in the garden playing with the flowers. The colors evidently stirred something latent in me for I can remember as distinctly as though it had happened yesterday, the feeling of intense excitement that swept over me and carried me into the house and up to my grandmother. I can see her now, sitting by the window placidly knitting and receiving my onrush with a gentle smile.

"How did they ever get these beautiful colors?" I demanded breathlessly, holding a small bunch of flowers out towards her.

She put out her hand and touched me and then the flowers—for she had been blind for many years—and very solemnly and impressively explained that colors were given to flowers by God.

"He painted them!" I gasped.

She nodded, still very solemn.

"How?"

At this she laid down her knitting and her voice came a bit uneasily. "Why do you ask that, my child?"

"Because I want to paint some just like them. I've got to! I must!"

I am sure the creative instinct was born at that moment. I knew that I had to make something beautiful. I just had to express in some tangible way the strong emotion I was experiencing over the beauty of those flowers. Though of course I didn't know how to formulate my thoughts or put into practice at the time the impulse that was in me, I realize now that from that day I have been working steadily and enthusiastically—never admitting discouragement and never acknowledging that it was a struggle—to give back in some form the joy the color of those flowers gave me.

Poets and writers have grown into the habit of calling this desire to create something beautiful the divine fire. Divine Fire! Perhaps it is that. Surely it is divine in the joy it gives. I have always thought that incident with the flowers—even though I was only six—must have been a tiny little flame from the great fire. But it was disturbing to me—and to my grandmother, too, for it carried me to her with many other pointed questions about the artistic accomplishments of God. In fact, it seems to me that the first symptoms of my future endeavors came into existence and centered about my grandmother. I suppose her influence, quieting while she was knitting things that I had to set up and usually finish for her, emotionally stimulating when she was singing hymns—these were her sole and only amusements—had something to do with bringing to life emotions that were dormant when I was surrounded by other members of the family. At any rate it was she who gave me those two large volumes of Longfellow which became so precious to me, not on account of the

poetry in them but because of the illustrations. They had hardly been put into my hands—on the occasion of my eighth birthday—when I carried them off to the front parlor—a place where I was sure to be undisturbed as it was only used when there was a funeral—and there I spread them open on the marble-topped table, drew up a heavy black horse-hair chair and spent the rest of the day copying the illustrations on bits of discarded letters and envelopes. One of these pictures I must have copied a hundred times; it was very difficult to get right, and just for that reason was all the more interesting—some sort of Viking in full armor standing by an open door through which was seen the sea on which sailed a ship. It was very probably an illustration for "The Skeleton in Armor," though I am not sure. The poetry made no impression on me; it was the picture that held all my attention. I believe I could shut my eyes and draw it now. When our house caught on fire and the whole of Terre Haute's volunteer fire service came to the rescue, I was found rushing down the steps, which were already in flames, with those two ponderous volumes clasped in my arms. I had heard voices shouting out above the confusion to save the most valuable things, and there was no doubt in my mind that those books were the most valuable things in the house.

Another spark in my youthful tinder box flashed into flame when I heard my father playing the flute. It was a depressing, mournful sound, always emanating from that darkened front parlor where he habitually betook himself to indulge in this diversion, but it gave me another push in the direction of artistic effort. I was at once fired with an uncontrollable desire to make music. The piano appeared to be the most suitable instrument for me to begin with; in those days it was a traditional part of every young girl's education, irrespective of whether she showed any musical

disposition or not. The teacher came, I was given a few lessons and began to practise finger exercises with an energy that was nothing short of violent. After a week I knew I was bored; learning to play the piano was evidently a question of years and years, whereas I could copy those illustrations from Longfellow in an hour or two; but there was a little playmate next door who had begun studying music a few months before I had, and had made considerable progress. She was already playing a tune—"Coming Through the Lavender," it was called. I couldn't bear to hear her playing that tune—without mistakes too—while I was being held down to those tiresome finger exercises; it irritated me beyond control; and in an attempt to compete with her and drown the sound of her playing, I began practising my exercises in such a way that you couldn't have heard a brass band pass down the street. The "Anvil Chorus" would have sounded like a distant, religious chant beside the noise I was making. My brother Charlie suggested sympathetically that I leave a few bits of ivory on the keys; and several neighbors called to request that my practising be confined to hours when they were away from home—if not out of town.

This went on for about two weeks, in which my energy, if not my efficiency, developed with alarming rapidity. Then my teacher was forced to choose between teaching me and teaching the children next door. By this time the noise I was making had become unendurable to the whole neighborhood; and as there were two pupils in the neighbor's house, whereas I was the only aspirant in my family, and as their parents had threatened to discontinue lessons if I were allowed to go on disturbing the peace, there was only one thing left for the poor teacher to do—relinquish me. She did it in a way that proved her to be a real diplomat. Instead of coming right out with the whole truth,

she beat about the bush for a few days and then went to my father and told him that she had seen some of my sketches—always those same copies from the Longfellow books—and that she had come to the conclusion that I should give all my time to drawing and not waste my energies at the piano. Her diplomacy—for it was probably that and not appreciation of my drawings—had an extraordinary influence on my later career. Instead of continuing at the piano I was sent to the Saturday afternoon drawing class at the Rose Polytechnic Institute. And this resulted, in a very short time, in my bringing home with exultation a large crayon drawing of a plaster cast of tulips. Genius was now in full flood. Any one—and especially a child—who could do a real crayon drawing was considered in those days worthy of the respect of the whole community.

"Your daughter has got something in her," dear old Professor Ames, the director of the Institute, said to my father. "She should be given every advantage. When she graduates from the high school you will have to send her to the Academy of Art at Cincinnati."

Cincinnati! Academy of Art! My head began to whirl; and it might have gone on whirling if Caroline Peddle—a friend I had made in the drawing class, and one who was particularly impressed with the assured way in which I had made that crayon drawing of the plaster cast of tulips—had not come in that afternoon and, after getting me off to herself in the woodshed and swearing me to secrecy, told me of a dazzling idea that had just that day popped into her head.

The county fair was going to be held in Terre Haute the next month, and besides the usual showing of pigs and poultry and live-stock, an exhibition of art was to be included—only home talent being allowed to enter the competition—for which amazing (to me) sums of money

were to be offered as prizes. Caroline had got hold of a catalogue and brought it along with her. With trembling fingers she turned the pages and read the list of prizes aloud to me with a far from steady voice.

Crayon portrait of a mother and child.....$15.00
Water color, framed, of flowers.....$10.00
Oil painting on canvas of a horse in hand-carved frame $20.00
Landscape $5.00
Study of pansies on bolting cloth..... $2.50
Velvet banner with design in oils..... $3.00
Hammered brass tray..... $2.50
Ice cream set of hand-painted china.....$12.00

I listened to Caroline's reading of this list, rather bored and wondering why she appeared so excited.

"Now!" she exclaimed, "what do you think of that?"

"What have we got to do with it?"

"Silly—don't you see? You know how to draw in crayon; I know how to paint in water colors. Why can't we win some of those prizes!"

The idea hit me straight between the eyes—and with so much force that I grabbed the book and began running over the list myself. It was nothing short of inspiration on Caroline's part.

"Don't you think we might win some of them?" she asked, still breathless.

"Some of them!" I replied, now all ablaze with enthusiasm and energy. "We are going to win them all!"

This confidence was a little too much for her. "But how could we! We don't know how to paint on china—or in oils—or how to hammer brass—or carve wood."

"We've got to learn."

"But there's only two months before the fair."

"That's all right. We'll take a couple of lessons in the

things we don't know how to do. You learn the china painting. I'll study how to hammer brass and carve wood." My recollection of the power I had shown at the piano inspired me with confidence in my capacity to cope with these last two energetic forms of art. "I suppose there's no use trying for that oil painting of a horse on canvas in a hand-carved frame. I wish we could, though. That carries a twenty-dollar prize. Do you suppose we could learn oil painting in a month?"

Caroline didn't think so and wouldn't hear of my trying; she felt that if we did all the other things and carried off prizes for each of them we ought to be satisfied. I didn't agree with her; nothing short of the whole list would really satisfy me; but for the moment I gave in to my playmate. Yet all the time, that oil painting of a horse on canvas in a hand-carved frame that was to receive a prize of twenty dollars remained steadily before me. Twenty dollars! I had never seen that much money. It was the sort of sum—just thinking of it—that kept me awake at night.

We went to work with an enthusiasm that was made efficient by the thought of those prizes; though the fear of not winning them and being laughed at made us very cautious and secretive. My success with the crayon portrait of mother and child—which wasn't a portrait at all, only a copy of a picture I found in an old almanac—encouraged me to hurry on to the hammered brass tray, which finally evolved into what was supposed to be the head of Medusa—a much mutilated one, and in no way suggestive of the one with which Benvenuto Cellini won his fame. I made such progress that, well before the fair opened, my share of the list was completed. I even attempted the study of pansies on bolting cloth, this copied from a colored print for which I had to pay ten cents to the local stationer. Caroline went in for what might be called the more refined

branches of art, fuchsias on velvet, luxuriant sprays of wild roses in water colors, and the china ice cream set, which she covered all over with what she insisted were forget-me-nots.

We carried the finished products ourselves to the fair grounds, left them in the division assigned to the art exhibit, said nothing about who had sent them, and hurried away without giving our names. The next week, when the fair opened, we arrived trembling with fear lest the judges had not found our work worthy to be exhibited. Grasping each other by the hand we timidly approached the building and peered in. Suddenly I gave a start, smothered an exclamation and hurried in. There, a long way off—but at that moment I had eyes that would have rivaled the famous lynx—surrounded by an extensive collection of glass jars filled with home-made peach preserves and plum jelly, and really occupying the place of honor, was my hammered brass tray of the head of Medusa.

I have never since experienced a thrill like that; I never shall; I couldn't. Things like that only come once in a lifetime. Even when I saw my Frog Fountain placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and my Boy with Fish in the Luxembourg Museum of Paris, I did not have nearly the same sensation of achievement as when, at the county fair of Terre Haute, I stood before that hammered brass tray of the head of Medusa surrounded by home-made peach preserves and plum jelly.

Caroline and I went every day to gloat over our exhibit. Everything we sent had been accepted. And when Saturday came and we found a blue ribbon attached to each article—which meant that we had carried off every single prize—I think we both must have come very near to fainting. We had no peace until we found a catalogue and added up the total amount, which came to fifty dollars. No wonder we ran to the lunch counter and ordered the

two largest glasses of pink lemonade to be had. The fact that no one else had gone to the trouble to exhibit any of these prize-winning articles—which of course left the field free of rivalry—did not once enter our thoughts. Besides, we were not looking for honors in those days; we only wanted something neither of us had ever had—a few dollars with which to buy art materials.

This overwhelming success, however, had failed to obliterate the impression that oil painting on canvas of a horse in hand-carved frame had made on me. When Caroline suggested—now that I think of her she must have typified all the pent-up energy of the Middle West of those days—that, as we had carried off all the prizes at the Terre Haute county fair, there was no reason why we shouldn't do the same at other fairs, we immediately went to work to carry out the idea. It might be said that we deliberately went into the prize-winning business. We exhibited—always the same things, among which my hammered head of Medusa acquired considerable more hammering on its journeys—at every county fair we heard of. The result was not so profitable as we had hoped. We did not always win prizes; we never again won the complete series as we had at the beginning; but we made enough at least to pay the express charges to and fro and a few dollars besides. It was in one of these contests that I saw the chance of realizing my ambition of doing the oil painting on canvas of a horse. I had very quietly watched one of the pupils at the Institute painting in oils; it seemed to me to be no trick at all; and it probably wasn't, the way she did it. When I felt that I had mastered this, to me, very simple form of art, I looked about for a picture of a horse to copy. In those days no one ever thought of painting or drawing from nature; one just copied those hideous colored prints that were got up for students and art classes, thus developing no originality and teaching one to carry

on, even perpetuate, the *banal* work of some very second-rate craftsman. In fact, one sees even today those same incredible prints being displayed in the windows of shops that sell artists' materials. A law ought to be passed against the sale of them.

It took me some time to find a picture of a horse—at least one in colors; much more time than it did to copy it in oils—and of course on canvas—after it was found. The hand-carved frame also took considerably more time. But at last it was finished—and to my entire satisfaction. It was a wholly impressive piece of work; far ahead of anything Caroline had done, I thought, and somehow much more worthy of admiration than the head of Medusa. Without letting Caroline know that I had done it, or even mentioning it to her, I slipped it into the box we were just getting ready for the Illinois State Fair. You see we were now attacking what we thought were foreign fields. When the box was returned to us after the fair, and we were opening it anxiously to see if there were any attached blue ribbons, Caroline came across this secret effort of mine, looked at it contemptuously and then cast it aside.

"I like their nerve—sending us back a horrible thing like that! How do you suppose they ever got it mixed up with our things!"

It was a terrible blow to me; but without an instant's hesitation, and in equally contemptuous tones I disowned my masterpiece; and what is more, I never told her that I had done it.

But these are only gay fragments of those long, dreary years of childhood and youth, which in greater part were made up of a procession of dismal events in which a stepmother, funerals and poverty were the main factors. Two characters rise out of a tangle of memories—distinct and lasting in their influence—my father and Hannah Hussey.

My father was a very quiet man, who said little and had

little to do with our home life; which I suppose was quite natural when it is taken into consideration that he had had seven children and a second wife, and was constantly struggling—unsuccessfully too—to keep the wolf from the door. It is expecting too much of mere flesh and blood to carry gaily a burden like that; and he didn't. He moved about quietly and silently, and had practically nothing to do with our lives. And yet I knew he was my friend; I felt even in those thoughtless days of childhood that he was the one on whom I could count. Now and then he would do things that were so much more vital than words. When I brought back from the drawing class that crayon horror of a plaster cast of tulips, he didn't say a word; he just looked at it a long time. I had the despairing feeling that he was finding it so bad that he was going to forbid my studying drawing any longer. Instead, still ominously silent, he went out to the woodshed, found a hammer and a nail, returned to the hall, drove the nail in the wall just over the sofa where he took his daily nap and hung my drawing there. I often found him lying there after dinner looking at my drawing with something in his eyes that touched me very deeply; though when he saw me watching him, he pretended to be asleep. Perhaps I realized he had confidence in me—or hopes for me—or something. I didn't know exactly what. At any rate it drew me to him and ever since then I have carried along with me the knowledge that if we really want to do something for anybody, something kind and encouraging and helpful, we can do it much better with actions than with words. Almost every one is willing to say something pleasant about the efforts of others—that's easy enough; doing things takes a little more energy.

I wish more attention had been given to psychology when I was a child; it would have made human relations simpler; and it might have given me an inkling of what my father meant when he asked me, one day, which I liked

better—my teacher at school or the one who taught my Sunday School class. If I had only known what he meant, a tragedy might have been averted. But I hadn't the slightest idea—when I answered, without considering the matter seriously, that I thought I preferred my school teacher —that my father was contemplating a very serious step just to give me, a young girl who had lost her mother when she was five, the right sort of home with some gentle influence in it to care for and guide her. When he brought the school teacher home as his wife, I began to understand vaguely what he had meant. But it was too late. And oh, what a difference between a woman as one's school teacher and as one's stepmother!

It was my father who realized, though he never admitted it, that I hated the idea of having to become a school teacher myself, following the footsteps of my eldest sister Martha, who had undertaken that profession. I'm sure he chuckled to himself when I deliberately failed in the high school examinations, writing all the foolish answers I could think of to the questions so that I could not possibly be given a teacher's certificate; and when it came to the real ordeal of my life—nothing has ever come up to that day in actual terror—when I was told that I had to read an essay at the commencement exercises before the entire concentrated mass of Terre Haute parents, I was very much inclined to confess to him the somewhat violent means I was taking to escape that torture.

Just the mere writing of an essay hadn't given me any trouble at all; it seemed to me no more difficult or complicated than it had seemed years before to paint a picture of a horse in oils on canvas. I chose a name which I felt sounded important enough to carry off anything I might say after the title had been read—"Utopia." But the idea of standing on a platform before those hundreds of pairs of parental eyes was something I just couldn't and wouldn't think of.

In despair, and with the fatal day only twenty-four hours off, I confided my problem to the son of the near-by druggist. He occasionally treated me to lemon sherbet, served at his father's fountain, the favorite concoction of those days, made of crushed ice and some synthetic syrup. My friend listened sympathetically to my story and said he could fix me up in no time.

His assurance made me suspicious. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"The only thing for you to do is to get sick."

"How can I?" I asked, immediately discouraged. As a matter of fact, I don't remember ever having had any of those diseases that other children were always having, not even hives; and the idea of being sick appeared as impossible as reading the essay.

But this evidently did not disturb him. "You just leave it to me," he said mysteriously, and retired behind the counter, returning soon with a small package which he handed to me.

"What is it?" I asked, half in fear, half in hope.

He smiled confidently. "Just take it and see."

"But you must tell me what it is."

"It's nothing—just Garfield Tea."

"Will it put me to sleep?" I already had visions of going into a profound slumber, as Juliet had done, and sleeping straight through the commencement exercises.

"It won't put you to sleep, but I'll guarantee it will put you into a condition that will make it impossible for you to go on the platform and read that essay."

I waited until evening, brewed the tea and drank a huge quantity of it; and then I had an opportunity of deciding which was the greater of the two sufferings—mental or physical.

My stepmother must have had a suspicion of what was going on, for the next afternoon she gave me a most effi-

cient antidote to the Garfield Tea; and that night I was led on to the platform, feeling and looking exactly like some old saint who had just been taken from the rack, and forced to read my essay on "Utopia."

And Hannah Hussey—dear Hannah! It was she who took the place of my real mother. She had been with the family since long before I was born, having arrived straight from Ireland when she was only eight and come directly to us; and as the years had broadened her figure and whitened her hair and the family fortunes had dwindled to almost nothing, she stopped on with us, never complaining, even of my father's fatal second marriage, and never saying a word when her meager monthly stipend was not forthcoming. She just gradually developed from nurse to cook and housemaid until there was nothing she did not do. She had a deep, comfortable bosom and a gentle voice. And she not only loved me, but told me so; which my father never did. When I came back on a vacation from my first year in Cincinnati at the Academy of Art, it was Hannah who had a present for me—a crisp five-dollar bill which she had spent the whole year in saving to give to me. Dear Hannah Hussey—I send you my greetings from across the seas, and all my love. You are one of the few pleasant memories of a very sad childhood.

The rest of the family—my brothers and sisters—had varying influences on me. One sister, several years older than I, who went to parties in what I thought were ravishing organdy dresses, caused me as much wonder as the flowers God had painted; but she died very young and left me with the feeling that the most beautiful person I was ever to know had gone out of my life. Another sister was off supporting herself by teaching school. One brother was a traveling salesman and only showed himself under the parental roof every few months. And another brother, a year older than I, played the part of Fate at a moment

when I might have swerved from my original idea of being an artist. It was at about the age of twelve when, thrown with the conglomerate mass of public school children, I found myself much more sympathetic with boys than girls. I liked the things boys did; and I soon saw that I could do those things just as well as they did. I could skin the cat, hang by my toes, turn handsprings in a way that Elsie Janis never did, and as for skating on ice in the moonlight—no one could outdistance me. When the boys got up their Easter circus, held in the vacant lot that is now covered by Terre Haute's proudest skyscraper, I played the leading part in every turn—even to directing the making of tubs of lemonade which would pay the expenses we had undergone. For the time being the copying of the illustrations from the Longfellow books and the wood carving and the hammered brass completely lost their fascination. I was now wholly obsessed with a compelling need of being continually in motion and risking my neck every hour of the day. Thank Heaven I had that period! It strengthened me and prepared me for the long struggle that was to come; it gave me a constitution that has been able to meet and endure endless days of discouragement and hunger. Oh, yes—I know what it is to be hungry! At one time in New York my daily diet consisted for weeks of a bottle of milk and a tin of baked beans. I can never see a tin of baked beans now without having an alarming sinking sensation. If I hadn't had that athletic training I should never have been able to get through some experiences. Artists, and especially sculptors, need as much physical strength as any other workers. Good work and inspiration are rarely arrived at unless the body is functioning healthily.

Not only did I start life in the midst of a very dismal poverty, but I began it with a name that would have damned the most promising of infant prodigies. Netta

Deweze Frazee Scudder! Perhaps you won't believe it, but it's true. That is the name—or the series—given me by one of my mother's very dear friends.

It seems that my mother wanted to name me for this friend, whose first name was Netta, but the friend insisted that if I were given her name at all, it should be given in full, even including the surname of her husband. After my mother had been bullied—I'm sure she must have been —into accepting this decision, the friend attempted to soften her crime by presenting me with a silver knife, fork and spoon engraved with my name in full. The length of the series evidently tested the local silversmith's cleverness, and he overcame the difficulty only by engraving Netta Deweze on one side of the handle and adding Frazee Scudder on the other.

The family naturally did not attempt to call me by this overpowering collection of names; they very soon compromised with Nettie and usually Net—and dear Hannah had her own version of Little Nettie. I carried the whole group with me until I was eighteen; in fact until I entered the Cincinnati Academy of Art; and there an incident occurred which caused the heavy burden to fall from my shoulders and abolished the stigma forever. But that belongs to the wonderful period when I discovered that the world held the thrilling adventure of modeling in clay.

There is nothing else to tell of those first eighteen years of my life, unless it is the night I left Terre Haute to go to Cincinnati to enter the Academy of Art. How this was ever arranged, I never knew. My father just came home one day—it was during the latter part of the summer—told me to pack my trunk and get ready to leave. I knew what the expenses would be, for I had looked into them and thought them quite impossible. The tuition at the Academy was only twenty dollars for the whole season, but beyond this was the expense of a boarding house and

incidentals—a letter from a friend living in Cincinnati had put these latter expenses, at the very lowest, as being four dollars a week for board and one dollar for incidentals.

As soon as I knew it was an actual fact that I was to leave, I no longer lived in Terre Haute; my thoughts ran ahead—sometimes I felt that my body had, too—into that splendid future that was already mine. Nothing was real any longer except the study, the work, the success that was so surely beckoning me on. There was never the least hesitation or doubt or regret. I knew perfectly well that I was following my fate line.

My father walked with me to the station, as quiet and speechless as he had always been. It was a calm, September morning; and as the station was only a few blocks away we did not have one of those large hacks in which I had so often watched other people—and envied them—going and coming from the trains. I remember feeling just the least twinge of regret that my father had not thought my departure sufficiently important to engage a hack for the occasion.

When he had found a place for me in the day coach, he leaned over and kissed me, saying, "Good-by, Nettie. God bless you!" and left me before the train had pulled out.

A few minutes later I was on my way—alone—to find the world and myself.

II

THE excitement of arriving in Cincinnati had nothing to do with the fact that it was my first visit to a large city; it was all due to that Academy of Art. All the details of being met by an uncle I had never seen and taken to a boarding house on Walnut Hills, where arrangements had been

made for me to stay, made no impression. My eyes and my heart were straining in the direction of that seat of learning where something within me—I wasn't yet quite sure what—was going to burst into full bloom.

The first glimpse of the building sent a chill through me; I suppose it would even now if I should see it again; it was of gray stone, ominous, cold—exactly the sort of building you see from train windows and are told is the state penitentiary or lunatic asylum. And the director, to whom I applied the next morning, was no more assuring in appearance than the building; I still think of him as the biggest, hairiest, severest person I have ever met. I was shown into his office and left standing to meet his searching eyes alone.

"Well, young lady, what is it you want to do?"

I avoided his eyes, changed from one foot to the other and clasped my hands.

"I—I want to study art."

He probably smiled; I only remember that I didn't.

"What branch?"

This was almost too much to bear. I stammered again: "I—I don't know."

"We teach all branches of art in this academy."

"Then—I—suppose I'd better study them all."

"Wouldn't that be something of an undertaking for so young a girl as you?"

I lifted my head a little less shyly. "I'm eighteen."

"Yes—but still—" I think he was finding me as difficult a subject as I was finding him. "Suppose you begin with drawing, see how you get along at that and then later, perhaps, go on to something else."

I nodded, glad of anything that would get me away from his disturbing presence; but a few minutes later, when I was facing the thin, frowning countenance of the drawing school teacher, I began to think the director had

a rather sympathetic face. She received me even more abruptly and when I timidly announced I wanted to enter the drawing class drew a large book towards her, dipped pen in ink and again shot a glance at me.

"What is your name?"

"Netta Scudder."

Her glance was now nothing less than annihilating. "We don't use foolish family pet names in the Academy. I want your real name."

I swallowed hard and repeated: "Netta Scudder."

"Netta isn't a name."

"It's mine."

"No—it's some sort of an abbreviation or nickname. Can't you remember what you were christened?"

"Oh—you want it all!" I breathed a little more easily. "Netta Deweze Frazee Scudder."

This either satisfied her or overwhelmed her, it was difficult to say which; at any rate she said no more, wrote down my full name, gave me a list of things I should buy for the drawing class, told me the hours and dismissed me as abruptly as she had received me.

But all that day her comment and surprise and insult to my name absorbed my attention to the exclusion of new surroundings. What was the matter with it, anyway? No one had ever before suggested that it was unusual. Now that I began to think about it, I realized that I had no fondness for it myself; the more I thought of it the more foolish it sounded. No—it wouldn't do; I saw that quite plainly. But what would take its place? Should I use Deweze or Frazee instead? They were even worse. I went over this problem for several days until, running across the name of Antoinette, I decided that was what I was looking for. Probably Netta was an abbreviation of it anyway. Yes—Antoinette was charming. When later I entered the water color class I gave my name as An-

Janet Scudder

toinette and had the satisfaction of seeing it written down without either comments or insults. But by the time I entered the wood-carving class I had reached the conclusion that Antoinette was a bit frivolous for me. In search of something more suitable, I began studying the dictionary—that part of it which gives proper names; that was what I wanted—a proper name; and there was something about Antoinette that seemed to me not altogether proper. I entered the oil-painting class under the name of Jeannette; though I knew I hadn't yet reached the perfect form. Several weeks later I discovered the Scotch modification of Jeannette—Janet. I tried this over, speaking it aloud, writing it on a piece of paper and sticking it up on the wall. I looked at it before I went to sleep; it was the first thing I saw in the morning; and when I finally entered the modeling class I gave this new name with considerable satisfaction. It had a certain dignity and simplicity about it; it suggested—at least to me—seriousness and strength; and the shifting of the accent from the *net* to the *Jan* was just what I was looking for. I finally reached the conclusion that Janet Scudder was the name that suggested something I wanted to be; and it has remained my name ever since.

All the time my name was going through this process of evolution I was working in the drawing class doing geometrical solids on large pieces of manila paper. It wasn't exciting work, but I plodded along conscientiously and have always been very thankful that I did. A sculptor must know how to draw, even if modern painters think it unnecessary; and just working day after day getting the angles and curves and bodies of those solids at my finger tips has been of inestimable advantage to me. There is something fundamental about drawing from geometrical solids; you are working from the outside in—not from the inside out. Somehow it rather suggests to me the need

of a writer to know how to spell and punctuate before he can compose a really finished sentence.

From these solids I went on to drawing detached features—feet, hands, ears, noses, eyes—all from plaster casts; then came anatomical figures eight feet high. Three months were supposed to be spent on each anatomical drawing: three months on the front view, three months on the back view, and three months on the profile—the drawings being eight feet in length, like the figure. Every subcutaneous muscle was shown on the plaster figure, and we were supposed to reproduce them in the drawing. Connected with this work were other studies of anatomy. We had to read books on the subject and attend lectures; we even had to be present at the dissecting of a corpse, at which time we were shown muscles and ligaments and layers of flesh as they actually exist.

I studied anatomy prodigiously and have found sculpture immeasurably more alluring in consequence. I understand subcutaneous muscles now, know their sources and their effect upon each other. I learned all their names and could rattle them off without an effort, though now I seem to recall only one—gastrocnemius. This particular one remained in my memory probably only because I have had some personal experience with this muscle, particularly when playing tennis.

Towards the end of the course in anatomy—thank Heaven it was not at the beginning!—the teacher wished the students to examine very closely an eyeball—a real one!—that he was lecturing about and had the horrible object sent forth through the audience, each student passing it by hand to his neighbor. When I saw it getting nearer and nearer to me and realized that I was supposed to hold it in my hand, I rose abruptly and hurried from the lecture hall. That ended my lessons in anatomy. I was never able to go into that lecture hall again; and

incidentally this has a great deal to do with my non-entrance into the life classes in Cincinnati, for I never was able to screw up my courage sufficiently to endure the complete ordeal of those anatomy demonstrations and to pass the examination which allowed the student to commence the work with the nude. At that time in the Cincinnati Art Academy a most rigid routine was obligatory. After all, I'm not sorry that I left off anatomy at that point. I don't believe artists should be subjected to experiences that harden the sensibilities; without sensibility no fine work can ever be done.

While all this was going on I was constantly faced with the problem of finding a self-supporting profession; and just learning how the body was made and how to draw it didn't seem, at that time, to promise much in the way of making a living—and that necessity was always in the back of my mind. I wasn't at all sure that my father would be able to keep me at the Academy for more than two years. I must make hay while the sun was shining. And making hay took the form very quickly of wood-carving. It was the form of artistic development in the United States that was most popular at that moment; every one was buying wood-carved articles; every mother felt that her table was incomplete if she did not have a carved wood bread trencher on which she could slice bread; and a library without hand-carved book racks was not a library at all. It was the sort of artistic endeavor that was just then quite profitable.

I plunged head and heels into wood-carving. My efficiency progressed by leaps and bounds. I scorned small bits of work and attacked a whole mantelpiece, carved up one side and down the other and all across the front with grapes that stood out in relief as no real ones would ever have the courage to do. It was the sort of thing that would have taken Leonardo da Vinci's whole class years

to do. I am not suggesting that their finished work would not have been very different from mine; but I was quite happy over it and had the satisfaction—and pride, too, undoubtedly—of selling my mantelpiece at once for the huge sum of sixty dollars. I would give anything if I could find it now; it is undoubtedly ornamenting, in a most flamboyant way, some prosperous wheat-grower's mansion in Ohio at this very moment.

But sixty dollars! Unheard-of sum! Why—that would pay for fifteen weeks at the boarding house where I was having trouble persuading the landlady that I was accustomed to two sheets on my bed instead of one. Incidentally, I never persuaded her. I had to move before I got two sheets. A dazzling future seemed now before me; and yet, even with the satisfaction of material success, I knew wood-carving was not what I was struggling towards.

I next entered an interior decorating class and gave some time to designing wall paper; then came water colors; and then—but why go on enumerating all the departments of that Academy of Art? Suffice it to say that I entered every class in existence and was working every hour of the day and often in the evening; and yet, for some strange reason, I had not discovered the one class that was to mean so much to me.

This discovery came about quite casually. I had noticed from time to time very untidy-looking students going in and out of a room on the basement floor; I hadn't an idea what the white stuff was that covered their aprons or what the work was that they were doing—plaster and clay meant nothing to me then. One day, seeing all these strange-looking students go out and leave the door open after them, I crept in to see what on earth could have been going on in that room. It was a bare room with high windows, much like all the others; but what caught my

attention at once was that the floor and tables and walls were covered with plaster casts. Another drawing class, I thought; but there were no easels or quantities of paper and pencils about. It must be some form of art that I had not heard about. I approached an object covered with a damp cloth. I gingerly raised the cloth and found a wet clay bust in the process of formation. I next found a mound of soft clay. I picked up a handful, rolled it between my fingers and suddenly felt an almost overwhelming delight course through me. The feel of that clay in my hand was entirely different from anything I had ever experienced before. Just the mere sensuous part of it, the touch, seemed to fire me with something tremendously stimulating.

Gradually it came over me that I was standing in the sculpture class room; and with this knowledge came a flaring resentment that no one had ever told me it existed. There I had been studying all those other things for months and not even hearing about this branch of art. I rushed upstairs, entered the secretary's room and spent an impatient half hour awaiting his return in order to announce that I wanted to enter the modeling class at once —which I did under my now permanent name, Janet Scudder.

The teacher received me indifferently, no doubt considering me like many of the others who entered that field for a few months and, curiosity allayed, returned to the gentler arts. I was told to begin modeling—copying—a plaster cast of a foot, always a difficult thing to do even after years of experience. But the feel of that wet clay in my hands was sufficient joy to overcome any moments of discouragement. I neglected everything else—even the money-making wood-carving—to work in the modeling room. I spent weeks on that foot, glancing only now and then at some shelves which were piled up with casts of

faces and one or two figures. When, oh, when, would I be allowed to copy them! Two of them held special inspiration for me—a mask of a smiling boy and the head of a man. When I eventually copied these two favorites and carried them home with me, I told my friends that the boy had no name, but the head of the man was a portrait of King Lear. I didn't know any better—and no one in the class apparently did; at least no one took the trouble to tell me what these casts were. It was not until several years later, when I was wandering through the Louvre, that I recognized that boy as being Rude's Neapolitan Fisher Boy; and still later, when standing spellbound before the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, whom should I meet looking down at me from the Victory group, by the same artist, but that face that I had so long thought was a portrait of King Lear!

I cite this as an instance of the indifference of teachers of those days. Why weren't we told and encouraged and stimulated with the stories of the casts we were copying and their creators? Think how inspiring it would have been to a young student in modeling to be told that he was copying the work of one of the greatest French sculptors, an artist who had been awarded all the groups on the Arc de Triomphe but who, through political influence, was permitted to do only one of them—though that one was admitted by the whole world to be the finest war monument in existence. Stories like this go a long way in firing the imagination of students; they make the work under way an adventure, romantic, dramatic; they lift it at once from the commonplace and put it in the realms of the ideal.

As I say, I worked on that clay foot for weeks and weeks; as a matter of fact I very likely would still be working on it if it hadn't been for the appearance one day of a most perfectly tailor-made girl with a really lovely

head. She blew into the class room one afternoon when I was there entirely alone, asked for the instructor and was on the point of going out when she happened to glance at the foot I was still struggling over.

"How long did it take you to do that?" she asked.

"I've been at it three weeks," I replied.

"Three weeks! Aren't you ever going to cast it?"

I blushed furiously. To be perfectly honest, I didn't know what she meant. I took refuge in saying I didn't know how to cast it.

"Would you like me to show you?"

"But—ought I? Would they let me?"

She glanced round and smiled. "No one's here. Let's do it."

She picked up a blouse some one had left hanging over a chair, carefully covered her pretty dress and went efficiently to work to cast my foot. She evidently knew what she was about, so I stood off and stared at her in amazement.

She first looked about for a long piece of stout thread, which, when found, she laid very carefully down the center of my clay foot. Then she went to a corner of the room where basins and barrels of plaster and water were kept, filled a basin half full of water, dropped a small blue ball in it which colored the water lightly, sifted into this several handfuls of plaster which she let flow slowly through her fingers. When the plaster had settled down under the water, she took a large spoon and began stirring it from the bottom. After the bubbles had all disappeared, the basin was carried to my clay foot and my new and most capable friend—much to my consternation —began throwing little handfuls of the plaster between the toes, and finally all over the foot, until my work of weeks was entirely hidden from view in a thin coat of blue plaster. While this was hardening she very carefully pulled

up the thread so that a small open seam was made, running down the center of the plaster. The process was continued with another mixture of clay, this time white, though in adding this second coat the seam was never covered. When this second coat was quite hard, she took a chisel and worked gently along the edges of the seam until the plaster fell apart leaving two empty parts—the mold of my foot. These pieces were washed thoroughly, soaked, oiled, and tied together with an opening left at the top; and finally another mixture of quite liquid plaster was poured in until the empty center was filled.

"Now—we'll leave it until to-morrow," my amazingly accomplished friend said, covering the whole mass with a cloth. "I'll drop in about noon and we'll see what luck we've had." And before I could say anything or thank her or tell her how wonderful I thought she was, she had disappeared.

The next morning I was afraid to remove the cloth by myself. I awaited impatiently the arrival of what I was sure now was a famous sculptor who had appeared out of the void and so suddenly returned to it. She came at noon, soon found a hammer and chisel and began chipping away the white plaster and then, more carefully, the blue; there, at last, gleaming at me in all the glory of fresh white plaster was my first piece of sculpture.

There are no words that would express convincingly my sensations when I saw a plaster cast of my work there before me. It recalled vibrantly my hammered brass head of Medusa carrying off the blue ribbon with the peach preserves and the plum jelly. And that pretty girl in the lovely clothes! She was a rather wonderful experience, too, especially when she took me off with her that afternoon to her studio—her own studio!—where she modeled in all the privacy of her own home and gave tea parties—I have a suspicion that this was the more important and

I was afraid to remove the cloth

interesting part of being an artist to her, as it is with many local art celebrities. It was a new phase of life to me, one I had not even heard of; and she was the first of that type that I was to meet all along my rocky path that led towards art, the type that we must not criticize too much, for though they never do anything important themselves, they make pleasant little breaks in the drudgery of real artists' lives; they give the young lion cubs tea, they sometimes go further and give them luncheons and dinners, and they cheer them up a bit by making them think they will arrive some day. I suppose these art patrons might be called the modern development of the early Medicean idea when the rich gave the struggling artist a lift, a square meal and a remunerative order.

The real master of the modeling class came once a week to look at our work and criticize it. He went, to us, by the name of Professor, a rather oldish Italian named Ribisso, whom the Academy considered a blazing light of genius because of a commission he was at work on, an equestrian statue of General Grant which was to be placed in Lincoln Park in Chicago. After I had been taken to his studio and had seen this statue in clay, marveling over the wonder of such a mammoth work, my future suddenly appeared before me, definite and clear-cut; nothing but a sculptor who confined his work to equestrian statues would do for me. I even went so far as to interpret that oil painting of a horse on canvas as being a divine demonstration which had come to show me in which direction my talents lay.

Dear old Professor Ribisso! He probably never knew what he meant in my life. And how intently he would watch me at work, always criticizing and approving and encouraging in his gentle way! Once, when he came in and found me modeling with my fingers a statuette of a horse, I felt very guilty and tried to find one of the little wooden tools with which he always modeled.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, seeing my confusion, "to use your fingers instead of instruments. They are much more sensitive."

I was delighted with his sympathetic acceptance of what I had discovered for myself; and for once overcoming my shyness with him I went further and asked him a question.

"Professor—will I ever be a sculptor?"

"You are on your way to being one now."

"But I mean a real sculptor—a great one—like you?"

I can still see the flash of enthusiasm in his eyes. He took my hands in his—both his and mine were sticky with clay—and held them while he looked straight into my eyes.

"I'm going to tell you something. You've got it in you—the feeling for clay—the understanding—the—well—whatever you want to call it! One of these days you will be a much greater sculptor than I am. You are going way beyond me."

This was entirely too much for me. If I had been the crying sort I should have burst out right there in the classroom; instead, I washed the clay off my hands, folded up my blouse, put on my hat and went out and walked and walked—I hadn't the slightest idea where. Some one who knew had told me that I had it in me!

This carried me through all the rest of the season on wings. My feet never again touched ground—even when I got an order to do another mantelpiece, this time covered not only with grapes but also with acanthus leaves and dogwood, with a bowknot thrown in now and then just to keep any spot from being left uncarved; in fact, as long as wood-carving would furnish me with the means to continue the study of sculpture, I was willing and glad to continue doing it with an energy that amounted to fury.

Even when the summer vacation came and the Academy closed and I had to return home to go through some expe-

riences that were actually more dismal than I had yet passed through, I kept those words going at white heat all the time. I wouldn't let them get out of my consciousness. "One of these days you will be a much greater sculptor than I am. You are going way beyond me."

When I reached home that summer I found many changes—all for the worse. The family fortunes had completely disappeared. Hannah, old faithful Hannah, had been dismissed; my eldest sister had married and gone away; my playmate brother, Charlie, was drowned that year while swimming. My father and his wife and myself were the only ones in the house—a house never gay, and now dismal beyond words with only the bedrooms and the kitchen opened. My stepmother did all the work and cooked and served our meals in the kitchen, while I did what I could about the house and added to the slender income by giving some lessons in wood-carving. Then—as a climax to a situation that was already hopeless—my father announced one morning that he would not get up that day; he repeated this decision the next day and the next; and in two weeks he died—of no illness whatever, the doctor said, adding that he evidently had no desire to live any longer. No desire to live any longer! Those words of the doctor made more impression on me than my father's death. Nothing I have ever heard since seems to me to express so poignantly complete despair. No desire to live any longer! I was not able to visualize what was meant then; I can't even now. Not to want to go on living is incredible to me. Life is entirely too full of excitement and adventure—just the mere living of it—ever to think of voluntarily giving it up.

I thought my father's death would surely mean the end of all my ambitions, so far as further study in Cincinnati went; how he had ever been able to send me there was never explained; but now that he was gone I supposed I

must abandon all hope of returning to the Academy that autumn. But though life may be a fairly continuous gray, it is rarely all black, as that summer was. I still look back on it with a shudder. Then, as is invariably the case, the silver lining began to show through ominous clouds. My eldest brother, now married and living in Chicago, took pity on me and offered to pay for my next season at the Academy in Cincinnati.

This third year probably I made some progress—one usually advances in some direction—though now that I think of it, it seems to have been almost a waste of time. I really learned very little. Everything there must have been frightfully dull and wanting in anything that developed originality or personality. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the Academy was run and directed almost entirely on Munich art school traditions. I went on modeling, with now and then help and encouragement from Professor Ribisso; but on the whole it seems to have been a time given in great measure to that ever-present wood-carving which helped out my living expenses. I was sure the fates or the devil, or whatever my evil influences are, were determined to make and keep me a wood-carver.

At the end of the second term and with another ghastly summer facing me, my brother once more came to the rescue. He wrote that if I would come to Chicago, help his wife a bit with the housekeeping and the new baby, I could live with them and surely find something to do in my chosen profession.

My chosen profession? What was it, anyway—wood-carving? At first Chicago said it was. Soon after I arrived there I landed a job that was to me extraordinarily remunerative—a position as wood-carver in a factory at one hundred dollars a month. And I must have been pretty good at that job, for they gave me a room to myself and were apparently pleased with my work. I went along

blithely carving grapes and dogwood and acanthus leaves for several weeks; helping my sister-in-law with the cooking and the baby; and on the whole probably happier than I had ever been before. I was at last self-supporting.

An alarm clock in my room was set for five o'clock in the morning. From bed I would dash into the kitchen, start the fire in the range, put the water on to boil, then rush back to dress. After I had made the coffee, prepared an enormous quantity of oatmeal—the amount of oatmeal I ate for breakfast during those healthy days would keep me going a week now—and eaten my breakfast, I would steal silently out of the house so as not to awaken the baby, and arrive at the factory at seven-thirty sharp. I often think of those days now, particularly when young men and women—sometimes old ones, too—complain bitterly that, though they know they have talent for the Fine Arts, they cannot study because they have no financial backing. Of late years a number of people seem to think that I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, that I am one of the favored few who could afford to follow a natural bent, while they, poor dears! have had to suppress their artistic inclinations because no one would give them a million dollars with which to study art.

In the midst of my factory job and my happy life there suddenly appeared a walking delegate of the wood-carvers' union of Chicago; and, living up to his name, he walked straight into my private room, followed by the somewhat slinking figure of the foreman, and pointed an accusing finger at me, quite innocently at work.

"What is that?" he asked, with the accusing finger still held in mid-air.

"One of our best carvers," the foreman replied.

"A woman?"

The foreman nodded.

"That won't do," the delegate continued. "We haven't

got any women workers in our union—and what's more we won't have them. That woman's got to get out."

By this time my fighting instincts—which usually lie dormant until goaded into action—rose within me. I stopped work and faced the walking delegate.

"Women have as much right to support themselves as men. You can't stop my working here."

He nodded to the foreman to leave him alone with me. I began to feel less combative. The man's appearance and manner were far from reassuring. When we were alone he came nearer and lowered his voice.

"Now—look here. You're a nice-looking girl and I believe you've got a kind heart." This beginning was entirely different from anything I had expected. "And I don't believe you want to throw seven hundred men out of work and make their wives and babies suffer. Do you?"

There was only one answer to that. But what was he driving at?

"Well—that's what'll happen if the boss of this factory don't fire you. The whole wood-carving union will go on strike to-morrow morning. Now—it's up to you. What are you going to do?"

I went to the foreman, asked if this was all true, was told that it was—and left at once.

Another definitely black period, looking for something, anything, to do and literally finding nothing! Once, in despair, I went into a little restaurant which had a sign up "Help Wanted" and asked for a job. They replied to my question by demanding to know if I could scrub floors and wait on the table. I would have taken that job—I've never felt that any honest labor was belittling—but I had to think of my hands. They must not be hardened and put out of commission for clay modeling. Scrubbing floors would have unfitted me for sculpture. A sculptor must always keep his hands sensitive and supple; they are as

important to him as to a musician. So I left the restaurant and continued my vain search for employment, walking miles and miles a day to save carfare and, being usually too far away to return to the flat for lunch, had to content myself with a five-cent glass of ice cream soda. It can be quite filling—when you can't afford anything more!

Again a silver lining, this time in the form of Lorado Taft, who I heard was employing assistants in his studio! It took me about ten minutes after I had heard this to reach the top story of an office building, where I was immediately admitted into what turned out to be a series of studios filled with clay figures in all sizes and conditions, scaffolds, ladders and a group of several young women working under the direction of Mr. Taft, who himself was just then modeling from life the figure of a nude girl. The whole scene was filled with enthusiasm and energy and concentration. I felt I had suddenly stepped into Paradise.

When Mr. Taft came towards me, tall, bearded, with clear blue eyes and dark hair, and asked what I wanted, I came right out with it and said I wanted a job in his studio.

"Have you had any experience in modeling?"

I stretched the blanket somewhat and painted my experience in the Academy in Cincinnati with glowing colors, being careful not to admit that I had never modeled from life.

He waited until I had finished and then glanced towards one end of the studio where strange-looking wooden cages and iron frames were standing.

"Can you point up small models?"

I hadn't the slightest idea what he meant; but I nodded convincingly.

"Good! Can you start in building up that group at once? I've got to get it along as soon as possible."

I might as well explain right here what I was up against

that morning, for with that experience my education progressed with leaps and bounds. The design for a group or statue is first made in a small sketch; from this sketch the sculptor models a very careful study in clay, usually one-fourth the size the finished work is to be; this is cast; over the plaster model is built a wooden frame, and from the top crosspieces strings are attached which fall to the floor. Beside this caged-in model is built another frame containing the iron armature—the framework on which the enlarged statue is to be built up. Then, by means of a compass, the distance from the strings to the clay model is measured and multiplied by four, and sticks reproducing this measurement are attached to the armature and extend to the point which is to be covered with clay. These sticks, with small metal points at the end, serve as guides and are left uncovered until the work is finished, thus aiding in rectifying all mistakes and miscalculations. This so-called "pointing up" need not necessarily be done by an artist; in fact the best "metteurs au point"—as the French call them—often haven't the slightest idea about modeling and are just careful mechanics. After the armature is covered with the first application of clay, thus making a working foundation, little sharp-pointed wooden pegs with heads are stuck into the plaster, these heads being at exactly the distance where the surface of the finished statue will end. When all the necessary points are established, the strings and the wooden frame are removed, and the work of building out the statue to the points indicated is commenced.

Mr. Taft was very kind to me that morning; in fact, he was always most encouraging and interested in students working with him. As soon as I had been furnished with a sculptor's apron, he led me to that bewildering armature from which all sorts of points and indications were coming from every direction and explained very carefully what he wanted me to do. He never said that he was a little doubt-

ful of my ability to do the work, but his detailed directions rather suggested it; and while he explained the work to me he told me what the group I was to enlarge represented. It was one of the four groups he was doing for the Horticultural Building of the World's Fair. "Now—go ahead," he ended, "and be very careful not to bury any of those sign posts in the clay."

I went ahead, and in a few minutes was hard at it getting some of that ugly armature covered with clay. Soon Mr. Taft was back, suggesting that I use butterflies, and—fortunately for me—picking up a lot of those little pieces of crossed bits of wood and fastening them here and there to the armature to help hold the clay together; otherwise I should not have known what he meant. But I was so enthralled in seeing something actually coming out of all that clay and iron and wood—something that was slowly taking form—that I soon forgot all about my uncertainty over this new work. I ran up and down the ladder and piled on quantities of clay, quite unnoticed by all the others in the studio, who were too occupied with what they were doing to bother with me.

When evening came on and the studio was to be closed, I was still racing up and down that ladder, unaware that Mr. Taft and his assistant—Charlie Mulligan by name—were standing there watching me at work.

"That's enough for to-day," Mr. Taft said, a pleasant note of approval in his voice. "You're getting on famously. Only"—and he made some comments and corrections and ended by saying he would expect me the next morning.

I worked there many weeks and earned the reputation of being the most industrious and hard-working assistant in the studio. My willingness to do anything and everything was sometimes imposed upon by Mr. Mulligan, who began to call me constantly away from my regular and

absorbing work—the covering of those armatures—to help him with his plaster casting, mix plaster for him, wash out molds and fetch him pails of water when he could find no one else to do it. Once, when I was at the top of a ladder and lost to the world in seeing an arm develop itself, he called out to me to fetch him a pail of water immediately. It was no moment to be commanded and, without stopping work or turning my head, I called down to him: "Get your own pail of water. I'll not be a scullion to a Mulligan." He took the roar of laughter from the rest of the studio good-naturedly; and after that we became great friends; he even went to the extent of now and then fetching *me* piles of clay unasked.

I soon became friends with the three other young women working in the studio, especially Mr. Taft's sister, Zulh Taft. The companionship of working at the same thing always develops friendship and we four students lunched together and had great fun helping each other at our various tasks.

When Mr. Taft's personal work for the Fair was finished and ready to be cast for the façade of the Horticultural Building, he was asked to take charge of the pointing up of a great number of statues and groups which had been contracted for with various sculptors and which had been sent to Chicago in models one-quarter the final size for enlargement in plaster.

In the midst of this work he called us all together one day and said he had something important to tell us. My heart sank. I felt sure that he was about to say that his own studio was to be closed and that I was again to find myself without work—losing a job that was exactly what I had been longing for.

He began very solemnly to tell us that he had just had a talk with the architect-in-chief of the Fair, Mr. Burnham, who wished him to take charge of all the sculpture en-

largements for the Exposition buildings. The Horticultural Building, now completed, would be turned over to him for a studio. He was authorized to engage as many people as he could find capable of doing the work. The important thing was to get the work done within a year; nothing else mattered.

"When I told Mr. Burnham that I had several young women whom I would like to employ," he went on, a twinkle now in his eyes, "he said that was all right, to employ any one who could do the work—white rabbits, if they would help out. So you might begin right now calling yourself white rabbits—the kind that will receive five dollars for every week day and seven-fifty on Sundays. What do you all think of it?"

What did we all think of it! I don't know what the others thought, but when I realized that I was going to have a job that would last a whole year I left the studio with the feeling that I was either dreaming or had gone entirely out of my head.

That wonderful year! Filled with work, filled with accomplishment and filled with what was considered in those days a very fat salary! Taft's studio was moved out en bloc to the Horticultural Building and the white rabbits moved in. We were ten by this time, including the men assistants, and we all took up residence in a small hotel near the Fair grounds. My best friend among them was always Zulh Taft—now Mrs. Hamlin Garland; then there was Bessie Potter Vonnoh, who later became one of Chicago's best-known artists on account of her very lovely portrait statuettes; Enid Yandell, who is now Kentucky's representative sculptor; Caroline Brooks, afterwards the wife of the New York sculptor, Hermon MacNeil; and Miss Bracken, who has carried off the laurels in our profession for California. We brought our lunch in paper bags and remained from eight in the morning until six in

the afternoon; and when we got back to the hotel there was no question of what we would do with the evening; dinner and bed were the only things that appealed to us.

When the first month's work was finished and we took our place in line with hundreds of workmen to receive our pay envelopes, we were about the happiest white rabbits that ever existed. We rushed back to our rooms at the hotel, opened the envelopes and poured out the five-dollar bills—for some reason we were paid our hundred and fifty dollars in five-dollar bills—and carpeted the floor with them. We wanted to see what it felt like to walk on money.

It was a wholesome, happy, stimulating life. How well I remember that vast hall of iron girders and glass walls and roof! It was like some giant's studio; and surely crowded with giants, as we gradually filled it with those huge figures which, when finished, were hauled away and put into position on the buildings. In the winter we were kept from freezing by large braziers filled with glowing fires; in the summer we were saved from heat prostration by awnings that were stretched across the roof and constantly sprayed with water to make the temperature bearable. Scaffolding, iron armature, huge mounds of plaster, designs hanging from the walls and every one rushing about in mad haste; it must have been a fantastic sight! No wonder all the architects and painters and sculptors—any one with anything to do with the Fair—came often and shared our paper-bag lunch with us! We were the first art sweat-shop to come into existence; and to see the white rabbits at work was one of the sights of those days.

It was tremendously thrilling to see statues and groups put into place on buildings and stand before them and know that I had spent hours working over them. My energy was inexhaustible. No scaffold was too high for me to mount, carrying a pail of plaster in one hand and

tools in another. Once, when I had climbed up twenty feet or more and was covering an iron bar with plaster that was soon going to look like a Valkyrie's outstretched arm, I lost my balance, slipped and fell down between the statue and the scaffold. There was no chance to fall to the side or on my head; I was held perfectly upright by the objects on both sides of me. But as I went dropping, dropping, dropping, very slowly—for now and then I stuck between the scaffold and the statue—I had heaps of time to think; and with my eyes shut, awaiting the shock which I felt was going to carry me abruptly into the next world, I was filled with regrets that my career should have been cut off at such an interesting moment. It was a terrible thing to die in the first flush of achievement. When I finally hit the ground with both feet, standing bolt upright, I shook myself very much as a cat does who has jumped from a fourth-story window, looked about, smiled at my friends who had come to pick up my fragments, and said: "You all look exactly as you did in that other world!"

But I didn't look the same; I was bruised from head to foot; there was not an unscratched inch on the whole of my long body; and for weeks I was unrecognizable, being a sort of study in blues and greens and blacks, though it did not occur to me to take even a day off from work after the fall. The courage and endurance of youth are truly astounding.

All through those months, out of dank marshes and a neglected wilderness, the most amazing city of lagoons and palaces was rising about us. It was all pure magic. One day I would be passing hideous iron girders and shapeless masses of sticks and mud; and seemingly the next day I would be standing spellbound before an edifice that fabulous princes were surely to inhabit. Somehow it all made me think of that twentieth chapter of Exodus:

"For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is."

Towards the latter part of the year, I used to prolong my walk to the Horticultural Building by wandering through the grounds to see the new marvels that had sprung up. One day, passing before what was later to be the Court of Honor, I saw a number of men placing a plaster boat in the center of a large basin. The lines of the boat caught my attention. It had the grace and sweep of a gesture—the gesture of a master of line. The next day the workmen had placed four figures of women at the sides of the boat. Their plaster draperies seemed to float in the breeze. The next day they had oars in their hands. I could feel them leaning their weight against these oars, the muscles of their arms pleasantly taut, their heads thrown back, their nostrils extended with deep breathing —and more wonderful than anything else, under their force the boat seemed to move. I was late that day in arriving at work; and after I arrived I couldn't do anything but think of those living women of plaster and that marvelous boat. A few days later a figure of "Father Time" was placed at the prow; and a woman, "Victory," blowing a resounding blast on a trumpet, stood in the center of the barge.

That morning I stood there rooted to the spot, forgetting all about the timekeeper who had twice before docked me for being late at work. I might have stood there all day if it hadn't been for a burly Irishman, one of the workmen putting the fragments of the fountain together, speaking to me.

"Sorry, miss, but you're in the way. Would you mind moving?"

"It's marvelous!" I went on talking to myself. "It can't be the work of a human being!"

The man probably thought I was mad; and I was—with enthusiasm.

"Who did it?" I went on. "Who could have done it?"

"A gent in Paris. MacMonnies is the name. Makes all these parts over there and ships them here to be put together. I don't see why he couldn't just as well have done 'em here and saved us all this trouble of fitting parts together. He'd have saved himself the trouble, too, of coming over here and watching us."

"You mean to say the man who designed this is here in Chicago!"

"Sure, miss—there he is now."

I looked in the direction of his pointing finger and saw a young man leaning on a stick watching the work with absorbed interest.

"That young man!" I exclaimed. "Impossible!"

Then I sat down on a fragment of plaster to look at this wonder of wonders; but the workman had no intention of leaving me in peace. His voice now came a bit louder and more complainingly.

"Sorry, miss—but them things ain't to set on; they're to be put up on that fountain there."

I sprang up and made a step towards the creator of the fountain; I even got very near him, puzzled somewhat by his foreign appearance—or at least what appeared to me at that time foreign; then shyness swept over me and I turned away. But at that moment I knew that he was the one—and the only one—that I must study with in order to learn how to do the things I was burning to do. I must be his pupil. I must. I must. No one else in the whole world would be able to teach me sculpture. Yet—in spite of this tremendous certainty—I hadn't the courage to go to him and tell him all this; and just on account of this bothersome timidity I lost a chance which delayed achievement

It wasn't so many months later, however, when I was working in his studio in Paris that he introduced me to Mrs. Thomas Dewing, the wife of the painter of those lovely small portraits that were so much in vogue at that moment. I acknowledged the introduction and went back to work. When Mrs. Dewing had gone, MacMonnies asked me if I had ever seen any of her husband's work. I told him I had and admired it immensely.

"Then why under the sun didn't you tell her so!"

"Wouldn't it have been officious on my part?"

"Praise is never officious. Silence is much more so. If you like a man's work don't ever let an opportunity pass to tell him so. Even go to the extent of telling his wife, if he isn't present. The more ingenuous the praise, the more touching it is."

"Then, if I had spoken to you that day in Chicago, you wouldn't have minded?"

"I'd have been tickled to death."

I have always remembered that advice, especially when I have tasted the bitter discouragement of having people come to my studio, look blankly at the work I was doing and say nothing. Many people fear to express themselves because they do not know the right technical terms. I don't want technical words—I want just simple everyday expressions that come from the heart. They mean everything in the world to me. I am not working for the appreciation of the few; I should like to appeal to the world. Some one has said that even criticism is better than silence. I don't agree to this. Criticism can be very harmful unless it comes from a master; and in spite of the fact that we have hundreds of critics these days, it is one of the most difficult of professions. To be able to criticize intelligently, one must have knowledge of the technic of the art he is criticizing, he must have a sensitiveness that helps him to see what the artist is driving at, and he has got to have very

broad sympathies. His work is constructive, not destructive—as the amateur critic seems to think. Only lately I have had some very irritating criticism, due to a little draped figure of Diana I am now doing. I intend it to be placed in a garden, against a background of dense foliage; and I particularly want it to look well in the moonlight. My whole conception of the work is for just such a moment. To get the effects needed I have had to exaggerate certain features; and it is there that the inexperienced critics burst forth. "But—the neck is too long! No one ever had a neck like that!" My friends evidently think my years of study have been wasted and that I have learned nothing about the normal length of a neck. Of course it is out of proportion, otherwise I would never get the silhouette I am struggling so hard to achieve. As a matter of fact, no measurement in the whole figure is correct according to nature. It is not a portrait statue, my little Diana, it is an architectural ornament for a garden.

Long ago I found out that it was necessary to break away from the honest following of nature; I had the sad lesson to learn that nature is seldom to be copied faithfully if effective work is to be accomplished. My most valuable experience in this direction came about through an order I had for a statue to be put up in Woodlawn Cemetery. My model was extremely beautiful; I made a careful record in the statue of her appearance, her personality, her proportions; the whole work was done according to measurements. In my studio the statue appeared to be an exceedingly successful piece of work; I was particularly happy over the result of my labor; but after the statue had been put into marble and shipped to America, and I followed to see to placing it on a pedestal in the cemetery lot, the head seemed to have grown during the voyage to twice its size and all the other features had changed accordingly. Somehow the out-of-doors atmosphere had destroyed all

the proportions the studio had created. Whistler said that "no man alive is life size," and for that reason always painted his portraits a little under life size. To understand what I am driving at, try a little experiment. When you are looking at your friend across a garden, put up your finger and measure off her size. You will be surprised to find that she is not even the length of your finger. Such an observation will help you to understand that it is impossible for a sculptor, no matter how conscientious he may be, to make his statues according to actual measurements.

When our work was finished and the Fair finally opened, I stopped on in the little hotel near the gate where I had lived that whole year, feeling, as I had worked so hard over that Fair, that I could now afford to play with it awhile; and Zulh Taft and I did play with it; for weeks and weeks we spent each day there, passing most of the time at the art exhibits, but never forgetting the thousand and one things that were tremendously interesting in other directions—especially the Midway Plaisance, which we usually haunted in the evenings after dinner. Those weeks at the Fair were a part of my real education—and one of the most satisfactory ones any student could possibly have had. The best the world could do in every line was there to gaze at, study, understand and interpret. When the World's Fair closed and I could no longer spend the days there, I turned away reluctantly—a vastly different young woman from the one who had left Terre Haute two years before. The wonderful, enthralling, suggestive art of the world had been spread before me; and I had thirstily drunk it in. And as for having had ambition before—that was like groping in the dark; my ambition now was reaching out into light that was fairly blinding.

I came home late one evening, that autumn after the Fair had closed, and threw myself across the bed. Zulh

Taft came into my room, glanced at me curiously and asked what was the matter.

I looked at her with what she afterwards said was the expression of a saint seeing some beatific vision.

"It's all settled," I told her. "I've just bought my ticket and paid for it. I haven't got but three hundred and fifty dollars left—but that's enough. It will keep me going for a while."

Zulh grasped my hands, patted them and tried to soothe me. She thought I was in the grip of high fever. "Don't talk any more just now, dear. You'll feel better in the morning."

"But I want to talk about it. I haven't got much time left. I'm leaving the end of this week."

"Where do you think you are going?"

"To Paris—to study with that man who designed the fountain."

"But you don't know him! He may not take you as a pupil!"

"I will meet him—and he will take me as a pupil! He's not going to be able to help himself!"

Zulh released my hands and went over to the window and stood there a long time silent.

"All right," she said finally. "If you're going to Paris next week I'm going with you."

III

PROVIDENCE must have had to work overtime to take care of Zulh Taft and me on that trip to Paris. We were much less experienced than those famous Babes in the Wood; even getting from Chicago to New York was something of an undertaking for us; and when we got on a boat that was to take us three thousand miles across the ocean and

land us in a country, the language of which neither of us knew a word of, the undertaking suddenly became a very serious adventure. Seasickness, cold weather, no proper clothing for a winter voyage, no steamer rugs, and worse than anything else, no friends—all this very soon made us feel exactly like two kittens locked out of the house at night. Providence, though, working all the time, placed us at the table with H. Siddons Mowbray, the mural painter, and his wife, who, probably touched by our obvious need of help and advice, took us under their wings. They brought us fruit when we couldn't—or our stomachs wouldn't—take any other food; they lent us steamer rugs, of which they seemed to have a number; and when we got off at Cherbourg and stared about us in hopeless bewilderment, they changed their plans for stopping off at Amiens, and went all the way to Paris with us just to see that we didn't get lost by the way. Incidents like this—which have happened to me all along my rocky path—have made me feel that the world is a very wonderful place to live in. Whenever I hear some one saying life is unfair, people cruel, and everything generally wrong, I begin to wonder what is the matter with that person; the fault must be his; it is surely not the world's.

That first night and the next day in Paris convinced me that all the trouble of getting there was as nothing compared with the pleasure of walking along those tree-lined boulevards. From the moment we got off the boat—one of the most painful and mortifying experiences I have ever been through, owing to our not having enough actual money to tip those seemingly hundred stewards standing in line—I had been surprised to find France just like any other part of the world I had been in; I mean there were trees and houses and rivers and grass and ground—just as there were at home. What exactly I had expected I don't know; but it surely should have been something fantastic

and strange—and it wasn't; it was quite normal but exceedingly lovely.

And Paris! I knew that first night that I loved it; and I have gone on loving it ever since. A whole year spent away from it is a great loss to me; and yet I like to leave it now and then so as to have the pleasure of going back. The hotel near the station where we spent the night, the unfamiliar twin beds, breakfast in our room the next morning—an unheard-of thing for us—and delicious coffee and rolls and unsalted butter are all parts of a lasting impression. All that morning, still with our good angels, going to the Crédit Lyonnais to cash one of our small checks, driving through the city in a fiacre with a coachman attired in blue clothes, a red waistcoat and stiff white hat, crossing one of those lovely bridges that span the Seine and finally being left at the Girls' Club—inaugurated and supported by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid—where we expected to find rooms and didn't, as they were already full up, and our eventual shelter in the Hôtel de la Haute Loire, now Hôtel Raspail, on the corner of the Boulevards Raspail and Montparnasse—all these experiences kept us sailing way up in the air without any thought of getting our feet firmly planted on the ground.

But that came only too soon—as it always does. When we found ourselves alone in a little room and had got over the excitement of discovering that the floor was tiled and the windows opened in and out instead of up and down, we immediately considered the price we were paying, counted our money and realized that life in any hotel was far beyond us. We both agreed that we had better start out at once to find cheaper lodgings; and very soon we were on our way along the boulevards looking anxiously for signs "à louer," which some one had told us meant "to let." Sandwiched in with this discouraging task was some rather hectic sight-seeing; only a night and day in Paris

had convinced us that we could not possibly hope to remain there very long and we felt we had better see all the monuments as quickly as possible. Our slim savings seemed to vanish with magic rapidity. But no discouragement can be very real to a young woman who has decided to devote her life to sculpture and is seeing for the first time such marvels as the Winged Victory, the Venus de Milo, and the extraordinary modern collection in the Musée du Luxembourg. Under the spell of standing before these marvels—marvels that somehow dwarfed my impressions of the World's Fair—I almost forgot the inspiration that had brought me to Paris.

But finally, armed with a letter of introduction given me in Chicago by a friend of Mrs. MacMonnies, I called on my future master's wife, hoping for her influence and assistance in penetrating into the Impasse du Maine studios where the sculptor worked. I found out afterwards that many people called at the apartment on the Rue de Sèvres with the same idea and that Mrs. MacMonnies usually proved herself a very good watchdog in the interest of her husband and his precious time. She invariably made the same reply to requests to visit the studios: "There is nothing of great interest going on there just now—a statue is being cast or something equally boring—but perhaps later on—" The "later on" never came—for visitors were not invited to the studios.

Mrs. MacMonnies was a lovely person and a very charming hostess; her dark Spanish beauty fitted in perfectly with the setting of tapestry-hung walls and rare old furniture; and I enjoyed my visit to her immensely. I went away definitely decided to have some day an apartment exactly like hers. But in order to do this, I must first become a successful sculptor, and to become a successful sculptor it was absolutely necessary to study with MacMonnies. On the way back to the hotel, I planned all this

out in detail until I suddenly realized that in relinquishing that letter of introduction—I had given it to the footman at the door—I had lost my one means of getting into communication with MacMonnies. What on earth was I to do now!

From that moment sight-seeing lost all its charms; and of course, to add to my depression, those constantly diminishing funds seemed an ever-present sword of Damocles ready to cut our trip short at any moment. We tramped and tramped up and down the streets of the Latin Quarter and found nothing that we considered cheap enough. One day, in utter despair, Zulh and I sank down on a bench on the Boulevard Raspail; she burst into tears; I sat with fixed eyes and tightly closed lips. The end of our adventure was in sight and I had never even so much as caught a glimpse of MacMonnies. I often go and sit on that bench now—it is just where the Rue Boissonade enters the Boulevard Raspail—and reconstruct that scene.

While we both sat there, the epitome of tragedy, two athletic young art students walked by, looked at us, stopped, and then came up to us. They were friends we had made in Chicago—Bryson Burroughs and his wife. They hardly waited to greet us before they asked what was the matter. We told them, Zulh still weeping, and I, no doubt, still with the set expression of blasted hopes. Instead of laughing at us and making light of our troubles, they immediately began planning for us, said they were going off on a three weeks' walking trip through Brittany and would let us have their studio at just what they were paying for it—which, thank Heaven, came within our means. The sun came out with a burst of glory; though, at least for me, there were some ominous clouds still hanging about.

I told them I had not been able to see MacMonnies.

"Why don't you go to his studio?"

"I don't even know where it is."

They gave me his address and I wrote it down hastily on a scrap of paper.

The next day we installed ourselves in the Burroughses' sky-lighted studio, which served all purposes—living, sleeping, eating, cooking and workshop; and late that afternoon, attired in the only clothes I had, a brown tailored suit, brown and tan checked golf cape and a Fedora hat—an outfit which had appeared appropriate for Chicago but was not exactly decorative in Paris—I walked slowly along the Boulevard Edgar Quinet on my way to MacMonnies' studio. I don't believe I have ever done such concentrated thinking as I did then, all centering about what I should say to him once I had actually got through the door into his studio. I was still composing and rejecting phrases when Number 16 Impasse du Maine was there before me. A very cross concierge pointed out the entrance to the studios—at this time MacMonnies had several in a row—which was in a delightful little courtyard filled with green plants and fragments of sculpture; and I made my way straight up to the fatal door.

The door was closed, but as I stopped before it the most alarming sounds reached me, coming from within. Of course I was in a somewhat nervous condition, but I couldn't believe my imagination was creating those sounds; they somehow suggested what a medieval combat must have been like; there were shuffling of feet, clashing of swords and shouts and yells in a language utterly unknown to me. I waited interminably for the noise to subside, and when finally a slight lull came, I knocked gently on the door. No answer. I knocked again, more firmly. This time the door was opened a few inches and a strange-looking apparition peered out at me—a very tall man dressed in white flannels carrying a sword in one

hand and wearing some sort of a wire mask over his face.

"And what do you want?" the voice from behind the mask demanded, frankly impatient.

I saw that the door was likely to be shut at any moment; I also knew that my whole career depended on the answer to that question; and, driven into drastic action by a combination of timidity and consternation, I gathered my forces and said in a loud, determined voice:

"I have come all the way from Chicago to talk to Mr. MacMonnies, and I must see him at once."

"Oh-h-h!" said the voice behind the mask. "Then—come in."

The tall white figure opened the door wider, ushered me in and showed me across a large studio to a small room which I took to be a sort of office, as it was furnished with desk and chairs. Here I was asked to sit down and wait a few minutes. This I did with considerable satisfaction. I was in the sacred precincts at last; and I had evidently impressed that white-clothed, masked figure, with the importance of my mission.

In a few minutes he was back again, still in the fencing suit but without the mask, and showing a very attractive, pleasant face, rather thin and long with a humorous twist to mouth and nose, gray-blue eyes, yellow hair and mustache, and a funny little tuft of hair growing straight out from the chin—all features that had impressed me when I saw him standing before his own work at the World's Fair.

He lighted a cigarette, sat down comfortably and crossed his legs.

"Well—fire away! What's it all about?"

I tried to keep my voice steady. "I saw your fountain in the Court of Honor at the World's Fair. It was the most

beautiful thing I had ever seen. As soon as I found out you had done it I began planning and saving to come over here and ask you to let me study with you. Well—here I am."

"I don't take pupils."

"But—please—can't I do something here? I'm willing to work at anything. I'm not inexperienced. I worked a whole year with Mr. Taft on the World's Fair statues. I'm sure I could do something useful about the studio. I'll promise not to be in the way if—if you'll only let me come for a little while. I haven't money enough to stay long."

He went on smoking, inhaling deeply and sitting there as if he had not heard a word I said while I watched him eagerly to see what his decision was going to be.

"Done much drawing?" he suddenly asked me.

I told him of my work in the Academy at Cincinnati, all about my drawings from geometrical solids and detached features and the mammoth anatomical figure.

"Never drawn from life?"

"No."

"You must begin that at once. You must draw, draw, draw—all the time—all day—all night—until you know you can draw to the very best of your ability. You can never be a sculptor until you know how to draw."

He stopped to light another cigarette and while doing so glanced up at some drawings from the nude that were hanging on the walls of the small room. I followed his glance and for a few moments forgot all about my own problem in admiration of the drawings. They were entirely different from any Academy drawings I had seen before. The shadows particularly caught my attention—beautiful, rich, luminous shadows following exquisite, vibrating lines.

"If I could only begin copying those," I said, suddenly

quite unselfconscious. "I mean—before I begin drawings from life."

"Those! Yes—they are mine. Well—suppose you do!"

I didn't immediately catch his meaning. "Do what?"

"Begin copying those. Put your mornings in on that; and in the afternoons you can work in the big studio modeling."

When it finally rushed over me that this was his way of telling me that he had decided to let me work in his studio, I rose quickly and hurried towards the door, my one idea being to get away before he had reconsidered the matter—for I instinctively felt that his permission had not been granted with enthusiasm.

My hand was on the latch of the door when his voice stopped me.

"Hold on there! Where are you going?"

I stopped, unsteady with the fear that he had already changed his mind and was now going to tell me it was impossible.

"What's the matter?"

"I! Nothing," I managed to articulate feebly.

"Aren't you coming here to work?"

I nodded, swallowed hard and put out my hand. "Thank you. I'll be here tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

He looked at me in a way that told me unmistakably that he was thinking "queer duck" and opened the door for me.

"All right. Tomorrow. Au revoir."

That first encounter with MacMonnies was somewhat characteristic of my subsequent relations with him. He was inclined to treat his own work and those working with him casually; I mean to say he never grew solemn and soulful, nor did he indulge in what might be called artistic temperament. He was a hard worker, knew perfectly well

what he was about and did it; and he expected those working with him to do the same. At the time I met him he was about thirty and had got safely by those days of struggle and discouragement that everybody must pass through to achieve something. He had begun to study sculpture with Saint-Gaudens in America, and being very poor at the time, he had slept on a shelf in that sculptor's studio in lieu of anywhere else to go. When he arrived in Paris he went straight to Falguière and studied with him before entering the École des Beaux Arts; and almost immediately he began to be noticed. His first year in Paris he carried off the prize of the atelier, even over the heads of many who had been there several years. Lack of funds soon drove him back to America, but he returned to Paris within a year. From then on his success had come very fast. His "Diana" brought him praise and honor at the Paris Salon; his "Pan" became known internationally; his statue of Stranahan, a most lovely portrait statue, placed in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, was one of the first sculpture figures of our day to wear modern clothes, even to an overcoat over one arm and a silk hat in the hand, a triumph of art over matter. But there is no need of citing the work that has made MacMonnies famous; any one interested in the development of art in America is familiar with his important contributions to it. During my studio days with him, he created an impression that has never faded—that of a delightful and stimulating man to work with. What he thought of me during that period, I do not know. He never told me. Sometimes I felt he considered me rather a bore, forcing my way in there; but after he had let me enter his studio he evidently decided not to bother any more about the situation. If I didn't like it and didn't get on with the others, it would be my fault; if I made good, all well and so much the better for me. I am inclined to think that his own struggle to get ahead had

made him—not exactly unsympathetic—but a bit matter-of-fact about the struggles of others. Perhaps he felt very much as I do now: that if the student is talented he will get along—no matter what happens. But once he saw that I adored sculpture—as much as he himself did—he gave me the most enormous amount of time and attention. He was never too busy or preoccupied to stop and give me a criticism—not an oral criticism, which is of no earthly good to a student of sculpture, but a practical demonstration of how to design and model.

You can imagine that I went away with a whole cageful of birds singing in my heart that day; and they kept on singing all through the night and into the next morning. At last I had what my heart had so long been set on; I was MacMonnies' pupil.

MARIE CURIE

ABOUT MARIE CURIE

WHEN, with quiet determination, young Marie Sklodowska in Poland was constantly reading in order to discover just what it was she most wished to do as she grew older, she did not know that every hour was slowly but surely developing in her the capacity that was to lead her to one of the greatest scientific discoveries of our time.

When the obstacles to her learning were so great as to seem overwhelming, she could not know that her young courage and strength in meeting them were but the beginning of a courage and a strength which were to carry her triumphantly through a great tragedy to still further accomplishment.

Many times, during the girlhood years of which you read here, it would have been so easy for her to falter and relinquish her effort to learn and to know. But Marie Sklodowska did not falter—and because she did not this story of her younger days is important to us all. For Marie Curie is very truly Marie Sklodowska, grown up.

It is characteristic of her that what she tells here about those growing-up days of hers in Poland was modestly added in brief *Autobiographical Notes* at the end of her book, *Pierre Curie,* and only because her friends had especially requested it. For she wrote that book to tell of him—not of herself. But because she and her husband were so closely united in all that they did, *Pierre Curie* is the story of them both.

During the time that small Marie Sklodowska was growing up in Poland and was so eagerly studying, a young boy in Paris was already showing an unusual capac-

ity for scientific knowledge. On his walks with his father and brother, he continually asked innumerable questions about everything around them—the frogs, the salamanders, the dragonflies. Nothing, it seemed, escaped his alert eyes. And his father, who was a physician, was careful to answer Pierre's many questions accurately and to give him, when they returned home, books from his own library which would tell his son still more concerning the world around him.

When he was fourteen, the boy began studying with a professor of mathematics who at once told Dr. and Mrs. Curie that their son had unusual ability in the mathematical and scientific field. At sixteen, Pierre Curie was made a Bachelor of Science, already absorbed in scientific problems which were still unsolved. And by the time he had reached his twenties, his dream for himself was that of a life devoted entirely to scientific research.

This was the young man, with the sensitive, sympathetic face, whom young Marie Sklodowska met when she came as a student to Paris. She could understand the dream in his eyes because it was a dream that had brought her from her native Poland. She could understand his devotion to science because that was the field of her own choice.

When Pierre Curie asked Marie Sklodowska to marry him, and the young Polish girl decided that she would, she knew life would not be easy for them. But the spirit which had been hers during the difficult days of her girlhood now stood her in good stead. Nor was any decision of her later life more characteristic than that which she made concerning her trousseau money.

A relative had made her a present of this money. Marie Sklodowska was young and lovely. Pretty clothes meant as much to her as to any girl. But very quietly she bought, instead, two bicycles with which she and Pierre Curie could enjoy the beautiful country of France on their honey-

moon. And she was married in a simple dress which she had brought from Poland.

From the day of her marriage, Marie Curie's problem became that of creating a home at the same time that she continued with the scientific work to which both she and her husband wished to devote their lives. Their income was limited. When their two small daughters were born, additional problems arose. But Marie Curie held to her chosen course. She passed the examination which would enable her to teach and was overjoyed when she was permitted to be her husband's assistant in his school laboratory. And from that time until the tragic accident which took Pierre Curie from her, they were rarely separated.

Meanwhile, exciting events were taking place in the scientific world. The X-ray had been discovered. Other news continually reached Marie and Pierre Curie. But that which at once aroused their special interest was word that uranium salts emitted rays of a peculiar character. Very simply, Marie Curie writes of this, "I decided to undertake an investigation."

But where? No one can read of the struggle of these two in the inadequate little shack which was the only place they could find for their work without a feeling of sadness that such great genius should have been so handicapped. Nor, for that matter, did Pierre Curie ever have an adequate laboratory.

But just as neither of them had faltered in the years before they met, so now they continued on. In the shed that leaked in the rain, where they had only such apparatus as they could afford, they set to work. Of these days, Marie Curie says, "A great tranquillity reigned in our poor, shabby hangar. We were entirely absorbed in the new field that opened before us. Occasionally, while observing an operation, we would walk up and down, talking of our work, present and future. When we were cold, a cup of

hot tea cheered us. We lived in a preoccupation as complete as that of a dream.

"Sometimes we returned in the evening after dinner for another survey of our domain. Our precious products, for which we had no shelter, were arranged on tables and boards; from all sides we could see their slightly luminous silhouettes, and these gleamings, which seemed suspended in the darkness, stirred us with ever new emotion and enchantment."

To these moments when they shared together their joy in the progress they had made were added days of struggle. Pierre Curie's income was still small. The children had brought additional expense. Marie Curie's own teaching added only a limited amount to their resources. And because Pierre Curie did not have certain degrees from certain schools, he was shut off from obtaining positions that would have given him a larger salary and so have relieved the strain.

Nor was the laboratory work easy, much though they loved it. Later Marie Curie was to write of it: "The life of a great scientist in his laboratory is not, as many think, a peaceful idyll. More often it is a bitter battle with things, with one's surroundings and above all with oneself. There are days when nothing seems to succeed."

And it was on such days that Pierre Curie used sometimes to say to his wife, "It is nevertheless hard, this life that we have chosen."

Dividing the work of their research, they continued. And it was in their shabby wooden shack that radium was eventually separated from pitchblende, and word went out to all the world of the great discovery.

In the many honors that were heaped upon them, including the Nobel Prize, Marie and Pierre Curie saw chiefly the means for continuing the work of their choice, and in Pierre Curie's appointment to the faculty of the

Sorbonne a well-equipped laboratory for their use, at last.

Pierre Curie was never to have that laboratory. Struck by a motor-van, he was instantly killed. And upon Marie Curie fell the task of bringing up their daughters alone and of carrying on the work which she and her husband had planned for future years. When her husband's position in the Sorbonne was offered to her, it did not mean to her the great honor of being the first woman to become a member of that faculty. To her it was an opening through which she might develop the laboratory which would be a fitting memorial to the man whom she had so devotedly loved, and an opportunity, as well, to carry on the research which would bring about a more complete knowledge of radium itself.

In all the years since, Marie Curie has been steadfast. Her daughters have grown to charming young women, with the elder now her mother's assistant. The laboratory which has developed under her hands now offers to many scientists that most priceless gift—opportunity to carry on their investigations.

But no property of radium that has been discovered is more precious to Marie Curie than that which relieves suffering. Under the Red Cross during the War, she outfitted twenty radiologic cars. With them, she visited ambulance stations and hospitals in the war zone, personally training doctors' assistants in the use of radium. She founded the Institute of Radium in memory of Pierre Curie.

And in accordance with the decision that she and her husband had made together in the little shack, radium has been given unreservedly to the world, unhampered by the copyrights which she could have so readily obtained and which would have made her a rich woman.

In the years since the War, nothing has meant more to

Marie Curie than the gift of radium which was presented to her through the efforts of a group of American women. When, in 1919, Mrs. William Brown Meloney, then Editor of *The Delineator,* visited Mme. Curie in Paris, she was distressed to learn that this great scientist lacked an amount of radium sufficient to carry on the investigations she still wished to make.

Returning to this country, Mrs. Meloney at once launched a movement to present to Marie Curie one gramme of radium, worth at that time one hundred thousand dollars. Her plan met with an immediate response. And when, at length, the gift was ready, Marie Curie, accompanied by her younger daughter, crossed the ocean to receive it.

It was a triumphal tour. Eminent men and women in all parts of the country were happy to have an opportunity to pay her the honor she had so gloriously earned. As a fitting climax, it was arranged that Mme. Curie was to appear before the President of the United States officially to receive her gift. But when the day came, she did not feel quite ready to do so. Before she could see the President, she wished to have a certain paper drawn up.

Her request was fulfilled and the paper read: "In the event of my death, I give to the *Institut du Radium* of Paris, for exclusive use in the *Laboratoire Curie,* the gramme of radium which has been given to me by the Executive Committee of Women of the Marie Curie Radium Fund." Even the radium which she herself had discovered she could not accept for her own. From the moment it was given her, its use must be immediately and permanently safeguarded for the research which means so much to her.

In this same spirit, at the request of her American friends, she undertook the writing of her book. It was her special hope that through a more intimate under-

standing of Pierre Curie and his work others would be inspired and encouraged.

She accomplished her purpose. *Pierre Curie* is the stirring and dramatic story of a great man, a great work—and a beautiful and courageous love. And although Marie Curie did not intend it to be so, it is also the story of a great woman.

H. F.

MARIE CURIE

My family is of Polish origin, and my name is Marie Sklodowska. My father and my mother both came from among the small Polish landed proprietors. In my country this class is composed of a large number of families, owners of small and medium-sized estates, frequently interrelated. It has been, until recently, chiefly from this group that Poland has drawn her intellectual recruits.

While my paternal grandfather had divided his time between agriculture and directing a provincial college, my father, more strongly drawn to study, followed the course of the University of Petrograd, and later definitely established himself at Warsaw as Professor of Physics and Mathematics in one of the lyceums of that city. He married a young woman whose mode of life was congenial to his; for, although very young, she had what was, for that

time, a very serious education, and was the director of one of the best Warsaw schools for young girls.

My father and mother worshiped their profession in the highest degree and have left, all over their country, a lasting remembrance with their pupils. I cannot, even today, go into Polish society without meeting persons who have tender memories of my parents.

Although my parents adopted a university career, they continued to keep in close touch with their numerous family in the country. It was with their relatives that I frequently spent my vacation, living in all freedom and finding opportunities to know the field life by which I was deeply attracted. To these conditions, so different from the usual villegiature, I believe, I owe my love for the country and nature.

Born at Warsaw, on the 7th day of November, 1867, I was the last of five children, but my oldest sister died at the early age of fourteen, and we were left, three sisters and a brother. Cruelly struck by the loss of her daughter and worn away by a grave illness, my mother died at forty-two, leaving her husband in the deepest sorrow with his children. I was then only nine years old, and my eldest brother was hardly thirteen.

This catastrophe was the first great sorrow of my life and threw me into a profound depression. My mother had an exceptional personality. With all her intellectuality she had a big heart and a very high sense of duty. And, though possessing infinite indulgence and good nature, she still held in the family a remarkable moral authority. She had an ardent piety, but she was never intolerant; differences in religious belief did not trouble her; she was equally kind to any one not sharing her opinions. Her influence over me was extraordinary, for in me the natural love of the little girl for her mother was united with a passionate admiration.

Very much affected by the death of my mother, my father devoted himself entirely to his work and to the care of our education. His professional obligations were heavy and left him little leisure time. For many years we all felt weighing on us the loss of the one who had been the soul of the house.

We all started our studies very young. I was only six years old, and, because I was the youngest and smallest in the class, was frequently brought forward to recite when there were visitors. This was a great trial to me, because of my timidity; I wanted always to run away and hide. My father, an excellent educator, was interested in our work and knew how to direct it, but the conditions of our education were difficult. We began our studies in private schools and finished them in those of the government.

Warsaw was then under Russian domination, and one of the worst aspects of this control was the oppression exerted on the school and the child. The private schools directed by Poles were closely watched by the police and overburdened with the necessity of teaching the Russian language even to children so young that they could scarcely speak their native Polish. Nevertheless, since the teachers were nearly all of Polish nationality, they endeavored in every possible way to mitigate the difficulties resulting from the national persecution. These schools, however, could not legally give diplomas, which were obtainable only in those of the government.

The latter, entirely Russian, were directly opposed to the Polish national spirit. All instruction was given in Russian, by Russian professors, who, being hostile to the Polish nation, treated their pupils as enemies. Men of moral and intellectual distinction could scarcely agree to teach in schools where an alien attitude was forced upon them. So what the pupils were taught was of questionable value, and the moral atmosphere was altogether unbear-

able. Constantly held in suspicion and spied upon, the children knew that a single conversation in Polish, or an imprudent word, might seriously harm, not only themselves, but also their families. Amidst these hostilities, they lost all the joy of life, and precocious feelings of distrust and indignation weighed upon their childhood. On the other side, this abnormal situation resulted in exciting the patriotic feeling of Polish youths to the highest degree.

Yet of this period of my early youth, darkened though it was by mourning and the sorrow of oppression, I still keep more than one pleasant remembrance. In our quiet but occupied life, reunions of relatives and friends of our family brought some joy. My father was very much interested in literature and well acquainted with Polish and foreign poetry; he even composed poetry himself and was able to translate it from foreign languages into Polish in a very successful way. His little poems on family events were our delight. On Saturday evenings he used to recite or read to us the masterpieces of Polish prose and poetry. These evenings were for us a great pleasure and a source of renewed patriotic feelings.

Since my childhood I have had a strong taste for poetry, and I willingly learned by heart long passages from our great poets, the favorite ones being Mickiewecz, Krasinski and Slowacki. This taste was even more developed when I became acquainted with foreign literatures; my early studies included the knowledge of French, German, and Russian, and I soon became familiar with the fine works written in these languages. Later I felt the need of knowing English and succeeded in acquiring the knowledge of that language and its literature.

My musical studies have been very scarce. My mother was a musician and had a beautiful voice. She wanted us to have musical training. After her death, having no more

encouragement from her, I soon abandoned this effort, which I often regretted afterwards.

I learned easily mathematics and physics, as far as these sciences were taken in consideration in the school. I found in this ready help from my father, who loved science and had to teach it himself. He enjoyed any explanation he could give us about Nature and her ways. Unhappily, he had no laboratory and could not perform experiments.

The periods of vacations were particularly comforting, when, escaping the strict watch of the police in the city, we took refuge with relatives or friends in the country. There we found the free life of the old-fashioned family estate; races in the woods and joyous participation in work in the far-stretching, level grain-fields. At other times we passed the border of our Russian-ruled division (Congress Poland) and went southwards into the mountain country of Galicia, where the Austrian political control was less oppressive than that which we suffered. There we could speak Polish in all freedom and sing patriotic songs without going to prison.

My first impression of the mountains was very vivid, because I had been brought up in the plains. So I enjoyed immensely our life in the Carpathian villages, the view of the pikes, the excursions to the valleys and to the high mountain lakes with picturesque names such as "The Eye of the Sea." However, I never lost my attachment to the open horizon and the gentle views of a plain hill country.

Later I had the opportunity to spend a vacation with my father far more south in Podolia, and to have the first view of the sea at Odessa, and afterwards at the Baltic shore. This was a thrilling experience. But it was in France that I became acquainted with the big waves of the ocean and the ever-changing tide. All my life through, the new sights of Nature made me rejoice like a child.

Thus passed the period of our school life. We all had

much facility for intellectual work. My brother, Doctor Sklodowski, having finished his medical studies, became later the chief physician in one of the principal Warsaw hospitals. My sisters and I intended to take up teaching as our parents had done. However, my elder sister, when grown up, changed her mind and decided to study medicine. She took the degree of doctor at the Paris University, married Doctor Dluski, a Polish physician, and together they established an important sanatorium in a wonderfully beautiful Carpathian mountain place of Austrian Poland. My second sister, married in Warsaw, Mrs. Szalay, was for many years a teacher in the schools, where she rendered great service. Later she was appointed in one of the lyceums of free Poland.

I was but fifteen when I finished my high-school studies, always having held first rank in my class. The fatigue of growth and study compelled me to take almost a year's rest in the country. I then returned to my father in Warsaw, hoping to teach in the free schools. But family circumstances obliged me to change my decision. My father, now aged and tired, needed rest; his fortune was very modest. So I resolved to accept a position as governess for several children. Thus, when scarcely seventeen, I left my father's house to begin an independent life.

That going away remains one of the most vivid memories of my youth. My heart was heavy as I climbed into the railway car. It was to carry me for several hours, away from those I loved. And after the railway journey I must drive for five hours longer. What experience was awaiting me? So I questioned as I sat close to the car window looking out across the wide plains.

The father of the family to which I went was an agriculturist. His oldest daughter was about my age, and although working with me, was my companion rather than my pupil. There were two younger children, a boy and a

girl. My relations with my pupils were friendly; after our lessons we went together for daily walks. Loving the country, I did not feel lonesome, and although this particular country was not especially picturesque, I was satisfied with it in all seasons. I took the greatest interest in the agricultural development of the estate where the methods were considered as models for the region. I knew the progressive details of the work, the distribution of crops in the fields; I eagerly followed the growth of the plants, and in the stables of the farm I knew the horses.

In winter the vast plains, covered with snow, were not lacking in charm, and we went for long sleigh rides. Sometimes we could hardly see the road. "Look out for the ditch!" I would call to the driver. "You are going straight into it," and "Never fear!" he would answer, as over we went! But these tumbles only added to the gayety of our excursions.

I remember the marvelous snow house we made one winter when the snow was very high in the fields; we could sit in it and look out across the rose-tinted snow plains. We also used to skate on the ice of the river and to watch the weather anxiously, to make sure that the ice was not going to give way, depriving us of our pleasure.

Since my duties with my pupils did not take up all my time, I organized a small class for the children of the village who could not be educated under the Russian government. In this the oldest daughter of the house aided me. We taught the little children and the girls who wished to come how to read and write, and we put in circulation Polish books which were appreciated, too, by the parents. Even this innocent work presented danger, as all initiative of this kind was forbidden by the government and might bring imprisonment or deportation to Siberia.

My evenings I generally devoted to study. I had heard that a few women had succeeded in following certain

courses in Petrograd or in foreign countries, and I was determined to prepare myself by preliminary work to follow their example.

I had not yet decided what path I would choose. I was as much interested in literature and sociology as in science. However, during these years of isolated work, trying little by little to find my real preferences, I finally turned towards mathematics and physics, and resolutely undertook a serious preparation for future work. This work I proposed doing in Paris, and I hoped to save enough money to be able to live and work in that city for some time.

My solitary study was beset with difficulties. The scientific education I had received at the lyceum was very incomplete; it was well under the bachelorship program of a French lyceum; I tried to add to it in my own way, with the help of books picked up at random. This method could not be greatly productive, yet it was not without results. I acquired the habit of independent work, and learned a few things which were to be of use later on.

I had to modify my plans for the future when my eldest sister decided to go to Paris to study medicine. We had promised each other mutual aid, but our means did not permit of our leaving together. So I kept my position for three and a half years, and, having finished my work with my pupils, I returned to Warsaw, where a position, similar to the one I had left, was awaiting me.

I kept this new place for only a year and then went back to my father, who had retired some time before and was living alone. Together we passed an excellent year, he occupying himself with some literary work, while I increased our funds by giving private lessons. Meantime I continued my efforts to educate myself. This was no easy task under the Russian government of Warsaw; yet I found more opportunities than in the country. To my

great joy, I was able, for the first time in my life, to find access to a laboratory: a small municipal physical laboratory directed by one of my cousins. I found little time to work there, except in the evenings and on Sundays, and was generally left to myself. I tried out various experiments described in treatises on physics and chemistry, and the results were sometimes unexpected. At times I would be encouraged by a little unhoped-for success, at others I would be in the deepest despair because of accidents and failures resulting from my inexperience. But on the whole, though I was taught that the way of progress is neither swift nor easy, this first trial confirmed in me the taste for experimental research in the fields of physics and chemistry.

Other means of instruction came to me through my being one of an enthusiastic group of young men and women of Warsaw, who united in a common desire to study, and whose activities were at the same time social and patriotic. It was one of those groups of Polish youths who believed that the hope of their country lay in a great effort to develop the intellectual and moral strength of the nation, and that such an effort would lead to a better national situation. The nearest purpose was to work at one's own instruction and to provide means of instruction for workmen and peasants. In accordance with this program we agreed among ourselves to give evening courses, each one teaching what he knew best. There is no need to say that this was a secret organization, which made everything extremely difficult. There were in our group very devoted young people who, as I still believe today, could do truly useful work.

I have a bright remembrance of the sympathetic intellectual and social companionship which I enjoyed at that time. Truly the means of action were poor and the results obtained could not be considerable; yet I still believe that

the ideas which inspired us then are the only way to real social progress. You cannot hope to build a better world without improving the individuals. To that end each of us must work for his own improvement, and at the same time share a general responsibility for all humanity, our particular duty being to aid those to whom we think we can be most useful.

All the experiences of this period intensified my longing for further study. And, in his affection for me, my father, in spite of limited resources, helped me to hasten the execution of my early project. My sister had just married at Paris, and it was decided that I should go there to live with her. My father and I hoped that, once my studies were finished, we would again live happily together. Fate was to decide otherwise, since my marriage was to hold me in France. My father, who in his own youth had wished to do scientific work, was consoled in our separation by the progressive success of my work. I keep a tender memory of his kindness and disinterestedness. He lived with the family of my married brother, and, like an excellent grandfather, brought up the children. We had the sorrow of losing him in 1902, when he had just passed seventy.

So it was in November, 1891, at the age of twenty-four, that I was able to realize the dream that had been always present in my mind for several years.

When I arrived in Paris I was affectionately welcomed by my sister and brother-in-law, but I stayed with them only for a few months, for they lived in one of the outside quarters of Paris where my brother-in-law was beginning a medical practice, and I needed to get nearer to the schools. I was finally installed, like many other students of my country, in a modest little room for which I gathered some furniture. I kept to this way of living during the four years of my student life.

It would be impossible to tell of all the good these years

brought to me. Undistracted by any outside occupation, I was entirely absorbed in the joy of learning and understanding. Yet, all the while, my living conditions were far from easy, my own funds being small and my family not having the means to aid me as they would have liked to do. However, my situation was not exceptional; it was the familiar experience of many of the Polish students whom I knew. The room I lived in was in a garret, very cold in winter, for it was insufficiently heated by a small stove which often lacked coal. During a particularly rigorous winter, it was not unusual for the water to freeze in the basin in the night; to be able to sleep I was obliged to pile all my clothes on the bedcovers. In the same room I prepared my meals with the aid of an alcohol lamp and a few kitchen utensils. These meals were often reduced to bread with a cup of chocolate, eggs or fruit. I had no help in housekeeping and I myself carried the little coal I used up the six flights.

This life, painful from certain points of view, had, for all that, a real charm for me. It gave me a very precious sense of liberty and independence. Unknown in Paris, I was lost in the great city, but the feeling of living there alone, taking care of myself without any aid, did not at all depress me. If sometimes I felt lonesome, my usual state of mind was one of calm and great moral satisfaction.

All my mind was centered on my studies, which, especially at the beginning, were difficult. In fact, I was insufficiently prepared to follow the physical science course at the Sorbonne, for, despite all my efforts, I had not succeeded in acquiring in Poland a preparation as complete as that of the French students following the same course. So I was obliged to supply this deficiency, especially in mathematics. I divided my time between courses, experimental work, and study in the library. In the evening I worked in my room, sometimes very late into the night.

All that I saw and learned that was new delighted me. It was like a new world opened to me, the world of science, which I was at last permitted to know in all liberty.

I have pleasant memories of my relations with my student companions. Reserved and shy at the beginning, it was not long before I noticed that the students, nearly all of whom worked seriously, were disposed to be friendly. Our conversations about our studies deepened our interest in the problems we discussed.

Among the Polish students I did not have any companions in my studies. Nevertheless, my relations with their small colony had a certain intimacy. From time to time we would gather in one another's bare rooms, where we could talk over national questions and feel less isolated. We would also go for walks together, or attend public reunions, for we were all interested in politics. By the end of the first year, however, I was forced to give up these relationships, for I found that all my energy had to be concentrated on my studies, in order to achieve them as soon as possible. I was even obliged to devote most of my vacation time to mathematics.

My persistent efforts were not in vain. I was able to make up for the deficiency of my training and to pass examinations at the same time with the other students. I even had the satisfaction of graduating in first rank as "*licenciée ès sciences physiques*" in 1893, and in second rank as "*licenciée ès sciences mathématiques*" in 1894.

My brother-in-law, recalling later these years of work under the conditions I have just described, jokingly referred to them as "the heroic period of my sister-in-law's life." For myself, I shall always consider one of the best memories of my life that period of solitary years exclusively devoted to the studies, finally within my reach, for which I had waited so long.

It was in 1894 that I first met Pierre Curie. One of my

compatriots, a professor at the University of Fribourg, having called upon me, invited me to his home, with a young physicist of Paris, whom he knew and esteemed highly. Upon entering the room I perceived, standing framed by the French window opening on the balcony, a tall young man with auburn hair and large, limpid eyes. I noticed the grave and gentle expression of his face, as well as a certain abandon in his attitude, suggesting the dreamer absorbed in his reflections. He showed me a simple cordiality and seemed to me very sympathetic. After that first interview he expressed the desire to see me again and to continue our conversation of that evening on scientific and social subjects in which he and I were both interested, and on which we seemed to have similar opinions.

Some time later, he came to me in my student room and we became good friends. He described to me his days, filled with work, and his dream of an existence entirely devoted to science. He was not long in asking me to share that existence, but I could not decide at once; I hesitated before a decision that meant abandoning my country and my family.

I went back to Poland for my vacation, without knowing whether or not I was to return to Paris. But circumstances permitted me again to take up my work there in the autumn of that year. I entered one of the physics laboratories at the Sorbonne, to begin experimental research in preparation for my doctor's thesis.

Again I saw Pierre Curie. Our work drew us closer and closer, until we were both convinced that neither of us could find a better life companion. So our marriage was decided upon and took place a little later, in July, 1895.

Pierre Curie had just received his doctor's degree and had been made professor in the School of Physics and Chemistry of the City of Paris. He was thirty-six years old, and already a physicist known and appreciated in France

and abroad. Solely preoccupied with scientific investigation, he had paid little attention to his career, and his material resources were very modest. He lived at Sceaux, in the suburbs of Paris, with his old parents, whom he loved tenderly, and whom he described as "exquisite" the first time he spoke to me about them. In fact, they were so: the father was an elderly physician of high intellect and strong character, and the mother the most excellent of women, entirely devoted to her husband and her sons. Pierre's elder brother, who was then professor at the University of Montpellier, was always his best friend. So I had the privilege of entering into a family worthy of affection and esteem, and where I found the warmest welcome.

We were married in the simplest way. I wore no unusual dress on my marriage day, and only a few friends were present at the ceremony, but I had the joy of having my father and my second sister come from Poland.

We did not care for more than a quite place in which to live and to work, and were happy to find a little apartment of three rooms with a beautiful view of a garden. A few pieces of furniture came to us from our parents. With a money gift from a relative we acquired two bicycles to take us out into the country.

With my marriage there began for me a new existence entirely different from the solitary life that I had known during the preceding years. My husband and I were so closely united by our affection and our common work that we passed nearly all of our time together. I have only a few letters from him, for we were so little apart. My husband spent all the time he could spare from his teaching at his research work in the laboratory of the school in which he was professor and I obtained authorization to work with him.

Our living apartment was near the school, so we lost little time in going and coming. As our material resources

Marie Curie

were limited, I was obliged to attend to most of the housekeeping myself, particularly the preparation of meals. It was not easy to reconcile these household duties with my scientific work, yet, with good will, I managed it. The great thing was that we were alone together in the little home which gave us a peace and intimacy that were very enjoyable for us.

At the same time that I was working in the laboratory, I still had to take a few study courses, for I had decided to take part in the examination for a certificate that would allow me to teach young girls. If I succeeded in this, I would be entitled to be named professor. In August, 1896, after having devoted several months to preparation, I came out first in the examination.

Our principal distraction from the close work of the laboratory consisted in walks or bicycle rides in the country. My husband greatly enjoyed the out-of-doors and took great interest in the plants and animals of woods and meadows. Hardly a corner in the vicinity of Paris was unknown to him. I also loved the country and these excursions were a great joy for me as well as to him, relieving our mind from the tension of the scientific work. We used to bring home bunches of flowers. Sometimes we forgot all about the time and got back late at night. We visited regularly my husband's parents where our room was always ready.

In the vacation we went on longer outings by means of our bicycles. In this way we covered much ground in Auvergne and in the Cevennes and visited several regions at the seashore. We took a great delight in these long all-day excursions, arriving at night always in a new place. If we stayed in one place too long, my husband began to wish to get back to the laboratory. It is also in vacation time that we visited once my family in the Carpathian

mountains. My husband learned some Polish in view of this journey to Poland.

But first of all in our life was our scientific work. My husband gave much care to the preparation of his courses, and I gave him some assistance in this, which, at the time, helped me in my education. However, most of our time was devoted to our laboratory researches.

My husband did not then have a private laboratory. He could, to some extent, use the laboratory of the school for his own work, but found more freedom by installing himself in some unused corner of the Physics School building. I thus learned from his example that one could work happily even in very insufficient quarters. At this time my husband was occupied with researches on crystals, while I undertook an investigation of the magnetic properties of steel. This work was completed and published in 1897.

In that same year the birth of our first daughter brought a great change in our life. A few weeks later my husband's mother died and his father came to live with us. We took a small house with a garden at the border of Paris and continued to occupy this house as long as my husband lived.

It became a serious problem how to take care of our little Irene and of our home without giving up my scientific work. Such a renunciation would have been very painful to me, and my husband would not even think of it; he used to say that he had got a wife made expressly for him to share all his preoccupations. Neither of us would contemplate abandoning what was so precious to both.

Of course we had to have a servant, but I personally saw to all the details of the child's care. While I was in the laboratory, she was in the care of her grandfather, who loved her tenderly and whose own life was made brighter by her. So the close union of our family enabled me to

meet my obligations. Things were particularly difficult only in case of more exceptional events, such as a child's illness, when sleepless nights interrupted the normal course of life.

It can be easily understood that there was no place in our life for worldly relations. We saw but a few friends, scientific workers, like ourselves, with whom we talked in our home or in our garden, while I did some sewing for my little girl. We also maintained affectionate relations with my husband's brother and his family. But I was separated from all my relatives, as my sister had left Paris with her husband to live in Poland.

It was under this mode of quiet living, organized according to our desires, that we achieved the great work of our lives, work begun about the end of 1897 and lasting for many years.

JANE ADDAMS

ABOUT JANE ADDAMS

It is interesting to compare the opportunity before girls today with that which Jane Addams found—or, rather, did not find—when, years ago, she was graduated from her Illinois college in Rockford.

The young Jane Addams of this story had a clear, splendid mind. She had an unusual gift for understanding others and for helping them to discover unthought-of possibilities in themselves. Yet there was no special kind of work to which these natural gifts directed her. There was no one to say to her, "Talent in a girl is not alone a matter of being able to sing or draw or write. It lies just as surely in being able to get along with others, in an aptitude for analyzing and for logical thinking."

But lacking a single striking talent such as that of Ernestine Schumann-Heink or of Janet Scudder, not especially drawn to the work which was then pre-eminently open to women—that of teaching—Jane Addams spent the period of years described in this story of her girlhood and young womanhood trying to discover something in the doing of which she would find the usefulness for which she longed.

Nothing is more characteristic of the honesty of her thinking than her decision during those years in regard to the study of medicine. She undertook this study, found herself unsuited for it, admitted her inadequacy and promptly relinquished her plan.

What then?

In her search and in her ultimate answer to that question, Jane Addams not only found the work which she

herself so greatly desired: no woman has done more than she to open new opportunities to the girls who came after. Here, in the story of her struggle, if you are a girl with something of Jane Addams' hopes and capacities, you will find many of your own questionings and dreams. But before you, today, lies the wide and varied field of social service. And it has been in the developing of this field that Jane Addams' influence has stretched far beyond the city of Chicago where years ago she and her friend, Miss Starr, went to live in the old house eventually to be known as Hull-House.

Today, that old house is but one of many attractive buildings. The sordid section of Chicago in which it stood, then called slums, is now a desirable neighborhood. Men and women and boys and girls and babies of all nationalities flock to the clubs and the classes and the kindergarten and the discussions of Hull-House. Mothers who work leave their children in the Hull-House Nursery during the day. Young people who are interested in the drama write and produce their own plays in Hull-House's Little Theatre. There are studios in Hull-House where artists may paint, and those who like to work with their hands may create lovely pottery or work at other crafts. There is singing at Hull-House, and dancing and gaiety and beauty.

And there is more. When Jane Addams conceived Hull-House, her hope was not only to develop a home in that section of Chicago where the neighbors might come for enjoyment and help and where plans for the neighborhood's good would develop. She wished never to forget that they were part of Chicago and that Chicago itself was part of something more. It was her wish that the activities of Hull-House be so intelligently conducted that they would further a wider vital progress. And the clear and careful thinking which Jane Addams shows here in

her analysis of herself as a young girl has always characterized Hull-House itself.

Men and women of many nationalities and varied opinions come to Hull-House, certain of respect and of an opportunity to tell what they believe. And in the differences of opinion which arise from these discussions, many valuable ideas are given to the world.

Through the years, Jane Addams has never forgotten to ask, "How?" *How* could a more healthful neighborhood be developed? *How* could more adequate schools be established? How—and how—and how? And in the answering, she has not hesitated to plunge into practical next steps. She has served in such contrasted capacities as Inspector of Alleys and member of the Chicago Board of Education. And very quietly and courageously, more than once she has sponsored certain courses of public action which have deprived Hull-House of greatly needed financial support.

It has been a tremendous—and far too often, a nerve-racking—task, but one in which the young, groping Jane Addams created opportunity to use every capacity which was hers. You will find the story of it all in her book, *Twenty Years at Hull-House,* of which this record of her girlhood is part.

Today, in widely separated countries of the world, men and women have a warm, friendly feeling for Hull-House. They may never have visited it. They may never have even been in this country. Yet they feel certain, and rightly, that Hull-House is theirs, a place of understanding.

And back of Hull-House, back of the many fine and splendid things that have come from it, is the girl, Jane Addams.

H. F.

JANE ADDAMS

I

On the theory that our genuine impulses may be connected with our childish experiences, that one's bent may be tracked back to that "No-Man's Land" where character is formless but nevertheless settling into definite lines of future development, I begin this record with some impressions of my childhood.

All of these are directly connected with my father, although of course I recall many experiences apart from him. I was one of the younger members of a large family and an eager participant in the village life, but because my father was so distinctly the dominant influence and because it is quite impossible to set forth all of one's early impressions, it has seemed simpler to string these first memories on that single cord. Moreover, it was this cord which not only held fast my supreme affection, but also first drew me into the moral concerns of life, and later afforded a clew there to which I somewhat wistfully clung in the intricacy of its mazes.

It must have been from a very early period that I recall "horrid nights" when I tossed about in my bed because I had told a lie. I was held in the grip of a miserable dread of death, a double fear, first, that I myself should die in my sins and go straight to that fiery Hell which was never mentioned at home, but which I had heard all about from other children, and, second, that my father—representing the entire adult world which I had basely deceived—should

himself die before I had time to tell him. My only method of obtaining relief was to go downstairs to my father's room and make full confession. The high resolve to do this would push me out of bed and carry me down the stairs without a touch of fear. But at the foot of the stairs I would be faced by the awful necessity of passing the front door—which my father, because of his Quaker tendencies, did not lock—and of crossing the wide and black expanse of the living room in order to reach his door. I would invariably cling to the newel post while I contemplated the perils of the situation, complicated by the fact that the literal first step meant putting my bare foot upon a piece of oilcloth in front of the door, only a few inches wide, but lying straight in my path. I would finally reach my father's bedside perfectly breathless and, having panted out the history of my sin, invariably received the same assurance that if he "had a little girl who told lies," he was very glad that she "felt too bad to go to sleep afterwards." No absolution was asked for or received, but apparently the sense that the knowledge of my wickedness was shared, or an obscure understanding of the affection which underlay the grave statement, was sufficient, for I always went back to bed as bold as a lion, and slept, if not the sleep of the just, at least that of the comforted.

I recall an incident which must have occurred before I was seven years old, for the mill in which my father transacted his business that day was closed in 1867. The mill stood in the neighboring town adjacent to its poorest quarter. Before then I had always seen the little city of ten thousand people with the admiring eyes of a country child, and it had never occurred to me that all its streets were not as bewilderingly attractive as the one which contained the glittering toyshop and the confectioner. On that day I had my first sight of the poverty which implies squalor,

and felt the curious distinction between the ruddy poverty of the country and that which even a small city presents in its shabbiest streets. I remember launching at my father the pertinent inquiry why people lived in such horrid little houses so close together, and that after receiving his explanation I declared with much firmness when I grew up I should, of course, have a large house, but it would not be built among the other large houses, but right in the midst of horrid little houses like these.

That curious sense of responsibility for carrying on the world's affairs which little children often exhibit because "the old man clogs our earliest years," I remember in myself in a very absurd manifestation. I dreamed night after night that every one in the world was dead excepting myself, and that upon me rested the responsibility of making a wagon wheel. The village street remained as usual, the village blacksmith shop was "all there," even a glowing fire upon the forge and the anvil in its customary place near the door, but no human being was within sight. They had all gone around the edge of the hill to the village cemetery, and I alone remained alive in the deserted world. I always stood in the same spot in the blacksmith shop, darkly pondering as to how to begin, and never once did I know how, although I full realized that the affairs of the world could not be resumed until at least one wheel should be made and something started. Every victim of nightmare is, I imagine, overwhelmed by an excessive sense of responsibility and the consciousness of a fearful handicap in the effort to perform what is required; but perhaps never were the odds more heavily against "a warder of the world" than in these reiterated dreams of mine, doubtless compounded in equal parts of a childish version of Robinson Crusoe and of the end-of-the-world predictions of the Second Adventists, a few of whom were found in the vil-

lage. The next morning would often find me, a delicate little girl of six, with the further disability of a curved spine, standing in the doorway of the village blacksmith shop, anxiously watching the burly, red-shirted figure at work. I would store my mind with such details of the process of making wheels as I could observe, and sometimes I plucked up courage to ask for more. "Do you always have to sizzle the iron in water?" I would ask, thinking how horrid it would be to do. "Sure!" the good-natured blacksmith would reply, "that makes the iron hard." I would sigh heavily and walk away, bearing my responsibility as best I could, and this of course I confided to no one, for there is something too mysterious in the burden of "the winds that come from the fields of sleep" to be communicated, although it is at the same time too heavy a burden to be borne alone.

My great veneration and pride in my father manifested itself in curious ways. On several Sundays, doubtless occurring in two or three different years, the Union Sunday School of the village was visited by strangers, some of those "strange people" who live outside a child's realm, yet constantly thrill it by their close approach. My father taught the large Bible class in the left-hand corner of the church next to the pulpit, and to my eyes at least, was a most imposing figure in his Sunday frock coat, his fine head rising high above all the others. I imagined that the strangers were filled with admiration for this dignified person, and I prayed with all my heart that the ugly, pigeon-toed little girl, whose crooked back obliged her to walk with her head held very much upon one side, would never be pointed out to these visitors as the daughter of this fine man. In order to lessen the possibility of a connection being made, on these particular Sundays I did not walk beside my father, although this walk was the great event of the week, but attached myself firmly to the side of my

Uncle James Addams, in the hope that I should be mistaken for his child, or at least that I should not remain so conspicuously unattached that troublesome questions might identify an Ugly Duckling with her imposing parent. My uncle, who had many children of his own, must have been mildly surprised at this unwonted attention, but he would look down kindly at me, and say, "So you are going to walk with me to-day?" "Yes, please, Uncle James," would be my meek reply. He fortunately never explored my motives, nor do I remember that my father ever did, so that in all probability my machinations have been safe from public knowledge until this hour.

It is hard to account for the manifestations of a child's adoring affection, so emotional, so irrational, so tangled with the affairs of the imagination. I simply could not endure the thought that "strange people" should know that my handsome father owned this homely little girl. But even in my chivalric desire to protect him from his fate, I was not quite easy in the sacrifice of my uncle, although I quieted my scruples with the reflection that the contrast was less marked and that, anyway, his own little girl "was not so very pretty." I do not know that I commonly dwelt much upon my personal appearance, save as it thrust itself as an incongruity into my father's life, and in spite of unending evidence to the contrary, there were even black moments when I allowed myself to speculate as to whether he might not share the feeling. Happily, however, this specter was laid before it had time to grow into a morbid familiar by a very trifling incident. One day I met my father coming out of his bank on the main street of the neighboring city which seemed to me a veritable whirlpool of society and commerce. With a playful touch of exaggeration, he lifted his high and shining silk hat and made me an imposing bow. This distinguished public recognition, this totally unnecessary identification among

a mass of "strange people" who couldn't possibly know unless he himself made the sign, suddenly filled me with a sense of the absurdity of the entire feeling. It may not even then have seemed as absurd as it really was, but at least it seemed enough so to collapse or to pass into the limbo of forgotten specters.

I made still other almost equally grotesque attempts to express this doglike affection. The house at the end of the village in which I was born, and which was my home until I moved to Hull-House, in my earliest childhood had opposite to it—only across the road and then across a little stretch of greensward—two mills belonging to my father: one flour mill, to which the various grains were brought by the neighboring farmers, and one sawmill, in which the logs of the native timber were sawed into lumber. The latter offered the great excitement of sitting on a log while it slowly approached the buzzing saw which was cutting it into slabs, and of getting off just in time to escape a sudden and gory death. But the flouring mill was much more beloved. It was full of dusky, floury places which we adored, of empty bins in which we might play house; it had a basement, with piles of bran and shorts which were almost as good as sand to play in, whenever the miller let us wet the edges of the pile with water brought in his sprinkling pot from the mill-race.

In addition to these fascinations was the association of the mill with my father's activities, for doubtless at that time I centered upon him all that careful imitation which a little girl ordinarily gives to her mother's ways and habits. My mother had died when I was a baby and my father's second marriage did not occur until my eighth year.

I had a consuming ambition to possess a miller's thumb, and would sit contentedly for a long time rubbing between my thumb and fingers the ground wheat as it fell

from between the millstones, before it was taken up on an endless chain of mysterious little buckets to be bolted into flour. I believe I have never since wanted anything more desperately than I wanted my right thumb to be flattened, as my father's had become, during his earlier years of a miller's life. Somewhat discouraged by the slow process of structural modification, I also took measures to secure on the backs of my hands the tiny purple and red spots which are always found on the hands of the miller who dresses millstones. The marks on my father's hands had grown faint, but were quite visible when looked for, and seemed to me so desirable that they must be procured at all costs. Even when playing in our house or yard, I could always tell when the millstones were being dressed, because the rumbling of the mill then stopped, and there were few pleasures I would not instantly forego, rushing at once to the mill, that I might spread out my hands near the millstones in the hope that the little hard flints flying from the miller's chisel would light upon their back and make the longed-for marks. I used hotly to accuse the German miller, my dear friend Ferdinand, "of trying not to hit my hands," but he scornfully replied that he could not hit them if he did try, and that they were too little to be of use in a mill anyway. Although I hated his teasing, I never had the courage to confess my real purpose.

This sincere tribute of imitation, which affection offers to its adored object, had later, I hope, subtler manifestations, but certainly these first ones were altogether genuine. In this case, too, I doubtless contributed my share to that stream of admiration which our generation so generously poured forth for the self-made man. I was consumed by a wistful desire to apprehend the hardships of my father's earlier life in that far-away time when he had been a miller's apprentice. I knew that he still woke up punctually at three o'clock because for so many years he

had taken his turn at the mill in the early morning, and if by chance I awoke at the same hour, as curiously enough I often did, I imagined him in the early dawn in my uncle's old mill reading through the entire village library, book after book, beginning with the lives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Copies of the same books, mostly bound in calfskin, were to be found in the library below, and I courageously resolved that I too would read them all and try to understand life as he did. I did in fact later begin a course of reading in the early morning hours, but I was caught by some fantastic notion of chronological order and early legendary form. Pope's translation of the "Iliad," even followed by Dryden's "Virgil," did not leave behind the residuum of wisdom for which I longed, and I finally gave them up for a thick book entitled "The History of the World" as affording a shorter and an easier path.

Although I constantly confided my sins and perplexities to my father, there are only a few occasions on which I remember having received direct advice or admonition; it may easily be true, however, that I have forgotten the latter, in the manner of many seekers after advice who enjoyably set forth their situation but do not really listen to the advice itself. I can remember an admonition on one occasion, however, when, as a little girl of eight years, arrayed in a new cloak, gorgeous beyond anything I had ever worn before, I stood before my father for his approval. I was much chagrined by his remark that it was a very pretty cloak—in fact so much prettier than any cloak the other little girls in the Sunday School had, that he would advise me to wear my old cloak, which would keep me quite as warm, with the added advantage of not making the other little girls feel badly. I complied with the request but I fear without inner consent, and I certainly was quite without the joy of self-sacrifice as I walked

soberly through the village street by the side of my counselor. My mind was busy, however, with the old question eternally suggested by the inequalities of the human lot. Only as we neared the church door did I venture to ask what could be done about it, receiving the reply that it might never be righted so far as clothes went, but that people might be equal in things that mattered much more than clothes, the affairs of education and religion, for instance, which we attended to when we went to school and church, and that it was very stupid to wear the sort of clothes that made it harder to have equality even there.

It must have been a little later when I held a conversation with my father upon the doctrine of foreordination, which at one time very much perplexed my childish mind. After setting the difficulty before him and complaining that I could not make it out, although my best friend "understood it perfectly," I settled down to hear his argument, having no doubt that he could make it quite clear. To my delighted surprise, for any intimation that our minds were on an equality lifted me high indeed, he said that he feared that he and I did not have the kind of mind that would ever understand foreordination very well and advised me not to give too much time to it; but he then proceeded to say other things of which the final impression left upon my mind was that it did not matter much whether one understood foreordination or not, but that it was very important not to pretend to understand what you didn't understand and that you must always be honest with yourself inside, whatever happened. Perhaps on the whole as valuable a lesson as the shorter catechism itself contains.

My memory merges this early conversation on religious doctrine into one which took place years later when I put before my father the situation in which I found myself at boarding school when under great evangelical pressure,

and once again I heard his testimony in favor of "mental integrity above everything else."

At the time we were driving through a piece of timber in which the wood choppers had been at work during the winter, and so earnestly were we talking that he suddenly drew up the horses to find that he did not know where he was. We were both entertained by the incident, I that my father had been "lost in his own timber" so that various cords of wood must have escaped his practised eye, and he on his side that he should have become so absorbed in this maze of youthful speculation. We were in high spirits as we emerged from the tender green of the spring woods into the clear light of day, and as we came back into the main road I categorically asked him:—

"What are you? What do you say when people ask you?"

His eyes twinkled a little as he soberly replied:

"I am a Quaker."

"But that isn't enough to say," I urged.

"Very well," he added, "to people who insist upon details, as some one is doing now, I add that I am a Hicksite Quaker;" and not another word on the weighty subject could I induce him to utter.

These early recollections are set in a scene of rural beauty, unusual at least for Illinois. The prairie round the village was broken into hills, one of them crowned by pine woods, grown up from a bag full of Norway pine seeds sown by my father in 1844, the very year he came to Illinois, a testimony perhaps that the most vigorous pioneers gave at least an occasional thought to beauty. The banks of the mill stream rose into high bluffs too perpendicular to be climbed without skill, and containing caves of which one at least was so black that it could not be explored without the aid of a candle; and there was a deserted limekiln which became associated in my mind

with the unpardonable sin of Hawthorne's "Lime-Burner." My stepbrother and I carried on games and crusades which lasted week after week, and even summer after summer, as only free-ranging country children can do. It may be in contrast to this that one of the most piteous aspects in the life of city children, as I have seen it in the neighborhood of Hull-House, is the constant interruption to their play which is inevitable on the streets, so that it can never have any continuity,—the most elaborate "plan or chart" or "fragment from their dream of human life" is sure to be rudely destroyed by the passing traffic. Although they start over and over again, even the most vivacious become worn out at last and take to that passive "standing 'round" varied by rude horse-play, which in time becomes so characteristic of city children.

We had of course our favorite places and trees and birds and flowers. It is hard to reproduce the companionship which children establish with nature, but certainly it is much too unconscious and intimate to come under the head of æsthetic appreciation or anything of the sort. When we said that the purple wind-flowers—the anemone patens—"looked as if the winds had made them," we thought much more of the fact that they were wind-born than that they were beautiful: we clapped our hands in sudden joy over the soft radiance of the rainbow, but its enchantment lay in our half belief that a pot of gold was to be found at its farther end; we yielded to a soft melancholy when we heard the whippoorwill in the early twilight, but while he aroused in us vague longings of which we spoke solemnly, we felt no beauty in his call.

We erected an altar beside the stream, to which for several years we brought all the snakes we killed during our excursions, no matter how long the toilsome journey which we had to make with a limp snake dangling between two sticks. I remember rather vaguely the cere-

monial performed upon this altar one autumn day, when we brought as further tribute one out of every hundred of the black walnuts which we had gathered, and then poured over the whole a pitcher full of cider, fresh from the cider mill on the barn floor. I think we had also burned a favorite book or two upon this pyre of stones. The entire affair carried on with such solemnity was probably the result of one of those imperative impulses under whose compulsion children seek a ceremonial which shall express their sense of identification with man's primitive life and their familiar kinship with the remotest past.

Long before we had begun the study of Latin at the village school, my brother and I had learned the Lord's Prayer in Latin out of an old copy of the Vulgate, and gravely repeated it every night in an execrable pronunciation because it seemed to us more religious than "plain English."

When, however, I really prayed, what I saw before my eyes was a most outrageous picture which adorned a songbook used in Sunday School, portraying the Lord upon His throne surrounded by tiers and tiers of saints and angels all in a blur of yellow. I am ashamed to tell how old I was when that picture ceased to appear before my eyes, especially when moments of terror compelled me to ask protection from the heavenly powers.

I recall with great distinctness my first direct contact with death when I was fifteen years old: Polly was an old nurse who had taken care of my mother and had followed her to frontier Illinois to help rear a second generation of children. She had always lived in our house, but made annual visits to her cousins on a farm a few miles north of the village. During one of these visits, word came to us one Sunday evening that Polly was dying, and for a number of reasons I was the only person able to go to her. I left the lamp-lit, warm house to be driven four miles through a blinding storm which every minute added more

snow to the already high drifts, with a sense of starting upon a fateful errand. An hour after my arrival all of the cousin's family went downstairs to supper, and I was left alone to watch with Polly. The square, old-fashioned chamber in the lonely farmhouse was very cold and still, with nothing to be heard but the storm outside. Suddenly the great change came. I heard a feeble call of "Sarah," my mother's name, as the dying eyes were turned upon me, followed by a curious breathing; and in place of the face familiar from my earliest childhood and associated with homely household cares, there lay upon the pillow strange, august features, stern and withdrawn from all the small affairs of life. That sense of solitude, of being unsheltered in a wide world of relentless and elemental forces which is at the basis of childhood's timidity and which is far from outgrown at fifteen, seized me irresistibly before I could reach the narrow stairs and summon the family from below.

As I was driven home in the winter storm, the wind through the trees seemed laden with a passing soul and the riddle of life and death pressed hard; once to be young, to grow old and to die, everything came to that, and then a mysterious journey out into the Unknown. Did she mind faring forth alone? Would the journey perhaps end in something as familiar and natural to the aged and dying as life is to the young and living? Through all the drive and indeed throughout the night these thoughts were pierced by sharp worry, a sense of faithlessness because I had forgotten the text Polly had confided to me long before as the one from which she wished her funeral sermon to be preached. My comfort as usual finally came from my father, who pointed out what was essential and what was of little avail even in such a moment as this, and while he was much too wise to grow dogmatic upon the great theme of death, I felt a new fellowship with him because we had discussed it together.

An incident which stands out clearly in my mind as an exciting suggestion of the great world of moral enterprise and serious undertakings must have occurred earlier than this, for in 1872, when I was not yet twelve years old, I came into my father's room one morning to find him sitting beside the fire with a newspaper in his hand, looking very solemn; and upon my eager inquiry what had happened, he told me that Joseph Mazzini was dead. I had never even heard Mazzini's name, and after being told about him I was inclined to grow argumentative, asserting that my father did not know him, that he was not an American, and that I could not understand why we should be expected to feel badly about him. It is impossible to recall the conversation with the complete breakdown of my cheap arguments, but in the end I obtained that which I have ever regarded as a valuable possession, a sense of the genuine relationship which may exist between men who share large hopes and like desires, even though they differ in nationality, language, and creed; that those things count for absolutely nothing between groups of men who are trying to abolish slavery in America or to throw off Hapsburg oppression in Italy. At any rate, I was heartily ashamed of my meager notion of patriotism, and I came out of the room exhilarated with the consciousness that impersonal and international relations are actual facts and not mere phrases. I was filled with pride that I knew a man who held converse with great minds and who really sorrowed and rejoiced over happenings across the sea. I never recall those early conversations with my father, nor a score of others like them, but there comes into my mind a line from Mrs. Browning in which a daughter describes her relations with her father:—

> "He wrapped me in his large
> Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no."

II

I SUPPOSE all the children who were born about the time of the Civil War have recollections quite unlike those of the children who are living now. Although I was but four and a half years old when Lincoln died, I distinctly remember the day when I found on our two white gate posts American flags companioned with black. I tumbled down on the harsh gravel walk in my eager rush into the house to inquire what they were "there for." To my amazement I found my father in tears, something that I had never seen before, having assumed, as all children do, that grown-up people never cried. The two flags, my father's tears and his impressive statement that the greatest man in the world had died, constituted my initiation, my baptism, as it were, into the thrilling and solemn interests of a world lying quite outside the two white gate posts. The great war touched children in many ways: I remember an engraved roster of names, headed by the words "Addams Guard," and the whole surmounted by the insignia of the American eagle clutching many flags, which always hung in the family living-room. As children we used to read this list of names again and again. We could reach it only by dint of putting the family Bible on a chair and piling the dictionary on top of it; using the Bible to stand on was always accompanied by a little thrill of superstitious awe, although we carefully put the dictionary above so that our profane feet might touch it alone. Having brought the roster within reach of our eager fingers,—fortunately it was glazed,—we would pick out the names of those who "had fallen on the field" from those who "had come back from the war," and from among the latter those whose children were our schoolmates. When drives were planned, we would say, "Let us

take this road," that we might pass the farm where a soldier had once lived; if flowers from the garden were to be given away, we would want them to go to the mother of one of those heroes whose names we knew from the "Addams Guard." If a guest should become interested in the roster on the wall, he was at once led by the eager children to a small picture of Colonel Davis which hung next the opposite window, that he might see the brave Colonel of the Regiment. The introduction to the picture of the one-armed man seemed to us a very solemn ceremony, and long after the guest was tired of listening, we would tell each other all about the local hero, who at the head of his troops had suffered wounds unto death. We liked very much to talk to a gentle old lady who lived in a white farmhouse a mile north of the village. She was the mother of the village hero, Tommy, and used to tell us of her long anxiety during the spring of '62; how she waited day after day for the hospital to surrender up her son, each morning airing the white homespun sheets and holding the little bedroom in immaculate readiness. It was after the battle of Fort Donelson that Tommy was wounded and had been taken to the hospital at Springfield; his father went down to him and saw him getting worse each week, until it was clear that he was going to die; but there was so much red tape about the department, and affairs were so confused, that his discharge could not be procured. At last the hospital surgeon intimated to his father that he should quietly take him away; a man as sick as that, it would be all right; but when they told Tommy, weak as he was, his eyes flashed, and he said, "No, sir; I will go out of the front door or I'll die here." Of course after that every man in the hospital worked for it, and in two weeks he was honorably discharged. When he came home at last, his mother's heart was broken

to see him so wan and changed. She would tell us of the long quiet days that followed his return, with the windows open that the dying eyes might look over the orchard slope to the meadow beyond where the younger brothers were mowing the early hay. She told us of those days when his school friends from the Academy flocked in to see him, their old acknowledged leader, and of the burning words of earnest patriotism spoken in the crowded little room, so that in three months the Academy was almost deserted and the new Company who marched away in the autumn took as drummer boy Tommy's third brother, who was only seventeen and too young for a regular. She remembered the still darker days that followed, when the bright drummer boy was in Andersonville prison, and little by little she learned to be reconciled that Tommy was safe in the peaceful home graveyard.

However much we were given to talk of war heroes, we always fell silent as we approached an isolated farmhouse in which two old people lived alone. Five of their sons had enlisted in the Civil War, and only the youngest had returned alive in the spring of 1865. In the autumn of the same year, when he was hunting for wild ducks in a swamp on the rough little farm itself, he was accidentally shot and killed, and the old people were left alone to struggle with the half-cleared land as best they might. When we were driven past this forlorn little farm our childish voices always dropped into speculative whisperings as to how the accident could have happened to this remaining son out of all the men in the world, to him who had escaped so many chances of death! Our young hearts swelled in first rebellion against that which Walter Pater calls "the inexplicable shortcoming or misadventure on the part of life itself"; we were overwhelmingly oppressed by that grief of things as they are, so much more mysterious and intol-

erable than those griefs which we think dimly to trace to man's own wrongdoing.

It was well perhaps that life thus early gave me a hint of one of her most obstinate and insoluble riddles, for I have sorely needed the sense of universality thus imparted to that mysterious injustice, the burden of which we are all forced to bear and with which I have become only too familiar.

My childish admiration for Lincoln is closely associated with a visit made to the war eagle, Old Abe, who, as we children well knew, lived in the state capitol of Wisconsin, only sixty-five miles north of our house, really no farther than an eagle could easily fly! He had been carried by the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment through the entire war, and now dwelt an honored pensioner in the state building itself.

Many times, standing in the north end of our orchard, which was only twelve miles from that mysterious line which divided Illinois from Wisconsin, we anxiously scanned the deep sky, hoping to see Old Abe fly southward right over our apple trees, for it was clearly possible that he might at any moment escape from his keeper, who, although he had been a soldier and a sentinel, would have to sleep sometimes. We gazed with thrilled interest at one speck after another in the flawless sky, but although Old Abe never came to see us, a much more incredible thing happened, for we were at last taken to see him.

We started one golden summer's day, two happy children in the family carriage, with my father and mother and an older sister to whom, because she was just home from boarding school, we confidently appealed whenever we needed information. We were driven northward hour after hour, past harvest fields in which the stubble glinted from bronze to gold and the heavy-headed grain rested

luxuriously in rounded shocks, until we reached that beautiful region of hills and lakes which surrounds the capital city of Wisconsin.

But although Old Abe, sitting sedately upon his high perch, was sufficiently like an uplifted ensign to remind us of a Roman eagle, and although his veteran keeper, clad in an old army coat, was ready to answer all our questions and to tell us of the thirty-six battles and skirmishes through which Old Abe had passed unscathed, the crowning moment of the impressive journey came to me later, illustrating once more that children are as quick to catch the meaning of a symbol as they are unaccountably slow to understand the real world about them.

The entire journey to the veteran war eagle had itself symbolized that search for the heroic and perfect which so persistently haunts the young; and as I stood under the great white dome of Old Abe's stately home, for one brief moment the search was rewarded. I dimly caught a hint of what men have tried to say in their world-old effort to imprison a space in so divine a line that it shall hold only yearning devotion and high-hearted hopes. Certainly the utmost rim of my first dome was filled with the tumultuous impression of soldiers marching to death for freedom's sake, of pioneers streaming westward to establish self-government in yet another sovereign state. Only the great dome of St. Peter's itself has ever clutched my heart as did that modest curve which had sequestered from infinitude in a place small enough for my child's mind, the courage and endurance which I could not comprehend so long as it was lost in "the void of unresponsive space" under the vaulting sky itself. But through all my vivid sensations there persisted the image of the eagle in the corridor below and Lincoln himself as an epitome of all that was great and good. I dimly caught the notion of the martyred President as the standard bearer to the conscience of

his countrymen, as the eagle had been the ensign of courage to the soldiers of the Wisconsin regiment.

Thirty-five years later, as I stood on the hill campus of the University of Wisconsin with a commanding view of the capitol building a mile directly across the city, I saw again the dome which had so uplifted my childish spirit. The University, which was celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, had honored me with a doctor's degree, and in the midst of the academic pomp and the rejoicing, the dome again appeared to me as a fitting symbol of a state's aspiration even in its high mission of universal education.

Thousands of children in the sixties and seventies, in the simplicity which is given to the understanding of a child, caught a notion of imperishable heroism when they were told that brave men had lost their lives that the slaves might be free. At any moment the conversation of our elders might turn upon these heroic events; there were red-letter days, when a certain general came to see my father, and again when Governor Oglesby, whom all Illinois children called "Uncle Dick," spent a Sunday under the pine trees in our front yard. We felt on those days a connection with the great world so much more heroic than the village world which surrounded us through all the other days. My father was a member of the state senate for the sixteen years between 1854 and 1870, and even as a little child I was dimly conscious of the grave march of public affairs in his comings and goings at the state capital.

He was much too occupied to allow time for reminiscence, but I remember overhearing a conversation between a visitor and himself concerning the stirring days before the war, when it was by no means certain that the Union men in the legislature would always have enough votes to keep Illinois from seceding. I heard with breathless interest my father's account of the trip a majority of the legislators had made one dark day to St. Louis, that there might

I confided my perplexities to my father

not be enough men for a quorum, and so no vote could be taken on the momentous question until the Union men could rally their forces.

My father always spoke of the martyred President as Mr. Lincoln, and I never heard the great name without a thrill. I remember the day—it must have been one of comparative leisure, perhaps a Sunday—when at my request my father took out of his desk a thin packet marked "Mr. Lincoln's Letters," the shortest one of which bore unmistakable traces of that remarkable personality. These letters began, "My dear Double-D'ed Addams," and to the inquiry as to how the person thus addressed was about to vote on a certain measure then before the legislature, was added the assurance that he knew that this Addams "would vote according to his conscience," but he begged to know in which direction the same conscience "was pointing." As my father folded up the bits of paper I fairly held my breath in my desire that he should go on with the reminiscence of this wonderful man, whom he had known in his comparative obscurity, or better still, that he should be moved to tell some of the exciting incidents of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. There were at least two pictures of Lincoln that always hung in my father's room, and one in our old-fashioned upstairs parlor, of Lincoln with little Tad. For one or all of these reasons I always tend to associate Lincoln with the tenderest thoughts of my father.

I recall a time of great perplexity in the summer of 1894, when Chicago was filled with federal troops sent there by the President of the United States, and their presence was resented by the governor of the state, that I walked the wearisome way from Hull-House to Lincoln Park—for no cars were running regularly at that moment of sympathetic strikes—in order to look at and gain magnanimous counsel, if I might, from the marvelous St. Gaudens statue which had been but recently placed at the

entrance of the park. Some of Lincoln's immortal words were cut into the stone at his feet, and never did a distracted town more sorely need the healing of "with charity towards all" than did Chicago at that moment, and the tolerance of the man who had won charity for those on both sides of "an irrepressible conflict."

Of the many things written of my father in that sad August in 1881, when he died, the one I cared for most was written by an old political friend of his who was then editor of a great Chicago daily. He wrote that while there were doubtless many members of the Illinois legislature who during the great contracts of the war time and the demoralizing reconstruction days that followed, had never accepted a bribe, he wished to bear testimony that he personally had known but this one man who had never been offered a bribe because bad men were instinctively afraid of him.

I feel now the hot chagrin with which I recalled this statement during those early efforts of Illinois in which Hull-House joined, to secure the passage of the first factory legislation. I was told by the representatives of an informal association of manufacturers that if the residents of Hull-House would drop this nonsense about a sweatshop bill, of which they knew nothing, certain business men would agree to give fifty thousand dollars within two years to be used for any of the philanthropic activities of the Settlement. As the fact broke upon me that I was being offered a bribe, the shame was enormously increased by the memory of this statement. What had befallen the daughter of my father that such a thing could happen to her? The salutary reflection that it could not have occurred unless a weakness in myself had permitted it, withheld me at least from an heroic display of indignation before the two men making the offer, and I explained as gently as I could that we had no ambition to make Hull-

House "the largest institution on the West Side," but that we were much concerned that our neighbors should be protected from untoward conditions of work, and—so much heroics, youth must permit itself—if to accomplish this the destruction of Hull-House was necessary, that we would cheerfully sing a Te Deum on its ruins. The good friend who had invited me to lunch at the Union League Club to meet two of his friends who wanted to talk over the sweat-shop bill here kindly intervened, and we all hastened to cover over the awkward situation by that scurrying away from ugly morality which seems to be an obligation of social intercourse.

Of the many old friends of my father who kindly came to look up his daughter in the first days of Hull-House, I recall none with more pleasure than Lyman Trumbull, whom we used to point out to the members of the Young Citizens' Club as the man who had for days held in his keeping the Proclamation of Emancipation until his friend President Lincoln was ready to issue it. I remember the talk he gave at Hull-House on one of our early celebrations of Lincoln's birthday, his assertion that Lincoln was no cheap popular hero, that the "common people" would have to make an effort if they would understand his greatness, as Lincoln painstakingly made a long effort to understand the greatness of the people. There was something in the admiration of Lincoln's contemporaries, or at least of those men who had known him personally, which was quite unlike even the best of the devotion and reverent understanding which has developed since. In the first place, they had so large a fund of common experience; they too had pioneered in a western country, and had urged the development of canals and railroads in order that the raw prairie crops might be transported to market; they too had realized that if this last tremendous experiment in self-government failed here, it would be the dis-

appointment of the centuries and that upon their ability to organize self-government in state, county and town depended the verdict of history. These men also knew, as Lincoln himself did, that if this tremendous experiment was to come to fruition, it must be brought about by the people themselves; that there was no other capital fund upon which to draw. I remember an incident occurring when I was about fifteen years old, in which the conviction was driven into my mind that the people themselves were the great resource of the country. My father had made a little address of reminiscence at a meeting of "the old settlers of Stephenson County," which was held every summer in the grove beside the mill, relating his experiences in inducing the farmers of the county to subscribe for stock in the Northwestern Railroad, which was the first to penetrate the county and to make a connection with the Great Lakes at Chicago. Many of the Pennsylvania German farmers doubted the value of "the whole new-fangled business," and had no use for any railroad, much less for one in which they were asked to risk their hard-earned savings. My father told of his despair in one farmers' community dominated by such prejudice which did not in the least give way under his argument, but finally melted under the enthusiasm of a high-spirited German matron who took a share to be paid for "out of butter-and-egg money." As he related his admiration of her, an old woman's piping voice in the audience called out: "I'm here today, Mr. Addams, and I'd do it again if you asked me." The old woman, bent and broken by her seventy years of toilsome life, was brought to the platform and I was much impressed by my father's grave presentation of her as "one of the public-spirited pioneers to whose heroic fortitude we are indebted for the development of this country." I remember that I was at that time reading with great enthusiasm Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship,*

but on the evening of "Old Settlers' Day," to my surprise, I found it difficult to go on. Its sonorous sentences and exaltation of the man who "can" suddenly ceased to be convincing. I had already written down in my commonplace book a resolution to give at least twenty-five copies of this book each year to noble young people of my acquaintance. It is perhaps fitting to record in this chapter that the very first Christmas we spent at Hull-House, in spite of exigent demands upon my slender purse for candy and shoes, I gave to a club of boys twenty-five copies of the then new Carl Schurz's *Appreciation of Abraham Lincoln.*

III

As my three older sisters had already attended the seminary at Rockford, of which my father was trustee, without any question I entered there at seventeen, with such meager preparation in Latin and algebra as the village school had afforded. I was very ambitious to go to Smith College, although I well knew that my father's theory in regard to the education of his daughters implied a school as near at home as possible, to be followed by travel abroad in lieu of the wider advantages which an eastern college is supposed to afford. I was much impressed by the recent return of my sister from a year in Europe, yet I was greatly disappointed at the moment of starting to humdrum Rockford. After the first weeks of homesickness were over, however, I became very much absorbed in the little world which the boarding school in any form always offers to its students.

The school at Rockford in 1877 had not changed its name from seminary to college, although it numbered, on its faculty and among its alumnae, college women who were most eager that this should be done, and who really

accomplished it during the next five years. The school was one of the earliest efforts for women's higher education in the Mississippi Valley, and from the beginning was called "The Mount Holyoke of the West." It reflected much of the missionary spirit of that pioneer institution, and the proportion of missionaries among its early graduates was almost as large as Mount Holyoke's own. In addition there had been thrown about the founders of the early western school the glamour of frontier privations, and the first students, conscious of the heroic self-sacrifice made in their behalf, felt that each minute of the time thus dearly bought must be conscientiously used. This inevitably fostered an atmosphere of intensity, a fever of preparation which continued long after the direct making of it had ceased, and which the later girls accepted, as they did the campus and the buildings, without knowing that it could have been otherwise.

There was, moreover, always present in the school a larger or smaller group of girls who consciously accepted this heritage and persistently endeavored to fulfill its obligation. We worked in those early years as if we really believed the portentous statement from Aristotle which we found quoted in Boswell's *Johnson* and with which we illuminated the wall of the room occupied by our Chess Club; it remained there for months, solely out of reverence, let us hope, for the two ponderous names associated with it; at least I have enough confidence in human nature to assert that we never really believed that "There is the same difference between the learned and the unlearned as there is between the living and the dead." We were also too fond of quoting Carlyle to the effect, " 'Tis not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs."

As I attempt to reconstruct the spirit of my contempo-

rary group by looking over many documents, I find nothing more amusing than a plaint registered against life's indistinctness, which I imagine more or less reflected the sentiments of all of us. At any rate here it is for the entertainment of the reader if not for his edification: "So much of our time is spent in preparation, so much in routine, and so much in sleep, we find it difficult to have any experience at all." We did not, however, tamely accept such a state of affairs, for we made various and restless attempts to break through this dull obtuseness.

At one time five of us tried to understand De Quincey's marvelous *Dreams* more sympathetically, by drugging ourselves with opium. We solemnly consumed small white powders at intervals during an entire long holiday, but no mental reorientation took place, and the suspense and excitement did not even permit us to grow sleepy. About four o'clock on the weird afternoon, the young teacher whom we had been obliged to take into our confidence grew alarmed over the whole performance, took away our De Quincey and all the remaining powders, administered an emetic to each of the five aspirants for sympathetic understanding of all human experience, and sent us to our separate rooms with a stern command to appear at family worship after supper "whether we were able to or not."

Whenever we had chances to write, we took, of course, large themes, usually from the Greek because they were the most stirring to the imagination. The Greek oration I gave at our Junior Exhibition was written with infinite pains and taken to the Greek professor in Beloit College that there might be no mistakes, even after the Rockford College teacher and the most scholarly clergyman in town had both passed upon it. The oration upon Bellerophon and his successful fight with the Chimera contended that

social evils could only be overcome by him who soared above them into idealism, as Bellerophon, mounted upon the winged horse Pegasus, had slain the earthly dragon.

There were practically no Economics taught in women's colleges—at least in the fresh-water ones—thirty years ago, although we painstakingly studied "Mental" and "Moral" Philosophy, which, though far from dry in the classroom, became the subject of more spirited discussion outside, and gave us a clew for animated rummaging in the little college library. Of course we read a great deal of Ruskin and Browning, and liked the most abstruse parts the best; but like the famous gentleman who talked prose without knowing it, we never dreamed of connecting them with our philosophy. My genuine interest was history, partly because of a superior teacher, and partly because my father had always insisted upon a certain amount of historical reading ever since he had paid me, as a little girl, five cents a "Life" for each Plutarch hero I could intelligently report to him, and twenty-five cents for every volume of Irving's *Life of Washington.*

When we started for the long vacations, a little group of five would vow that during the summer we would read all of Motley's *Dutch Republic* or, more ambitious still, all of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* When we returned at the opening of school and three of us announced we had finished the latter, each became skeptical of the other two. We fell upon each other with a sort of rough-and-tumble examination, in which no quarter was given or received; but the suspicion was finally removed that any one had skipped. We took for a class motto the early Saxon word for lady, translated into bread-giver, and we took for our class color the poppy, because poppies grew among the wheat, as if Nature knew that wherever there was hunger that needed food there would be pain that needed relief. We must have found the senti-

ment in a book somewhere, but we used it so much that it finally seemed like an idea of our own, although of course none of us had ever seen a European field, the only page upon which Nature has written this particular message.

That this group of ardent girls who discussed everything under the sun with such unabated interest did not take it all out in talk, may be demonstrated by the fact that one of the class who married a missionary founded a very successful school in Japan for the children of the English and Americans living there; another of the class became a medical missionary to Korea, and, because of her successful treatment of the Queen, was made court physician at a time when the opening was considered of importance in the diplomatic as well as in the missionary world; still another became an unusually skilled teacher of the blind; and one of them a pioneer librarian in that early effort to bring "books to the people."

Perhaps this early companionship showed me how essentially similar are the various forms of social effort, and curiously enough, the actual activities of a missionary school are not unlike many that are carried on in a Settlement situated in a foreign quarter. Certainly the most sympathetic and comprehending visitors we have ever had at Hull-House have been returned missionaries; among them two elderly ladies, who had lived for years in India and who had been homesick and bewildered since their return, declared that the fortnight at Hull-House had been the happiest and most familiar they had had in America.

Of course in such an atmosphere a girl like myself, of serious not to say priggish tendency, did not escape a concerted pressure to push her into the "missionary field." During the four years it was inevitable that every sort of evangelical appeal should have been made to reach the comparatively few "unconverted" girls in the school. We were the subject of prayer at the daily chapel exercise and

the weekly prayer meeting, attendance upon which was obligatory.

I was singularly unresponsive to all these forms of emotional appeal, although I became unspeakably embarrassed when they were presented to me at close range by a teacher during the "silent hour," which we were all required to observe every evening and which was never broken into, even by a member of the faculty, unless the errand was one of grave import. I found these occasional interviews on the part of one of the more serious young teachers, of whom I was extremely fond, hard to endure, as was a long series of conversations in my senior year conducted by one of the most enthusiastic members of the faculty, in which the desirability of Turkey as a field for missionary labor was enticingly put before me. I suppose I held myself aloof from all these influences, partly owing to the fact that my father was not a communicant of any church, and I tremendously admired his scrupulous morality and sense of honor in all matters of personal and public conduct, and also because the little group to which I have referred was much given to a sort of rationalism, doubtless founded upon an early reading of Emerson. In this connection, when Bronson Alcott came to lecture at the school, we all vied with each other for a chance to do him a personal service because he had been a friend of Emerson, and we were inexpressibly scornful of our younger fellow-students who cared for him merely on the basis of his grandfatherly relation to *Little Women.* I recall cleaning the clay of the unpaved streets off his heavy cloth overshoes in a state of ecstatic energy.

But I think in my case there were other factors as well that contributed to my unresponsiveness to the evangelical appeal. A curious course of reading I had marked out for myself in medieval history seems to have left me fascinated by an ideal of mingled learning, piety and physical

labor, more nearly exemplified by the Port Royalists than by any others.

The only moments in which I seem to have approximated in my own experience to a faint realization of the "beauty of holiness," as I conceived it, was each Sunday morning between the hours of nine and ten, when I went into the exquisitely neat room of the teacher of Greek and read with her from a Greek testament. We did this every Sunday morning for two years. It was not exactly a lesson, for I never prepared for it, and while I was held within reasonable bounds of syntax, I was allowed much more freedom in translation than was permitted the next morning when I read Homer; neither did we discuss doctrines, for although it was with this same teacher that in our junior year we studied the Epistle to the Hebrews, committing all of it to memory and analyzing and reducing it to doctrines within an inch of our lives, we never allowed an echo of this exercise to appear at these blessed Sunday morning readings. It was as if the disputatious author of the Epistle had not yet been, for we always read from the Gospels. The régime of Rockford Seminary was still very simple in the seventies. Each student made her own fire and kept her own room in order. Sunday morning was a great clearing-up day, and the sense of having made immaculate my own immediate surroundings, the consciousness of clean linen, said to be close to the consciousness of a clean conscience, always mingles in my mind with these early readings. I certainly bore away with me a lifelong enthusiasm for reading the Gospels in bulk, a whole one at a time, and an insurmountable distaste for having them cut up into chapter and verse, or for hearing the incidents in that wonderful Life thus referred to as if it were merely a record.

My copy of the Greek testament had been presented to me by the brother of our Greek teacher, Professor

Blaisdell of Beloit College, a true scholar in "Christian Ethics," as his department was called. I recall that one day in the summer after I left college—one of the black days which followed the death of my father—this kindly scholar came to see me in order to bring such comfort as he might and to inquire how far I had found solace in the little book he had given me so long before. When I suddenly recall the village in which I was born, its steeples and roofs look as they did that day from the hilltop where we talked together, the familiar details smoothed out and merging, as it were, into that wide conception of the universe, which for the moment swallowed up my personal grief or at least assuaged it with a realization that it was but a drop in that "torrent of sorrow and anguish and terror which flows under all the footsteps of man." This realization of sorrow as the common lot, of death as the universal experience, was the first comfort which my bruised spirit had received. In reply to my impatience with the Christian doctrine of "resignation," that it implied that you thought of your sorrow only in its effect upon you and were disloyal to the affection itself, I remember how quietly the Christian scholar changed his phraseology, saying that sometimes consolation came to us better in the words of Plato, and, as nearly as I can remember, that was the first time I had ever heard Plato's sonorous argument for the permanence of the excellent.

When Professor Blaisdell returned to his college, he left in my hands a small copy of the *Crito*. The Greek was too hard for me, and I was speedily driven to Jowett's translation. That old-fashioned habit of presenting favorite books to eager young people, although it degenerated into the absurdity of "friendship's offerings," had much to be said for it, when it indicated the wellsprings of literature from which the donor himself had drawn waters of healing and inspiration.

Throughout our school years we were always keenly conscious of the growing development of Rockford Seminary into a college. The opportunity for our Alma Mater to take her place in the new movement of full college education for women filled us with enthusiasm, and it became a driving ambition with the undergraduates to share in this new and glorious undertaking. We gravely decided that it was important that some of the students should be ready to receive the bachelor's degree the very first moment that the charter of the school should secure the right to confer it. Two of us, therefore, took a course in mathematics, advanced beyond anything previously given in the school, from one of those early young women working for a Ph.D., who was temporarily teaching in Rockford that she might study more mathematics in Leipsic.

My companion in all these arduous labors has since accomplished more than any of us in the effort to procure the franchise for women, for even then we all took for granted the righteousness of that cause into which I at least had merely followed my father's conviction. In the old-fashioned spirit of that cause I might cite the career of this companion as an illustration of the efficacy of higher mathematics for women, for she possesses singular ability to convince even the densest legislators of their legal right to define their own electorate, even when they quote against her the dustiest of state constitutions or city charters.

In line with this policy of placing a woman's college on an equality with the other colleges of the state, we applied for an opportunity to compete in the intercollegiate oratorical contest of Illinois, and we succeeded in having Rockford admitted as the first woman's college. When I was finally selected as the orator, I was somewhat dismayed to find that, representing not only one school but college women in general, I could not resent the brutal

frankness with which my oratorical possibilities were discussed by the enthusiastic group who would allow no personal feeling to stand in the way of progress, especially the progress of Woman's Cause. I was told among other things that I had an intolerable habit of dropping my voice at the end of a sentence in the most feminine, apologetic and even deprecatory manner which would probably lose Woman the first place.

Woman certainly did lose the first place and stood fifth, exactly in the dreary middle, but the ignominious position may not have been solely due to bad mannerisms, for a prior place was easily accorded to William Jennings Bryan, who not only thrilled his auditors with an almost prophetic anticipation of the cross of gold, but with a moral earnestness which we had mistakenly assumed would be the unique possession of the feminine orator.

I so heartily concurred with the decision of the judges of the contest that it was with a care-free mind that I induced my colleague and alternate to remain long enough in "The Athens of Illinois," in which the successful college was situated, to visit the state institutions, one for the blind and one for the deaf and dumb. Doctor Gillette was at that time head of the latter institution; his scholarly explanation of the method of teaching, his concern for his charges, this sudden demonstration of the care the state bestowed upon its most unfortunate children, filled me with grave speculations in which the first, the fifth, or the ninth place in an oratorical contest seemed of little moment.

However, this brief delay between our field of Waterloo and our arrival at our aspiring college turned out to be most unfortunate, for we found the ardent group not only exhausted by the premature preparation for the return of a successful orator, but naturally much irritated as they contemplated their garlands drooping disconsolately in

tubs and bowls of water. They did not fail to make me realize that I had dealt the cause of woman's advancement a staggering blow, and all my explanations of the fifth place were haughtily considered insufficient before that golden Bar of Youth, so absurdly inflexible!

To return to my last year at school, it was inevitable that the pressure toward religious profession should increase as graduating day approached. So curious, however, are the paths of moral development that several times during subsequent experiences have I felt that this passive resistance of mine, this clinging to an individual conviction, was the best moral training I received at Rockford College. Towards the end of our four years' course we debated much as to what we were to be, and long before the end of my school days it was quite settled in my mind that I should study medicine and "live with the poor." This conclusion of course was the result of many things, perhaps epitomized in my graduating essay on "Cassandra" and her tragic fate "always to be in the right, and always to be disbelieved and rejected."

This state of affairs, it may readily be guessed, the essay held to be an example of the feminine trait of mind called intuition, "an accurate perception of Truth and Justice, which rests contented in itself and will make no effort to confirm itself or to organize through existing knowledge." The essay then proceeds—I am forced to admit, with overmuch conviction—with the statement that woman can "grow accurate and intelligible only by the thorough study of at least one branch of physical science, for only with eyes thus accustomed to the search for truth can she detect all self-deceit and fancy in herself and learn to express herself without dogmatism." So much for the first part of the thesis. Having thus "gained accuracy, would woman bring this force to bear throughout morals and justice, then she must find in active labor the promptings

and inspirations that come from growing insight." I was quite certain that by following these directions carefully, in the end the contemporary woman would find "her faculties clear and acute from the study of science, and her hand upon the magnetic chain of humanity."

This veneration for science portrayed in my final essay was doubtless the result of the statements the textbooks were then making of what was called the theory of evolution, the acceptance of which even thirty years after the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* had about it a touch of intellectual adventure. We knew, for instance, that our science teacher had accepted this theory, but we had a strong suspicion that the teacher of Butler's *Analogy* had not. We chafed at the meagerness of the college library in this direction, and I used to bring back in my handbag books belonging to an advanced brother-in-law who had studied medicine in Germany and who therefore was quite emancipated. The first gift I made when I came into possession of my small estate the year after I left school was a thousand dollars to the library at Rockford College, with the stipulation that it be spent for scientific books. In the long vacations I pressed plants, stuffed birds and pounded rocks in some vague belief that I was approximating the new method, and yet when my stepbrother, who was becoming a real scientist, tried to carry me along with him into the merest outskirts of the methods of research, it at once became evident that I had no aptitude and was unable to follow intelligently Darwin's careful observations on the earthworm. I made an heroic effort, although candor compels me to state that I never would have finished if I had not been pulled and pushed by my really ardent companion, who in addition to a multitude of earthworms and a fine microscope possessed untiring tact with one of flagging zeal.

As our boarding-school days neared the end, in the con-

sciousness of approaching separation, we vowed eternal allegiance to our "early ideals," and promised each other we would "never abandon them without conscious justification," and we often warned each other of "the perils of self-tradition."

We believed, in our sublime self-conceit, that the difficulty of life would lie solely in the direction of losing these precious ideals of ours, of failing to follow the way of martyrdom and high purpose we had marked out for ourselves, and we had no notion of the obscure paths of tolerance, just allowance, and self-blame wherein, if we held our minds open, we might learn something of the mystery and complexity of life's purposes.

The year after I had left college I came back, with a classmate, to receive the degree we had so eagerly anticipated. Two of the graduating class were also ready and four of us were dubbed B.A. on the very day that Rockford Seminary was declared a college in the midst of tumultuous anticipations. Having had a year outside of college walls in that trying land between vague hope and definite attainment, I had become very much sobered in my desire for a degree, and was already beginning to emerge from that rose-colored mist with which the dream of youth so readily envelops the future.

Whatever may have been the perils of self-tradition, I certainly did not escape them, for it required eight years—from the time I left Rockford in the summer of 1881 until Hull-House was opened in the autumn of 1889—to formulate my convictions even in the least satisfactory manner, much more to reduce them to a plan for action. During most of that time I was absolutely at sea so far as any moral purpose was concerned, clinging only to the desire to live in a really living world and refusing to be content with a shadowy intellectual or æsthetic reflection of it.

IV

THE winter after I left school was spent in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, but the development of the spinal difficulty which had shadowed me from childhood forced me into Dr. Weir Mitchell's hospital for the late spring, and the next winter I was literally bound to a bed in my sister's house for six months. In spite of its tedium, the long winter had its mitigations, for after the first few weeks I was able to read with a luxurious consciousness of leisure, and I remember opening the first volume of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* with a lively sense of gratitude that it was not Gray's *Anatomy,* having found, like many another, that general culture is a much easier undertaking than professional study. The long illness inevitably put aside the immediate prosecution of a medical course, and although I had passed my examinations creditably enough in the required subjects for the first year, I was very glad to have a physician's sanction for giving up clinics and dissecting rooms and to follow his prescription of spending the next two years in Europe.

Before I returned to America I had discovered that there were other genuine reasons for living among the poor than that of practising medicine upon them, and my brief foray into the profession was never resumed.

The long illness left me in a state of nervous exhaustion with which I struggled for years, traces of it remaining long after Hull-House was opened in 1889. At the best it allowed me but a limited amount of energy, so that doubtless there was much nervous depression at the foundation of the spiritual struggles which this chapter is forced to record. However, it could not have been all

due to my health, for as my wise little notebook sententiously remarked, "In his own way each man must struggle, lest the moral law become a far-off abstraction utterly separated from his active life."

It would, of course, be impossible to remember that some of these struggles ever took place at all, were it not for these selfsame notebooks, in which, however, I no longer wrote in moments of high resolve, but judging from the internal evidence afforded by the books themselves, only in moments of deep depression when overwhelmed by a sense of failure.

One of the most poignant of these experiences, which occurred during the first few months after our landing upon the other side of the Atlantic, was on a Saturday night, when I received an ineradicable impression of the wretchedness of East London, and also saw for the first time the overcrowded quarters of a great city at midnight. A small party of tourists were taken to the East End by a city missionary to witness the Saturday night sale of decaying vegetables and fruit, which, owing to the Sunday laws in London, could not be sold until Monday, and, as they were beyond safe keeping, were disposed of at auction as late as possible on Saturday night. On Mile End Road, from the top of an omnibus which paused at the end of a dingy street lighted by only occasional flares of gas, we saw two huge masses of ill-clad people clamoring around two hucksters' carts. They were bidding their farthings and ha'pennies for a vegetable held up by the auctioneer, which he at last scornfully flung, with a gibe for its cheapness, to the successful bidder. In the momentary pause only one man detached himself from the groups. He had bidden in a cabbage, and when it struck his hand, he instantly sat down on the curb, tore it with his teeth, and hastily devoured it, unwashed and uncooked as it

was. He and his fellows were types of the "submerged tenth," as our missionary guide told us, with some little satisfaction in the then new phrase, and he further added that so many of them could scarcely be seen in one spot save at this Saturday night auction, the desire for cheap food being apparently the one thing which could move them simultaneously. They were huddled into ill-fitting, cast-off clothing, the ragged finery which one sees only in East London. Their pale faces were dominated by that most unlovely of human expressions, the cunning and shrewdness of the bargain-hunter who starves if he cannot make a successful trade, and yet the final impression was not of ragged, tawdry clothing nor of pinched and sallow faces, but of myriads of hands, empty, pathetic, nerveless and workworn, showing white in the uncertain light of the street, and clutching forward for food which was already unfit to eat.

Perhaps nothing is so fraught with significance as the human hand, this oldest tool with which man has dug his way from savagery, and with which he is constantly groping forward. I have never since been able to see a number of hands held upward, even when they are moving rhythmically in a calisthenic exercise, or when they belong to a class of chubby children who wave them in eager response to a teacher's query, without a certain revival of this memory, a clutching at the heart reminiscent of the despair and resentment which seized me then.

For the following weeks I went about London almost furtively, afraid to look down narrow streets and alleys lest they disclose again this hideous human need and suffering. I carried with me for days at a time that curious surprise we experience when we first come back into the streets after days given over to sorrow and death; we are bewildered that the world should be going on as usual and unable to determine which is real, the inner pang or the

outward seeming. In time all huge London came to seem unreal save the poverty in its East End. During the following two years on the continent, while I was irresistibly drawn to the poorer quarters of each city, nothing among the beggars of South Italy nor among the saltminers of Austria carried with it the same conviction of human wretchedness which was conveyed by this momentary glimpse of an East London street. It was, of course, a most fragmentary and lurid view of the poverty of East London, and quite unfair. I should have been shown either less or more, for I went away with no notion of the hundreds of men and women who had gallantly identified their fortunes with these empty-handed people, and who, in church and chapel, "relief works," and charities, were at least making an effort towards its mitigation.

Our visit was made in November, 1883, the very year when *The Pall Mall Gazette* exposure started "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," and the conscience of England was stirred as never before over this joyless city in the East End of its capital. Even then, vigorous and drastic plans were being discussed, and a splendid program of municipal reforms was already dimly outlined. Of all these, however, I had heard nothing but the vaguest rumor.

For two years in the midst of my distress over the poverty which, thus suddenly driven into my consciousness, had become to me the "Weltschmerz," there was mingled a sense of futility, of misdirected energy, the belief that the pursuit of cultivation would not in the end bring either solace or relief. I gradually reached a conviction that the first generation of college women had taken their learning too quickly, had departed too suddenly from the active, emotional life led by their grandmothers and great-grandmothers; that the contemporary education of young women had developed too exclusively the power of acquiring knowledge and of merely receiving impressions; that

somewhere in the process of "being educated" they had lost that simple and almost automatic response to the human appeal, that old healthful reaction resulting in activity from the mere presence of suffering or of helplessness; that they are so sheltered and pampered they have no chance even to make "the great refusal."

In the German and French *pensions,* which twenty-five years ago were crowded with American mothers and their daughters who had crossed the seas in search of culture, one often found the mother making real connection with the life about her, using her inadequate German with great fluency, gayly measuring the enormous sheets or exchanging recipes with the German Hausfrau, visiting impartially the nearest kindergarten and market, making an atmosphere of her own, hearty and genuine as far as it went, in the house and on the street. On the other hand, her daughter was critical and uncertain of her linguistic acquirements, and only at ease when in the familiar receptive attitude afforded by the art gallery and the opera house. In the latter she was swayed and moved, appreciative of the power and charm of the music, intelligent as to the legend and poetry of the plot, finding use for her trained and developed powers as she sat "being cultivated" in the familiar atmosphere of the classroom which had, as it were, become sublimated and romanticized.

I remember a happy, busy mother who, complacent with the knowledge that her daughter daily devoted four hours to her music, looked up from her knitting to say, "If I had had your opportunities when I was young, my dear, I should have been a very happy girl. I always had musical talent, but such training as I had, foolish little songs and waltzes and not time for half an hour's practice a day."

The mother did not dream of the sting her words left and that the sensitive girl appreciated only too well that her opportunities were fine and unusual, but she also knew

Jane Addams

that in spite of some facility and much good teaching she had no genuine talent and never would fulfill the expectations of her friends. She looked back upon her mother's girlhood with positive envy because it was so full of happy industry and extenuating obstacles, with undisturbed opportunity to believe that her talents were unusual. The girl looked wistfully at her mother, but had not the courage to cry out what was in her heart: "I might believe I had unusual talent if I did not know what good music was; I might enjoy half an hour's practice a day if I were busy and happy the rest of the time. You do not know what life means when all the difficulties are removed! I am simply smothered and sickened with advantages. It is like eating a sweet dessert the first thing in the morning."

This, then, was the difficulty, this sweet dessert in the morning and the assumption that the sheltered, educated girl has nothing to do with the bitter poverty and the social maladjustment which is all about her, and which, after all, cannot be concealed, for it breaks through poetry and literature in a burning tide which overwhelms her; it peers at her in the form of heavy-laden market women and underpaid street laborers, gibing her with a sense of her uselessness.

I recall one snowy morning in Saxe-Coburg, looking from the window of our little hotel upon the town square, that we saw crossing and recrossing it a single file of women with semicircular heavy wooden tanks fastened upon their backs. They were carrying in this primitive fashion to a remote cooling room these tanks filled with a hot brew incident to one stage of beer-making. The women were bent forward, not only under the weight which they were bearing, but because the tanks were so high that it would have been impossible for them to lift their heads. Their faces and hands, reddened in the cold morning air, showed clearly the white scars where they

had previously been scalded by the hot stuff which splashed if they stumbled ever so little on their way. Stung into action by one of those sudden indignations against cruel conditions which at times fill the young with unexpected energy, I found myself across the square, in company with mine host, interviewing the phlegmatic owner of the brewery, who received us with exasperating indifference, or rather received me, for the innkeeper mysteriously slunk away as soon as the great magnate of the town began to speak. I went back to a breakfast for which I had lost my appetite, as I had for Gray's *Life of Prince Albert* and his wonderful tutor, Baron Stockmar, which I had been reading late the night before. The book had lost its fascination; how could a good man, feeling so keenly his obligation "to make princely the mind of his prince," ignore such conditions of life for the multitude of humble, hard-working folk? We were spending two months in Dresden that winter, given over to much reading of the history of art and to much visiting of its art gallery and opera house, and after such an experience I would invariably suffer a moral revulsion against this feverish search after culture. It was doubtless in such moods that I founded my admiration for Albrecht Dürer, taking his wonderful pictures, however, in the most unorthodox manner, merely as human documents. I was chiefly appealed to by his unwillingness to lend himself to a smooth and cultivated view of life, by his determination to record its frustration and even the hideous forms which darken the day for our human imagination and to ignore no human complications. I believed that his canvases intimated the coming religious and social changes of the Reformation and the peasants' wars, that they were surcharged with pity for the downtrodden, that his sad knights, gravely standing guard, were longing to avert that shedding of blood which is sure to occur when men

forget how complicated life is and insist upon reducing it to logical dogmas.

The largest sum of money that I ever ventured to spend in Europe was for an engraving of his "St. Hubert," the background of which was said to be from an original Dürer plate. There is little doubt, I am afraid, that the background as well as the figures was "put in at a later date," but the purchase at least registered the high-water mark of my enthusiasm.

The wonder and beauty of Italy later brought healing and some relief to the paralyzing sense of the futility of all artistic and intellectual effort when disconnected from the ultimate test of the conduct it inspired. The serene and soothing touch of history also aroused old enthusiasms, although some of their manifestations were such as one smiles over more easily in retrospection than at the moment. I fancy that it was no smiling matter to several people in our party, whom I induced to walk for three miles in the hot sunshine beating down upon the Roman Campagna, that we might enter the Eternal City on foot through the Porta del Popolo, as pilgrims had done for centuries. To be sure, we had really entered Rome the night before, but the railroad station and the hotel might have been anywhere else, and we had been driven beyond the walls after breakfast and stranded at the very spot where the pilgrims always said "Eccò Roma," as they caught the first glimpse of St. Peter's dome. This melodramatic entrance into Rome, or rather pretended entrance, was the prelude to days of enchantment, and I returned to Europe two years later in order to spend a winter there and to carry out a great desire to systematically study the Catacombs. In spite of my distrust of "advantages" I was apparently not yet so cured but that I wanted more of them.

The two years which elapsed before I again found my-

self in Europe brought their inevitable changes. Family arrangements had so come about that I had spent three or four months of each of the intervening winters in Baltimore, where I seemed to have reached the nadir of my nervous depression and sense of maladjustment, in spite of my interest in the fascinating lectures given there by Lanciani of Rome, and a definite course of reading under the guidance of a Johns Hopkins lecturer upon the United Italy movement. In the latter I naturally encountered the influence of Mazzini, which was a source of great comfort to me, although perhaps I went too suddenly from a contemplation of his wonderful ethical and philosophical appeal to the workingmen of Italy, directly to the lecture rooms at Johns Hopkins University, for I was certainly much disillusioned at this time as to the effect of intellectual pursuits upon moral development.

The summers were spent in the old home in northern Illinois, and one Sunday morning I received the rite of baptism and became a member of the Presbyterian church in the village. At this time there was certainly no outside pressure pushing me towards such a decision, and at twenty-five one does not ordinarily take such a step from a mere desire to conform. While I was not conscious of any emotional "conversion," I took upon myself the outward expressions of the religious life with all humility and sincerity. It was doubtless true that I was

> "Weary of myself and sick of asking
> What I am and what I ought to be,"

and that various cherished safeguards and claims to self-dependence had been broken into by many piteous failures. But certainly I had been brought to the conclusion that "sincerely to give up one's conceit or hope of being good in one's own right is the only door to the Universe's

deeper reaches." Perhaps the young clergyman recognized this as the test of the Christian temper, at any rate he required little assent to dogma or miracle, and assured me that while both the ministry and the officers of his church were obliged to subscribe to doctrines of well-known severity, the faith required of the laity was almost early Christian in its simplicity. I was conscious of no change from my childish acceptance of the teachings of the Gospels, but at this moment something persuasive within made me long for an outward symbol of fellowship, some bond of peace, some blessed spot where unity of spirit might claim right of way over all differences. There was also growing within me an almost passionate devotion to the ideals of democracy, and when in all history had these ideals been so thrillingly expressed as when the faith of the fisherman and the slave had been boldly opposed to the accepted moral belief that the well-being of a privileged few might justly be built upon the ignorance and sacrifice of the many? Who was I, with my dreams of universal fellowship, that I did not identify myself with the institutional statement of this belief, as it stood in the little village in which I was born, and without which testimony in each remote hamlet of Christendom it would be so easy for the world to slip back into the doctrines of selection and aristocracy?

In one of the intervening summers between these European journeys I visited a western state where I had formerly invested a sum of money in mortgages. I was much horrified by the wretched conditions among the farmers, which had resulted from a long period of drought, and one forlorn picture was fairly burned into my mind. A number of starved hogs—collateral for a promissory note —were huddled into an open pen. Their backs were humped in a curious, camel-like fashion, and they were

devouring one of their own number, the latest victim of absolute starvation or possibly merely the one least able to defend himself against their voracious hunger. The farmer's wife looked on indifferently, a picture of despair as she stood in the door of the bare, crude house, and the two children behind her, whom she vainly tried to keep out of sight, continually thrust forward their faces almost covered by masses of coarse, sunburned hair, and their little bare feet so black, so hard, the great cracks so filled with dust that they looked like flattened hoofs. The children could not be compared to anything so joyous as satyrs, although they appeared but half-human. It seemed to me quite impossible to receive interest from mortgages placed upon farms which might at any season be reduced to such conditions, and with great inconvenience to my agent and doubtless with hardship to the farmers, as speedily as possible I withdrew all my investment. But something had to be done with the money, and in my reaction against unseen horrors I bought a farm near my native village and also a flock of innocent-looking sheep. My partner in the enterprise had not chosen the shepherd's lot as a permanent occupation, but hoped to speedily finish his college course upon half the proceeds of our venture. This pastoral enterprise still seems to me to have been essentially sound, both economically and morally, but perhaps one partner depended too much upon the impeccability of her motives and the other found himself too preoccupied with study to know that it is not a real kindness to bed a sheepfold with straw, for certainly the venture ended in a spectacle scarcely less harrowing than the memory it was designed to obliterate. At least the sight of two hundred sheep with four rotting hoofs each was not reassuring to one whose conscience craved economic peace. A fortunate series of sales of mutton, wool, and farm enabled the partners to end the enterprise with-

out loss, and they passed on, one to college and the other to Europe, if not wiser, certainly sadder for the experience.

It was during this second journey to Europe that I attended a meeting of the London match girls who were on strike and who met daily under the leadership of well-known labor men of London. The low wages that were reported at the meetings, the "phossy jaw" which was described and occasionally exhibited, the appearance of the girls themselves I did not, curiously enough, in any wise connect with what was called the labor movement, nor did I understand the efforts of the London trades-unionists, concerning whom I held the vaguest notions. But of course this impression of human misery was added to the others which were already making me so wretched. I think that up to this time I was still filled with the sense which Wells describes in one of his young characters, that somewhere in Church or State are a body of authoritative people who will put things to rights as soon as they really know what is wrong. Such a young person persistently believes that behind all suffering, behind sin and want, must lie redeeming magnanimity. He may imagine the world to be tragic and terrible, but it never for an instant occurs to him that it may be contemptible or squalid or self-seeking.

It is hard to tell just when the very simple plan which afterward developed into the Settlement began to form itself in my mind. It may have been even before I went to Europe for the second time, but I gradually became convinced that it would be a good thing to rent a house in a part of the city where many primitive and actual needs are found, in which young women who had been given over too exclusively to study, might restore a balance of activity along traditional lines and learn of life from life itself; where they might try out some of the things they had been taught and put truth to "the ultimate test of the conduct

it dictates or inspires." I do not remember to have mentioned this plan to any one until we reached Madrid in April, 1888.

We had been to see a bull-fight rendered in the most magnificent Spanish style, where greatly to my surprise and horror, I found that I had seen, with comparative indifference, five bulls and many more horses killed. The sense that this was the last survival of all the glories of the amphitheater, the illusion that the riders on the caparisoned horses might have been knights of a tournament, or the matadore a slightly armed gladiator facing his martyrdom, and all the rest of the obscure yet vivid associations of an historic survival, had carried me beyond the endurance of any of the rest of the party. I finally met them in the foyer, stern and pale with disapproval of my brutal endurance, and but partially recovered from the faintness and disgust which the spectacle itself had produced upon them. I had no defense to offer to their reproaches save that I had not thought much about the bloodshed; but in the evening the natural and inevitable reaction came, and in deep chagrin, I felt myself tried and condemned, not only by this disgusting experience but by the entire moral situation which it revealed. It was suddenly made quite clear to me that I was lulling my conscience by a dreamer's scheme, that a mere paper reform had become a defense for continued idleness, and that I was making it a *raison d'être* for going on indefinitely with study and travel. It is easy to become the dupe of a deferred purpose, of the promise the future can never keep, and I had fallen into the meanest type of self-deception in making myself believe that all this was in preparation for great things to come. Nothing less than the moral reaction following the experience at a bull-fight had been able to reveal to me that so far from following in the wake of a chariot of

philanthropic fire, I had been tied to the tail of the veriest ox-cart of self-seeking.

I had made up my mind that next day, whatever happened, I would begin to carry out the plan, if only by talking about it. I can well recall the stumbling and uncertainty with which I finally set it forth to Miss Starr, my old-time school friend, who was one of our party. I even dared to hope that she might join in carrying out the plan, but nevertheless I told it in the fear of that disheartening experience which is so apt to afflict our most cherished plans when they are at last divulged, when we suddenly feel that there is nothing there to talk about, and as the golden dream slips through our fingers we are left to wonder at our own fatuous belief. But gradually the comfort of Miss Starr's companionship, the vigor and enthusiasm which she brought to bear upon it, told both in the growth of the plan and upon the sense of its validity, so that by the time we had reached the enchantment of the Alhambra, the scheme had become convincing and tangible although still most hazy in detail.

A month later we parted in Paris, Miss Starr to go back to Italy, and I to journey on to London to secure as many suggestions as possible from those wonderful places of which we had heard, Toynbee Hall and the People's Palace. So that it finally came about that in June, 1888, five years after my first visit in East London, I found myself at Toynbee Hall equipped not only with a letter of introduction from Canon Fremantle, but with high expectations and a certain belief that whatever perplexities and discouragement concerning the life of the poor were in store for me, I should at least know something at first hand and have the solace of daily activity. I had confidence that although life itself might contain many difficulties, the period of mere passive receptivity had come to an end, and

I had at last finished with the everlasting "preparation for life," however ill-prepared I might be.

It was not until years afterward that I came upon Tolstoy's phrase "the snare of preparation," which he insists we spread before the feet of young people, hopelessly entangling them in a curious inactivity at the very period of life when they are longing to construct the world anew and to conform it to their own ideals.

The next January found Miss Starr and me in Chicago, searching for a neighborhood in which we might put our plans into execution.

ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

ABOUT MME. SUGIMOTO

If, during the past few years, you have happened to be in the neighborhood of Columbia University in New York City, it is quite likely that you have seen a dainty little Japanese woman crossing the campus in her native dress. Among the hurrying students and amid the noise and confusion of passing traffic, she has seemed like a gently hovering butterfly or a gay flower nodding in the breeze. And you have wondered who she was, with her grace and the unmistakable friendliness you have caught in her eyes as you passed her.

She is Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto, the little girl who learned her first lessons in the cold room in far-away Japan, the same little Etsu-bo now grown to be a member of the faculty of one of the greatest universities in the world, and author of a book, written in English, which many believe to have done more to further the friendship between Japan and the United States than any other single volume. The title of that book is *A Daughter of the Samurai* and it is from this that our story of Mme. Sugimoto's girlhood is taken.

There is much in what she tells here of her young days in Japan that helps us to understand why she has become so distinguished a woman. Here is a rigorous training which enabled her to go to a strange country with courage and poise, there to marry a man whom she had never seen. Here is an education which was the basis of her ability so splendidly to acquire the use of a foreign language. Here is a love of literature bringing her a sense of the beauty of

words and an appreciation of an ancient art, exquisite in its simplicity.

All this was given the young Etsu-bo by those who loved her in Japan and was later to be very useful and helpful to her. Yet even so she might have lived in this country and never have become the Madame Sugimoto whom we know had it not been for the spirit of understanding and sympathy which she had even as a girl and which, quite unconsciously and very beautifully, she reveals here in her own story.

For it was with this spirit that she sailed from Tokyo. And from the first she tried to put herself in the place of the Americans whom she met, endeavoring to understand why they did what they did, why they felt as they felt. On the boat, she immediately found herself in an atmosphere of informality very different from the dignity of her own home. The conduct of the American women and girls was especially bewildering to one who regarded bowing, not kissing, as the "mode of heart expression." But Etsu Inagaki did not resent or severely criticize what she saw. Instead, she found in it "a certain charm."

When she landed in San Francisco and discovered everything to be even more different from her Japan than she had imagined, she said to herself that although her experiences were strange and puzzling they were "delightful in their novelty." And when she had been here a few months, the enormous size of things—the wide streets, the tall buildings, the great trees—became characteristic to her of the Americans whom she had met, "with large person, generous purse, broad mind, strong heart and free soul."

And we find her creating her own home in the same spirit. We see her constantly striving to understand why Matsuo, her young husband, thinks as he does. When she finds she cannot continue the customs that are so dear

and so essentially right to her, she quickly consoles herself with the thought that "East is East and West is West."

And although at first she is much upset by finding beloved Japanese objects used in queer and, to her, even sacrilegious ways—as on the day when she discovered an American friend making a pin tray of a Japanese marriage cup—she soon invents a game for herself which comforts and amuses her. At every such incident, she searches her memory for a similar one in Japan when she and her friends used American objects absurdly. "And," she says, "I never failed to find more than one to offset each single instance here."

Her young Japanese-American husband was quick to appreciate and to understand. And when their daughters—Hanano, *Flower in a Strange Land,* and Chiyono, *Little Sister*—came to them, it was his wish as well as hers that with their American education their daughters be taught everything possible of the fine old Japanese traditions and customs.

The plans which they had for Hanano and Chiyono were never to be carried out. Suddenly and tragically, the young father was taken from them. And to Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto only one course was open—to return to Japan and her husband's relatives. For according to Japanese custom, a widow's children belong to her husband's family and their education must be directed by them.

It was what she must do—but how could she relinquish for her daughters all that she now cherished here? The dramatic story of how she achieved a home of her own in Tokyo and the right to direct her daughters' education is even more fascinating than that of her own girlhood. To accomplish what she did and to hold, all the while, the affection and respect of her Japanese family is but additional tribute to Mme. Sugimoto's remarkable ability to

create beautiful human relationships despite differing customs and ways.

Hanano, *Flower in a Strange Land,* is now married and living in Kobe. Of her, a recently returned traveler writes, "She is one of the best known and most beloved Japanese women with whom the foreign residents of that great industrial city are acquainted." Chiyono, *Little Sister,* is herself an author, and in her charming book, *Picture Tales from the Japanese,* has recorded in English the stories she heard from the Honorable Grandmother beside the fire box in their Tokyo home. Chiyono, too, is married to a young instructor in the Japanese department of Columbia University. Nor did either Hanano or Chiyono go to an unknown husband, with the marriage prearranged by others. Marriage to them has meant what it would have meant had they continued to live in the United States.

Mme. Sugimoto is happy that her daughters, too, are broadening the friendship between the two lands she so loves. She is gratified that her book is as widely read in Japan as in the United States; that when she is in this country, people are eager to have her tell them about Japan; that when she is in Japan, she is continually asked to describe the United States. For most deeply of all, Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto cherishes the hope that the day will soon come when there shall be no more war—"because I have learned that hearts are the same on both sides of the world."

H. F.

ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

I

JAPAN is often called by foreign people a land of sunshine and cherry blossoms. This is because tourists generally visit only the eastern and southern parts of the country, where the climate is mild all the year round. On the northwest coast the winters are long, snow often covering the ground from December to March or April.

In the province of Echigo, where my home was, winter usually began with a heavy snow which came down fast and steady until only the thick, round ridge-poles of our thatched roofs could be seen. Then groups of coolies, with straw mats over their shoulders and big woven hats that looked like umbrellas, came and with broad wooden shovels cut tunnels through from one side of the street to the other. The snow was not removed from the middle of the street all winter. It lay in a long pile, towering far

above the house-tops. The coolies cut steps, for they were carrying snow at intervals all winter, and we children used to climb up and run along the top. We played many games there, sometimes pretending we were knights rescuing a snow-bound village, or fierce brigands stealing upon it for an attack.

But a still more exciting time for us was before the snow came, when the entire town was making preparations for winter. This always took several weeks, and each day as we went to and from school we would stop to watch the coolies busily wrapping the statues and small shrines along the streets in their winter clothing of straw. The stone lanterns and all the trees and bushes of our gardens were enclosed in straw, and even the outside walls of the temples were protected by sheets of matting fastened on with strips of bamboo, or immense nettings made of straw rope. Every day the streets presented a new appearance, and by the time the big carved lions at the temple steps were covered, we were a city of grotesque straw tents of every shape and size, waiting for the snow that would bury us in for three or four months.

Most large houses had thatched roofs with wide eaves, but the shops on the streets had shingled roofs weighted with stones to prevent avalanches when the snow began to melt in the spring. Above all the sidewalks extended a permanent roof, and during the winter the sidewalks were enclosed by walls of upright boards with an occasional panel of oiled paper, which turned them into long halls, where we could walk all over town in the stormiest weather, entirely protected from wind and snow. These halls were dim, but not dark, for light shines through snow pretty well, and even at the street corners, where we crossed through the snow tunnels, it was light enough for us to read good-sized characters. Many a time, coming home from school, I have read my lessons in the tunnel,

pretending that I was one of the ancient sages who studied by snow-light.

Echigo, which means "Behind the Mountains," is so shut off from the rest of Japan by the long Kiso range that during the early feudal days it was considered by the Government only a frozen outpost suitable as a place of exile for offenders too strong in position or influence to be treated as criminals. To this class belonged reformers. In those days Japan had little tolerance for reforms in either politics or religion, and an especially progressive thinker at court or a broad-minded monk was branded as equally obnoxious and sent to some desolate spot where his ambitions would be permanently crushed. Most political offenders that were sent to Echigo either filled the graves of the little cemetery beyond the execution ground or lost themselves in some simple home among the peasants. Our literature holds many a pathetic tale of some rich and titled youth, who, disguised as a pilgrim, wanders through the villages of Echigo, searching for his lost father.

The religious reformers fared better; for they generally spent their lives in working quietly and inoffensively among the people. Some founders of new Buddhist sects, exiled for a lifetime, were men of great ability, and gradually their belief spread so widely that Echigo became known all over Japan as the stronghold of reformed Buddhism. From earliest childhood I was familiar with priest tales and was accustomed to seeing pictures of images cut on the rocks or carved figures standing in caves on the mountain-sides—the work of the tireless hands of those ancient monks.

My home was in the old castle town of Nagaoka. Our household consisted of my father and mother, my honoured grandmother, my brother, my sister, and myself.

Sometimes I went from Nagaoka to my sister's home

Then there was Jiya, my father's head servant, and my nurse, Ishi, besides Kin and Toshi. Several other old servants came and went on occasions. I had married sisters, all in distant homes except the eldest, who lived about half a day's jinrikisha ride from Nagaoka. She came occasionally to visit us, and sometimes I went home with her to spend several days in her big thatched farmhouse, which had been, in ancient days, the fortress of three mountains. Samurai families often married into the farmer class, which was next in rank to the military, and much respected, for "one who owns rice villages holds the life of the nation in his hand."

We lived just on the edge of the town in a huge, rambling house that had been added to from time to time ever since I could remember. As a result, the heavy thatched roof sagged at the gable joinings, the plaster walls had numerous jogs and patches, and the many rooms of various sizes were connected by narrow, crooked halls that twisted about in a most unexpected manner. Surrounding the house, but some distance away, was a high wall of broken boulders, topped with a low, solid fence of wood. The roof of the gateway had tipped-up corners, and patches of moss on the brown thatch. It was supported by immense posts between which swung wooden gates with ornamental iron hinges that reached halfway across the heavy boards. On each side there extended, for a short distance, a plaster wall pierced by a long, narrow window with wooden bars. The gates were always open during the day, but if at night there came knocking and the call "*Tano-mo-o! Tano-mo-o!*" (I ask to enter!) even in the well-known voice of a neighbor, Jiya was so loyal to old-time habit that he invariably ran to peep through one of these windows before opening the gate to the guest.

From the gateway to the house was a walk of large,

uneven stones, in the wide cracks of which grew the first foreign flowers that I ever saw—short-stemmed, round-headed little things that Jiya called "giant's buttons." Someone had given him the seed; and as he considered no foreign flower worthy of the dignity of a place in our garden, he cunningly planted them where they would be trod upon by our disrespectful feet. But they were hardy plants and grew as luxuriantly as moss.

That our home was such a makeshift was the result of one of the tragedies of the Restoration. Echigo Province was one of those that had believed in the dual government. To our people, the Mikado was too sacred to be in touch with war, or even annoying civil matters, and so they fought to uphold the shogun power to which, for generations, their ancestors had been loyal. At that time my father was *karo,* or first counselor of the daimiate of Nagaoka, a position which he had held since the age of seven, when the sudden death of my grandfather had left it vacant. Because of certain unusual circumstances, my father was the only executive in power, and thus it was that during the wars of the Restoration he had the responsibility and the duties of the office of daimio.

At the bitterest moment that Nagaoka ever knew, Echigo found herself on the defeated side. When my mother learned that her husband's cause was lost and he taken prisoner, she sent her household to a place of safety, and then, to prevent the mansion from falling into the hands of the enemy, she with her own hands set fire to it and from the mountain-side watched it burn to the ground.

After the stormy days of war were past and Father finally was free from the governorship which he had been directed to retain until the central government became stabilized, he gathered together the remains of his family estate, and after sharing with his now "fish-on-land" re-

tainers, he built this temporary home on the site of his former mansion.

In the long winter evenings I was very fond of slipping away to the servants' hall to watch the work going on there and to hear stories. One evening, when I was about seven years old, I was hurrying along the zigzag porch leading to that part of the house when I heard voices mingling with the thuds of soft snow being thrown from the roof. It was unusual to have the roof cleared after dark, but Jiya was up there arguing with the head coolie and insisting that the work must be done that night.

"At the rate the snow is falling," I heard him say, "it will crush the roof before morning."

One of the coolies muttered something about its being time for temple service, and I noticed the dull tolling of the temple bell. However, Jiya had his way, and the men went on with the work. I was astonished at the daring of the coolie who had ventured to question Jiya's command. To my childish mind, Jiya was a remarkable person who was always right and whose word was law. But with all my respect for his wisdom, I loved him with all my heart; and with reason, for he was never too busy to twist up a straw doll for me, or to tell me a story as I sat on a garden stone watching him work.

The servants' hall was a very large room. One half of the board floor had straw mats scattered here and there. This was the part where the spinning, rice-grinding, and the various occupations of the kitchen went on. The other half, where rough or untidy work was done, was of hard clay. In the middle of the room was the fireplace—a big, clay-lined box sunk in the floor, with a basket of firewood beside it. From a beam high above hung a chain from which swung various implements used in cooking. The smoke passed out through an opening in the center of the

roof, above which was a small extra roof to keep out the rain.

As I entered the big room, the air was filled with the buzz of work mingled with chatter and laughter. In one corner was a maid grinding rice for tomorrow's dumplings; another was making padded scrub-cloths out of an old kimono; two others were tossing from one to the other the shallow basket that shook the dark beans from the white, and a little apart from the others sat Ishi whirling her spinning-wheel with a little tapping stick.

There was a rustle of welcome for me, for the servants all liked a visit from "Etsu-bo Sama," as they called me. One hurried to bring me a cushion and another tossed a handful of dried chestnut hulls on the glowing fire. I loved the changing tints of chestnut-hull embers, and stopped a moment to watch them.

"Come here, Etsu-bo Sama!" called a soft voice.

It was Ishi. She had moved over on to the mat, leaving her cushion for me. She knew I loved to turn the spinning wheel, so she pushed the cotton ball into my hand, holding her own safely over it. I can yet feel the soft pull of the thread slipping through my fingers as I whirled the big wheel. I am afraid that I spun a very uneven thread, and it was probably fortunate for her work that my attention was soon attracted by Jiya's entrance. He pulled a mat over to the clay side of the room and in a moment was seated with his foot stretched out, holding between his toes one end of the rope he was twisting out of rice-straw.

"Jiya San," called Ishi, "we have an honored guest."

Jiya looked up quickly, and with a funny, bobby bow above his stretched rope, he smilingly held up a pair of straw shoes dangling from a cord.

"Ah!" I cried, jumping up quickly and running across the clay floor to him, "are they my snow-shoes? Have you finished them?"

"Yes, Etsu-bo Sama," he answered, putting in my hands a pair of small straw boots, "and I have finished them just in time. This is going to be the deepest snow we have had this year. When you go to school tomorrow you can take a short cut, straight over the brooks and fields, for there will be no roads anywhere."

As usual Jiya's prediction was right. Without our snow-boots we girls could not have gone to school at all. Moreover, his persistence with the coolies had saved our roof; for before morning five feet more of snow filled the deep-cut paths and piled on top of the long white mountain in the street.

II

ONE day the servants returned from temple service talking excitedly about a fire at Kyoto which had destroyed the great Hongwanji. As this was the prince temple of Shin, the sect most popular among the masses, interest in its rebuilding was widespread, and donations were being sent from every part of the Empire. The Buddhist exiles of ancient time had left their impress upon Echigo to such an extent that it soon excelled all other provinces in eagerness to give, and Nagaoka was the very centre of the enthusiasm.

The first and the fifteenth of each month, being workmen's holidays, were favorite times for collecting; and as our gifts were mostly of our own products, it was interesting to watch the people who thronged the streets on these days. Besides our own townsfolk, each one carrying a basket or bundle, groups kept coming every hour of the day from the mountains and from neighboring villages. There were men laden with bunches of hemp and coils of rope, or with bundles of bamboo poles, the long ends

trailing on the ground as they walked; women from weaving villages weighted down with bolts of silk or cotton; and farmers pulling long carts piled high with bales of "the five grains"—rice, millet, wheat, oats, and beans—with the farmer's wife (frequently with a baby on her back) pushing at the end. All these gifts were taken to a large building put up on purpose for them, and every day the collection grew.

One day Ishi and I were standing just within our big gateway, watching the people go by. I noticed that almost every woman had her head wrapped in the blue-and-white towel that servants wear when dusting or working in the kitchen.

"Why does everybody wear *tenugui* on the streets?" I asked.

"Those women have cut their hair, Etsu-bo Sama," Ishi replied.

"Are they all widows?" I asked in astonishment; for it was the custom for a widow to cut off her hair at the neck and bury half of it with her husband, the other half being kept until her own death.

I thought I had never seen so many widows in my life, but I soon learned that these women had cut off most of their hair that it might be braided into a huge rope to be used in drawing the lumber for the important center beam of the new temple. Our own servants had cut big bunches from their heads, but, with more moderate enthusiasm than that of the peasant class, they had retained enough to dress it so as to cover their bald crowns. One of the maids, however, in religious fervor, had cut off so much that she had to postpone her marriage for three years; for no girl could marry with short hair. Not a man of those days would be brave enough to risk the ill omen of taking a bride with the cut hair of a widow.

Our family did not belong to the Shin sect of Buddhists, but every woman, of whatever sect, wanted to have a part in the holy cause, so each of us added a few strands. The hair was taken to the building where the donations were kept and braided into long, thick ropes; then, just before the removal to Kyoto, all the gifts were dedicated with an elaborate religious ceremony.

It seemed to my childish mind that almost everybody in the world came to Nagaoka that day. Most certainly the near-by country district and all the neighboring villages had emptied themselves into the narrow streets through which Ishi took me on our way to the temple. But at last we were stationed in a safe place and I stood holding tight to her hand and looking up wonderingly at the great shrine of gold-and-black lacquer which was placed high on an ox-cart just in front of the temple entrance. The curving doors were wide open, showing the calm-faced Buddha standing with folded hands. Surrounding the base of the shrine, gradually widening and spreading above it, was a delicate framework representing the "five-colored clouds of Paradise." Many, many lotus blossoms of gold and silver, pink, purple, and orange twisted through the carved clouds and seemed to float in the air. It was wondrously beautiful. The two oxen, lent by proud farmers for this occasion, were almost covered with strips of bright-colored silk dangling in long, fluttering streamers from horns and harness.

Suddenly there was a moment's hush. Then with the returning sound of a multitude of voices mingled the beating of gongs and the shrill piping of temple music.

"Look, Etsu-bo Sama!" said Ishi. "The sacred Buddha is starting on the tour of appreciation. It is the first time in many years that the Holy One has come forth from the temple altar. Today is a great day!"

As the oxen strained and pushed against the big wooden yoke and the shrine with the gilded Buddha began to move, a low murmur of "*Namu Amida Butsu!*" (Hail, Great Buddha!) breathed through the air. With deep reverence I bowed my head, and folding my hands together, I, too, whispered the holy words.

Two long twisted ropes of cloth, purple and white, were fastened to the front of the broad cart and reached far past the oxen to the chanting priests in front. These ropes were held by the eager hands of many men and boys, women and girls, some with babies on their backs, and little children of all ages. I saw a playmate.

"Ishi! Ishi!" I cried, so excited that I almost tore her sleeve. "There is Sadako San holding the rope! Oh, may I walk beside her and hold the rope too? Oh, may I?"

"Hush, little Mistress. You must not forget to be gentle. Yes, I will walk with you. Your little hands shall help the holy Buddha."

And so we walked in the procession—Ishi and I. Never in my life, perhaps, shall I experience an hour more exalted than when we passed through those narrow streets behind the solemn, chanting priests, my hand clasped about the pulling cord of the great swaying, creaking cart, and my heart filled with awe and reverence.

The services of dedication I recall very mistily. The new building was crowded with huge pyramids of donations of every kind. The shrine was carried in and placed before a purple curtain with a big swastika crest on it. There were marching, chanting priests in gorgeous robes with crystal rosaries around their folded hands. There was the fragrance of incense, the sound of soft temple drums, and everywhere low murmurs of "*Namu Amida Butsu!*"

Only one thing in the great room stands clear in my memory. On a platform in front of the altar, with the holy Buddha just above, was the huge coil of jet-black

rope—made of the hair of thousands of women. My mind went back to the day when I thought I was seeing so many widows in the street, and to our servants with their scanty hair dressed over bald crowns, and then, with a pang of humiliation, I recalled the day our own offering was sent; for beside the long, glossy straight wisps of my sister's hair lay a shorter strand that curved into ugly mortifying waves.

Even after all these years I feel a bit of pity for the little girl who was myself when I remember how many bitter trials she had to endure because of her wavy hair. Curly hair was not admired in Japan, so although I was younger than my sisters, on hairdressing day, which came three times in ten days, I was placed in the care of the hairdresser as soon as she came into the house. This was unusual, for the eldest should always be attended to first. Immediately after the shampoo, she saturated my hair with almost boiling hot tea mixed with some kind of stiffening oil. Then she pulled the hair back as tight as possible and tied it. Thus I was left while she dressed the hair of my sisters. By that time my whole head was stiff and my eyebrows pulled upward, but my hair was straight for the time being, and could easily be arranged in the two shining loops tied with polished cord, which was the proper style for me. From the time I can remember I was always careful about lying quiet on my little wooden pillow at night, but by the next morning there were sure to be little twists at my neck and a suspicious curve in the loops on top of the head. How I envied the long, straight locks of the court ladies in the roll picture hanging in my room!

One time I rebelled and used return words to my nurse, who was trying to comfort me during one of my "gluing-up" experiences. Kind old Ishi forgave me at once, but my mother overheard and called me to her room. I was

a little sullen, I remember, as I bowed and seated myself before her cushion, and she looked at me severely as she spoke.

"Etsu-ko," she said, "do you not know that curly hair is like animal's hair? A samurai's daughter should not be willing to resemble a beast."

I was greatly mortified and never again complained of the discomfort of hot tea and scented oil.

On the day of my "seventh-year" celebration I experienced a humiliation so deep that it still aches me to think of it. This celebration is a very important event in the life of a Japanese girl—as much so as her début party is to an American young lady. All our woman relatives were invited to a great feast, where I, in a beautiful new gown, occupied the place of honor. My hair had been elaborately arranged, but the day was rainy and I suppose some persistent small strands had escaped their stiff prison, for I overheard one of my aunts say, "It's a shameful waste to put a beautiful dress on Etsu. It only attracts attention to her ugly, twisty hair."

How deeply a child can feel! I wanted to shrivel to nothingness inside the gown of which I had been so proud, but I looked straight ahead and did not move. The next moment, when Ishi came in with some rice and looked at me, I saw the pain in her eyes and I knew that she had heard.

That night when she came to undress me she had not removed the little blue-and-white towel that all Japanese servants wear over the hair when at work. I was surprised, for it is not polite to appear before a superior with the head covered, and Ishi was always courteous. I soon found out the truth. She had gone to the temple as soon as the dinner was over, and cutting off her splendid straight hair, had placed it before the shrine, praying the

gods to transfer her hair to me. My good Ishi! My heart thanks her yet for her loving sacrifice.

Who shall say that God did not pity the simple soul's ignorant, loving effort to save from humiliation the child she loved? At any rate, her prayer was answered when in later years the hand of fate turned my steps toward a land where my curly hair no longer caused me either sorrow or shame.

III

We did not have kindergartens when I was a child, but long before the time when I could have been admitted to the new "after-the-sixth-birthday" school, I had acquired a goodly foundation for later study of history and literature. My grandmother was a great reader, and during the shut-in evenings of the long, snowy winters we children spent much time around her fire-box, listening to stories. In this way I became familiar, when very young, with our mythology, with the lives of Japan's greatest historical personages and with the outline stories of many of our best novels. Also I learned much of the old classic dramas from Grandmother's lips. My sister received the usual education for girls, but mine was planned along different lines for the reason that I was supposed to be destined for a priestess. Both my grandmother and my mother sincerely believed this, and since in a Japanese home the ruling of the house and children is left to the women, my father silently bowed to the earnest wish of my grandmother to have me educated for a priestess. He, however, selected for my teacher a priest whom he knew—a very scholarly man, who spent little time in teaching me the forms of temple worship, but instructed me most con-

scientiously in the doctrine of Confucius. This was considered the foundation of all literary culture, and was believed by my father to be the highest moral teaching of the time.

My teacher always came on the days of threes and sevens—that is, the third, seventh, thirteenth, seventeenth, twenty-third, and twenty-seventh. This was in accordance with our moon-calendar custom of dividing days into groups of tens instead of sevens, as is done by the sun calendar. I enjoyed my lessons very much. The stateliness of my teacher's appearance, the ceremony of his manner, and the rigid obedience required of me appealed to my dramatic instinct. Then the surroundings were most impressive to my childish mind. The room was always made ready with especial care the day of my lessons, and when I entered, invariably I saw the same sight. I close my eyes now and all is as clear as if I had seen it but an hour ago.

The room was wide and light and was separated from the garden porch by a row of sliding paper doors crossed with slender bars of wood. The black-bordered straw mats were cream-colored with time, but immaculate in their dustlessness. Books and desk were there, and in the sacred alcove hung a roll picture of Confucius. Before this was a little teakwood stand from which rose a curling mist of incense. On one side sat my teacher, his flowing gray robes lying in straight, dignified lines about his folded knees, a band of gold brocade across his shoulder, and a crystal rosary round his left wrist. His face was always pale, and his deep, earnest eyes beneath the priestly cap looked like wells of soft velvet. He was the gentlest and the saintliest man I ever saw. Years after, he proved that a holy heart and a progressive mind can climb together, for he was excommunicated from the orthodox temple for advocating a reform doctrine that united the beliefs of

Buddhism and Christianity. Whether through accident or design, this broad-minded priest was the teacher chosen for me by my broad-minded though conservative father.

My studies were from books intended only for boys, as it was very unusual for a girl to study Chinese classics. My first lessons were from the "Four Books of Confucius." There are: Daigaku—"Great Learning," which teaches that the wise use of knowledge leads to virtue; Chuyo—"The Unchanging Center," which treats of the unalterableness of universal law; Rongo and Moshi—which consist of the autobiography, anecdotes, and sayings of Confucius, gathered by his disciples.

I was only six years old, and of course I got not one idea from this heavy reading. My mind was filled with many words in which were hidden grand thoughts, but they meant nothing to me then. Sometimes I would feel curious about a half-caught idea and ask my teacher the meaning. His reply invariably was:

"Meditation will untangle thoughts from words," or "A hundred times reading reveals the meaning." Once he said to me, "You are too young to comprehend the profoundly deep books of Confucius."

This was undoubtedly true, but I loved my lessons. There was a certain rhythmic cadence in the meaningless words that was like music, and I learned readily page after page, until I knew perfectly all the important passages of the four books and could recite them as a child rattles off the senseless jingle of a counting-out game. Yet those busy hours were not wasted. In the years since, the splendid thoughts of the grand old philosopher have gradually dawned upon me; and sometimes when a well-remembered passage has drifted into my mind, the meaning has come flashing like a sudden ray of sunshine.

My priest-teacher taught these books with the same

reverence that he taught his religion—that is, with all thought of worldly comfort put away. During my lesson he was obliged, despite his humble wish, to sit on the thick silk cushion the servant brought him, for cushions were our chairs, and the position of instructor was too greatly revered for him to be allowed to sit on a level with his pupil; but throughout my two-hour lesson he never moved the slightest fraction of an inch except with his hands and his lips. And I sat before him on the matting in an equally correct and unchanging position.

Once I moved. It was in the midst of a lesson. For some reason I was restless and swayed my body slightly, allowing my folded knee to slip a trifle from the proper angle. The faintest shade of surprise crossed my instructor's face; then very quietly he closed his book, saying gently but with a stern air:

"Little Miss, it is evident that your mental attitude today is not suited for study. You should retire to your room and meditate."

My little heart was almost killed with shame. There was nothing I could do. I humbly bowed to the picture of Confucius and then to my teacher, and backing respectfully from the room, I slowly went to my father to report, as I always did, at the close of my lesson. Father was surprised, as the time was not yet up, and his unconscious remark, "How quickly you have done your work!" was like a death knell. The memory of that moment hurts like a bruise to this very day.

Since absence of bodily comfort while studying was the custom for priests and teachers, of course all lesser people grew to feel that hardship of body meant inspiration of mind. For this reason my studies were purposely arranged so that the hardest lessons and longest hours came during the thirty days of midwinter, which the calendar calls the coldest of the year. The ninth day is considered the most

severe, so we were expected to be especially earnest in our study on that day.

I well remember a certain "ninth day" when my sister was about fourteen years old. She was preparing to be married, therefore the task selected for her was sewing. Mine was penmanship. In those days penmanship was considered one of the most important studies for culture. This was not so much for its art—although it is true that practising Japanese penmanship holds the same intense artistic fascination as does the painting of pictures—but it was believed that the highest training in mental control came from patient practice in the complicated brush strokes of character-writing. A careless or perturbed state of mind always betrays itself in the intricate shading of ideographs, for each one requires absolute steadiness and accuracy of touch. Thus, in careful guidance of the hand were we children taught to hold the mind in leash.

With the first gleam of sunrise on this "ninth day," Ishi came to wake me. It was bitterly cold. She helped me dress, then I gathered together the materials for my work, arranging the big sheets of paper in a pile on my desk and carefully wiping every article in my ink-box with a square of silk. Reverence for learning was so strong in Japan at that time that even the tools we used were considered almost sacred. I was supposed to do everything for myself on this day, but my kind Ishi hovered around me, helping in every way she could without actually doing the work herself. Finally we went to the porch overlooking the garden. The snow was deep everywhere. I remember how the bamboo grove looked with its feathery tops so snow-laden that they were like wide-spread umbrellas. Once or twice a sharp crack and a great soft fluff of spurting snow against the gray sky told that a trunk had snapped under its too heavy burden. Ishi took me on her back and, pushing her feet into her snow-boots, slowly

waded to where I could reach the low branch of a tree, from which I lifted a handful of perfectly pure, untouched snow, just from the sky. This I melted to mix for my penmanship study. I ought to have waded to get the snow myself, but—Ishi did it.

Since the absence of bodily comfort meant inspiration of mind, of course I wrote in a room without a fire. Our architecture is of tropical origin; so the lack of the little brazier of glowing charcoal brought the temperature down to that of outside. Japanese picture-writing is slow and careful work. I froze my fingers that morning without knowing it until I looked back and saw my good nurse softly crying as she watched my purple hand. The training of children, even of my age, was strict in those days, and neither she nor I moved until I had finished my task. Then Ishi wrapped me in a big padded kimono that had been warmed and hurried me into my grandmother's room. There I found a bowl of warm, sweet rice-gruel made by my grandmother's own hands. Tucking my chilled knees beneath the soft, padded quilt that covered the sunken fire-box I drank the gruel, while Ishi rubbed my stiff hand with snow.

Of course, the necessity of this rigid discipline was never questioned by any one, but I think that, because I was a delicate child, it sometimes caused my mother uneasiness. Once I came into the room where she and Father were talking.

"Honorable Husband," she was saying, "I am sometimes so bold as to wonder if Etsu-bo's studies are not a little severe for a not-too-strong child."

My father drew me over to his cushion and rested his hand gently on my shoulder.

"We must not forget, Wife," he replied, "the teaching of a samurai home. The lioness pushes her young over the cliff and watches it climb slowly back from the valley

without one sign of pity, though her heart aches for the little creature. So only can it gain strength for its life work."

That I was having the training and studies of a boy was one of the reasons why my family got in the habit of calling me Etsu-bo, the termination *bo* being used for a boy's name, as *ko* is for a girl's. But my lessons were not confined to those for a boy. I also learned all the domestic accomplishments taught my sisters—sewing, weaving, embroidery, cooking, flower-arranging, and the complicated etiquette of ceremonial tea.

Nevertheless my life was not all lessons. I spent many happy hours in play. With the conventional order of old Japan, we children had certain games for each season—the warm, damp days of early spring, the twilight evenings of summer, the crisp, fragrant harvest time, or the clear, cold, snow-shoe days of winter. And I believe I enjoyed every game we ever played—from the simple winter-evening pastime of throwing a threaded needle at a pile of rice-cakes, to see how many each of us could gather on her string, to the exciting memory contests with our various games of poem cards.

We had boisterous games, too, in which a group—all girls, of course—would gather in some large garden or on a quiet street where the houses were hemmed in behind hedges of bamboo and evergreen. Then we would race and whirl in "The Fox Woman from the Mountain" or "Hunting for Hidden Treasure"; we would shout and scream as we tottered around on stilts in the forbidden boy-game of "Riding the High-stepping Bamboo Horse" or the hopping game of "The One-legged Cripples."

But no outdoor play of our short summers nor any indoor game of our long winters was so dear to me as were stories. The servants knew numberless priest tales and odd jingles that had come down by word of mouth

from past generations, and Ishi, who had the best memory and the readiest tongue of them all, possessed an unending fund of simple old legends. I don't remember ever going to sleep without stories from her untiring lips. The dignified tales of Honorable Grandmother were wonderful, and the happy hours I spent sitting, with primly folded hands, on the mat before her—for I never used a cushion when Grandmother was talking to me—have left lasting and beautiful memories. But with Ishi's stories everything was different. I listened to them, all warm and comfortable, snuggled up crookedly in the soft cushions of my bed, giggling and interrupting and begging for "just one more" until the unwelcome time would arrive when Ishi, laughing but stern, would reach over to my night lantern, push one wick down into the oil, straighten the other, and drop the paper panel. Then, at last, surrounded by the pale, soft light of the shaded room, I had to say goodnight and settle myself into the *kinoji,* which was the proper sleeping position for every samurai girl.

Samurai daughters were taught never to lose control of mind or body—even in sleep. Boys might stretch themselves into the character *dai,* carelessly outspread; but girls must curve into the modest, dignified character *kinoji,* which means "spirit of control."

IV

THE day before Nagaoka's last "Castle Sinking Celebration," Kin took me to walk along the edge of the old castle moat. Years before, part of it had been leveled up, and was now occupied by neat little rice farms; but most of it was still only a marshy waste that was gradually being filled with rubbish from the town. In one place an

angle of the wall projected out pretty far, forming a protected pond where was clustered a crowded mass of velvety lotus leaves. Kin said that the water of the moat used to be very deep and as clear as a mirror; and that, here and there, were great patches of lotus leaves, which, in the blooming season, looked like unevenly woven brocade with a raised pattern of white-and-pink blossoms.

"What did the castle look like, Kin? I want to hear again," I said, looking across the dykes to the ruined walls and piles of heaped-up stones on the top of the hill.

"Like all castles, Etsu-bo Sama," she replied, "except that this was ours."

It was not often that Kin's gay spirits were sobered, but she stood gazing gravely across at the ruins, saying nothing more.

I turned my face toward the hill and closed my eyes, trying to see, in my mind, the picture so often painted for me by the loyal lips of Jiya or Ishi. A great square mass of stone and plaster with narrow, white-barred windows and tiers of curving roofs artistically zigzagging over each other in such a manner that an object thrown from any corner would find an unobstructed path to the ground; and high above the deep eaves and many-pointed roofs, on each end of the curving roof-ridge, a bronze fish with uplifted tail shining rich and dark in the sunshine. Below, at the base of the pine-topped dykes, slept in dark quietude the waters of the moat—called "the bottomless" by simple-hearted people—whose clear waters reflected the six-sided stones of the "tortoise-back" wall.

"Come, Etsu-bo Sama, we must go."

I opened my eyes with a jerk. Nothing of the picture was there except the dykes that once formed a protection from flying arrows and shooting spears, and now were only hilly, peaceful vegetable gardens.

"All of this ground beyond," said Kin, with a wide sweep of her hand as we started toward home, "was once covered with beautiful gardens of noble retainers whose mansions were gathered about the outer wall of the castle. Now all that beauty is crushed into hundreds of plain little farms; and some of them, like ours, are ploughed by the unused hands of vassals of the 'ancient glorious'!"

Kin was quiet all the way home, and I walked soberly by her side, with my bright anticipations for the morrow's celebration somewhat dampened.

"Castle Sinking" is a term used in Japanese literature to describe the sublime desolation of the useless castle of a conquered people. The new Government was both wise and generous in its endeavor to help its subjects adjust themselves to the puzzling situation which confronted them at the close of the war, but Nagaoka people were slow to forget. Many still believed that to have dragged the god-descended Emperor from his palace of holiness and peace, only to plunge him into a material world of sordid duties, was sacrilege; and that the failure of the shogun power to march steadily on its rightful way was a sorrowful thing for Japan.

I was many years younger than the time of the Restoration, but its memories were with me all through my childhood, for I was born not so long after those years of desolation and bitterness but that the everyday talk of the town was of the awful days that had left so many homes without a master. In my babyhood I heard war-songs as frequently as lullabies, and half of my childhood stories were tales of heroes on the battlefield. From the gateway of my home could be seen the ruined walls and half-filled moat of the castle, our godowns were filled to the roof with weapons and belongings of my father's retainers, and I scarcely ever went on to the street that I did not meet

some old person who, as I passed, would stand humbly aside, bowing and bowing, with respectful and tearful murmurings of the "glories of the past." Ah me! Death had stepped many times between the strain of those days and the hesitating progress of my childhood's time, and yet the old spirit of dutiful loyalty to the overlord was not yet quenched.

May 7, 1869, was the day on which all power was removed from Nagaoka castle by the new Government, and after the bitterness of the first few years had passed, the anniversary of that day was always observed by the samurai families of the town. To the newcomers and to the tradespeople, the celebration was only an interesting episode, but to those who took part it was a tribute to the dying spirit of chivalry. The morning after my walk with Kin by the castle moat, I wakened with an excited feeling that something was going to happen. And indeed, it was a day of busy happenings! For breakfast everybody ate black rice—rice husked but not whitened, such as is used by soldiers during the haste of battle marches—and in the afternoon a sham battle was held on Yukuzan plain back of the shrine dedicated to the Nagaoka daimios.

What a gay assemblage there was that day! Most of the aristocracy were poor and much of their valuable armor had been disposed of, but everybody had retained some, and each one appeared in what he had. I can even now see the procession as it started, with my father as leader. He sat very straight on his horse, and, to my childish eyes, looked very grand in his cloth garment with close-wrist sleeves and bloomer-like skirt, over which rattled and clanged the lacquer-scaled breastplate with its cross-stitching of silk cord and its great gold crest. Of course, his own horse was gone, as well as its elaborate trappings, but Mother's ingenuity had decorated a plain harness with

cords and tassels twisted from strips of silk, thus transforming a tenant's farm horse into somewhat the appearance of a war steed; and in place of the swords Father was no longer allowed to carry, he wore two sharpened bamboos stuck through his sash. A great crowd of people gathered by the stone bridge at the end of the town to see the little army start out. The spectators had clothed themselves as far as they could in ancient dress, and as they waited, the men all sitting with crossed legs in warrior fashion, they made a courageous-looking company.

Then the drum sounded, and my father raised his *saihai* —a stick with dangling papers which his ancestors had carried to guide their followers—and rode away, followed by a long train of men in armor as for war. They crossed the fields, climbed the mountain, and, after each warrior had made salutation at the temple, they gathered on the plain for the battle, following it with an exhibition in archery, fencing, spear-throwing, and athletic sports of various kinds.

Our men servants went to Yukuzan plain to watch the sports, but the women were busy all day preparing for the home-coming. Straw mats were spread on the grass and many fires were kindled in the garden over which, tied to a tripod of strong branches, swung large iron kettles holding game seasoned with *miso,* which with bran-rice forms the food of soldiers in camp. About twilight the little army came riding back. We children, dressed in our best attire, ran out to the big gateway and waited between the two tall lantern stands with the welcoming lights. When Father saw us he opened his iron war-fan and swung it back and forth, as one would wave a handkerchief in greeting, and we bowed and bowed in reply.

"Your honorable father looks to-day as he used to look in the prosperous times," said Mother, half sadly, "and I am thankful that you, his daughter, have seen him so."

The men piled their heavy regalia in a corner of the garden, and sat around the kettles, eating and laughing with the freedom of camp life. Father did not change his clothes, except to throw back his war hat, where it hung by its silk cord, encasing him, front and back, in two Inagaki crests; "thus boldly identifying myself to both friends and enemies," he said, laughing. Then, sitting on a high garden stone, he told war stories to us children, as we crowded close to each other on a straw mat before him.

That was our last celebration in memory of the castle sinking of Nagaoka. On the next May 7th the plain was flooded from a drenching downpour, and the year following, Father was in ill health. The men did not care for the sports without their old lord as leader, so the celebration was postponed to a day that never came.

Father never entirely recovered from the effects of the hard years of the Restoration. Each one as it passed left him looking less like the sturdy, ambitious youth—for he was only thirty at that time—who had held the reins of excited Nagaoka during those desperate days, but his brave, cheerful spirit remained unchanged. Even through the first erratic years of Japan's struggle to gain a foothold in the new world, when people were recklessly throwing off the old and madly reaching out for the new, Father had gone on his way, calm and unexcited. He held, with the most progressive men of his day, a strong belief in the ultimate success of Japan's future, but—and in this he received little sympathy—he also retained a deep reverence for the past. Father, however, was much liked, and he generally could turn aside undesirable comments or lengthy arguments by the aid of a keen sense of humor, which had a way of breaking through his stateliness and dignity like a gleam of unexpected sunshine; and so, without title or power, he held, as of old, his place as leader.

One autumn day, Father's physician, who was a very

progressive man and as much friend as physician, suggested that Father should go to Tokyo and consult some doctors of a new hospital renowned for its successful use of Western methods. Father decided to go, and of course he took Jiya with him.

With Father and Jiya both gone, I was desolate. I still feel the heart-pull of those lonely days. Sister was preparing for her marriage, which was to take place in the fall, and her time was taken up with many things. I don't know what I should have done but for my good Shiro, who was equally lonely with me. Shiro really belonged to me, but of course I never called him mine, for it was considered rough and unladylike for a girl to own a dog. But I was allowed to play with him, and every day, as soon as my lessons were over, we would wander around together. One day we had visited the archery ground and were on the long walk where Father liked to trudge up and down for exercise, when suddenly Shiro galloped away from me toward a little house just within the gateway, where Jiya lived alone. Jiya's wife had died before I could remember, but he was a capable housekeeper, and any afternoon during the summer that I might go to his neat porch I would find a square lacquer box holding the most delicious things that a little girl could possibly want to eat between meals—a sweet potato baked in ashes and sprinkled with salt; or some big, brown chestnuts baked until their jackets had burst, disclosing the creamy richness of the dainty that was waiting for my fingers.

I hurried after Shiro and found him pushed close against the porch, his tail wagging and his nose eagerly sniffing in the corner where the lacquer box used to stand.

"Oh, no, no, Shiro!" I mournfully said. "The lacquer box is gone. Jiya is gone. Everybody is gone."

I sat down on the edge of the porch and Shiro snuggled his cold nose into my long sleeve. We were two as dis-

consolate creatures as could be found, and as I buried my hand in his rough white fur, I had to struggle hard to remember that a samurai's daughter does not cry.

Suddenly I recalled the saying, "To unreasonably relax is cowardice." I bounded up. I talked to Shiro. I played with him. I even ran races with him in the garden. When at last I returned to the house I had reason to suspect that the family felt disapproval of my wild conduct, but because I was all dearness to my father I escaped reproof for his sake. Everyone had a tender heart in those days; for the heaviness of dread was upon us all.

One day Shiro fell sick, and would eat nothing I put into his bowl. I had a childish feeling that if he would eat he would get well, but that day happened to be the death anniversary of an ancestor, and was therefore a day of fasting. We had only vegetables for dinner, and so there were no good scraps for Shiro. As always when in trouble, I went to Ishi. She knew we ought not to handle fish on a fast day, but she pitied my anxiety and smuggled me some fish bones from somewhere. I took them to a distant part of the garden and crushed them between two flat stones. Then I mixed them with bean soup from the kitchen and took them to the kindling shed where Shiro was lying on his straw mat. Poor Shiro looked grateful, but he would not get up; and thinking that perhaps he was cold, I ran to my room and brought my crêpe cushion to cover him.

When this became known to my grandmother, she sent for me to come to her room. The moment I lifted my face after bowing I knew this was not one of the times when I was to be entertained with sweet bean-cake.

"Little Etsu-ko," she said (she always called me "Etsu-ko" when she spoke sternly), "I must speak to you of something very important. I am told that you wrapped Shiro with your silk cushion."

Startled at her tone, I meekly bowed.

"Do you not know," she went on, "that you are guilty of the utmost unkindness to Shiro when you do inappropriate things for him?"

I must have looked shocked and puzzled, for she spoke very gently after that, explaining that since white dogs belong to the order next lower than that of human beings, my kindness might postpone for another lifetime Shiro's being born in human shape.

According to transmigration belief, the boundary line between the orders of creation must be strictly maintained. If we place an animal above its proper position we may prevent its advance in the next incarnation. Every devout Buddhist is absolutely submissive to Fate, for he is taught that hardship in his present life is either the atonement for sins committed in the last existence, or the education necessary to prepare him for a higher place in the life to come. This belief has held Japan's laboring class in cheerful resignation through ages of hardship, but also it has taught us to look with such indifference upon the sufferings of creatures below us in the order of creation that we have become, as a nation, almost sympathy-blind.

As quickly as possible to be polite, I thanked my grandmother and hurried to beg Shiro's pardon. I found him covered very comfortably with a matting of soft rice-straw suitable to his station. Out in the garden two coolies were engaged in burning the crêpe cushion. Their faces were very grave.

Poor Shiro! He had the best care we could give him, but the next morning his body was asleep under the straw matting and his spirit had passed on to the next state, which I pray was not lower because of my kindly meant mistake. He was buried in the sunniest corner of the garden beneath a big chestnut tree where many an autumn morning he and I had happily tossed and caught the fallen brown nuts. It would never have done for Shiro's grave to

be publicly marked, but over it my father quietly placed, on his return, a small gray stone, in memory of his little girl's most faithful vassal.

Alas! Before the chestnut burrs were spilling their brown nuts over Shiro's grave, my dear father had been laid to rest in the family burial ground at Chokoji, and one more tablet had been placed in the gilded shrine before which every morning and evening we bowed in love and reverence.

V

One afternoon, as I was coming home from school, a postman, in his straw coat and big straw snow-shoes, came slipping down through a tunnel opening, from the snowy plain above.

"*Maa!* Little Mistress," he called gaily, when he saw me, "I have mail for your house from America."

"From America!" I exclaimed, greatly surprised; for a letter from a foreign land had never come to us before. It was an exciting event. I tried to keep the postman in sight as he hurried along the narrow walk between the snow wall and the row of open-front shops. Occasionally he would call out "A message!"—"A message!" and stop to put mail into an outstretched hand. The path was narrow and I frequently was jostled by passing people, but I was not far behind the postman when he turned into our street. I knew he would go to the side entrance with the mail; so I hurried very fast and had reached Grandmother's room and already made my bow of "I have come back," before a maid entered with the mail. The wonderful letter was for Mother, and Grandmother asked me to carry it to her.

My heart sank with disappointment; for my chance to see it opened was gone. I knew that, as soon as Mother

received it, she would take it at once to Grandmother, but I should not be there. Then Grandmother would look at it very carefully through her big horn spectacles and hand it back to Mother, saying in a slow and ceremonious manner, "Please open!" Of course she would be agitated, because it was a foreign letter, but that would only make her still more slow and ceremonious. I could see the whole picture in my mind as I walked through the hall, carrying the big, odd-shaped envelope to Mother's room.

That evening after family service before the shrine, Grandmother kept her head bowed longer than usual. When she raised it she sat up very straight and announced solemnly, with the most formal dignity, almost like a temple service, that the young master, who had been in America for several years, was to return to his home. This was startling news, for my brother had been gone almost since I could remember and his name was never mentioned. To call him the "young master" was sufficient explanation that the unknown tragedy was past, and he reinstated in his position as a son. The servants, sitting in the rear of the room, bowed to the floor in silent congratulation, but they seemed to be struggling with suppressed excitement. I did not stop to wonder why. It was enough for me to know that my brother was coming home. I could scarcely hold the joy in my heart.

I must have been very young when my brother went away, for though I could distinctly recall the day he left, all memory of what went before or came immediately after was dim. I remember a sunny morning when our house was decorated with wondrous beauty and the servants all wore ceremonial dress with the Inagaki crest. It was the day of my brother's marriage. In the *tokonoma* of our best room was one of our treasures—a triple roll picture of pine, bamboo, and plum, painted by an ancient

artist. On the platform beneath was the beautiful Takasago table where the white-haired old couple with rake and broom were gathering pine needles on the shore. Other emblems of happy married life were everywhere, for each gift—and there were whole rooms full—was decorated with small figures of snowy storks, of gold-brown tortoises, or beautiful sprays of entwined pine, bamboo, and plum. Two new rooms, which had been recently built, were full of beautiful lacquer toilet cases and whitewood chests with iron clasps. They had come the day before, in a procession of immense trays swinging from poles on the shoulders of coolies. Each was covered with a cloth bearing a crest not ours.

Ishi and I wandered from room to room, she explaining that the bride for the young master would soon be there. She allowed me one peep into the wedding room. It was all white and plain and empty except for the offerings to the gods on the *tokonoma* and the little table with the three red cups for the sacred promise.

Ishi was continually running to look out toward the big entrance gate, and of course wherever she went I was close by, holding to her sleeve. The whole house was open. The sliding doors of every room were pushed back and we could see clear to the big open gateway at the end of the stone walk. Just beneath its narrow thatch was looped a dark-blue curtain bearing the Inagaki crest and on each side were tall, slender stands holding lanterns of congratulation. Near one of the stone posts was the "seven-and-a-half-times" messenger in his stiff-sleeved garment. He had returned from his seventh trip to see if the bridal procession was coming, and though the day was bright with sunshine, was just lighting his big lantern for his last trip to meet it halfway—thus showing our eagerness to welcome the coming bride.

Presently Ishi said that the procession was almost here and I saw the servants hurrying toward the entrance, all smiling, but moving with such respectful quiet that I could hear plainly the creaking of the bride's palanquin and the soft thud of the jinrikisha men's feet as they came up the hill.

Then suddenly something was wrong. Ishi caught my shoulder and pulled me back, and Brother came hurriedly out of Father's room. He passed us with long, swinging strides, never looking at me at all, and, stepping into his shoes on the garden step, he walked rapidly toward the side entrance. I had never seen him after that day.

The maiden my brother was to have married did not return to her former home. Having left it to become a bride, she was legally no longer a member of her father's family. This unusual problem Mother solved by inviting her to remain in our home as a daughter; which she did until finally Mother arranged a good marriage for her.

In a childish way I wondered about all the strangeness, but years had passed before I connected it with the sudden going away at this time of a graceful little maid named Tama, who used to arrange flowers and perform light duties. Her merry laugh and ready tongue made her a favorite with the entire household. Tama was not a servant. In those days it was the custom for daughters of wealthy tradesmen to be sent to live for a short time in a house of rank, that the maiden might learn the strict etiquette of samurai home life. This position was far from menial. A girl living with a family for social education was always treated with respectful consideration.

The morning after my brother went away I was going, as usual, to pay my morning greetings to my father when I met Tama coming from his door, looking pale and startled. She bowed good morning to me and then passed

quietly on. That afternoon I missed her and Ishi told me that she had gone home.

Whatever may have been between my brother and Tama I never knew; but I cannot but feel that, guilt or innocence, there was somewhere a trace of courage. My brother was weak, of course, to prolong his heart struggle until almost the last moment, but he must have had much of his father's strong character to enable him, even then, to break with the traditions of his rigid training and defy his father's command. In that day there could be only a hopeless ending to such an affair, for no marriage was legal without the consent of parents, and my father, with heart wounded and pride shamed, had declared that he had no son.

It was not until several years later that I heard again of my brother. One afternoon Father was showing me some twisting tricks with a string. I was kneeling close beside his cushion, watching his rapidly moving hands and trying to catch his fingers in my own. Mother was sitting near with her sewing, and all three of us were laughing.

A maid came to the door to say that Major Sato, a Tokyo gentleman whom my father knew very well, had called. I slipped back by Mother. She started to leave the room, but Father motioned her not to go, and so we both remained.

I shall never forget that scene. Major Sato, speaking with great earnestness, told how my brother had gone to Tokyo and entered the Army College. With only his own efforts he had completed the course with honor and was now a lieutenant. There Major Sato paused.

My father sat very still with his head held high and absolutely no expression on his stern face. For a full minute the room was so silent that I could hear myself breathe. Then my father, still without moving, asked quietly, "Is your message delivered, Major Sato?"

"It is finished," was the reply.

"Your interest is appreciated, Major Sato. This is my answer: I have daughters, but no son."

Mother had sat perfectly quiet throughout, with her head bowed and her hands tightly clasped in her lap. When Father spoke she gave a little shudder but did not move.

Presently Father turned toward her. "Wife," he said very gently, "ask Ishi to bring the *go* board, and send wine to the honorable guest."

Whatever was in the heart of either man, they calmly played the game to the end, and Mother and I sat there in the deep silence as motionless as statues.

That night when Ishi was helping me undress, I saw tears in her eyes.

"What troubles you, Ishi?" I asked. "Why do you almost cry?"

She sank to her knees, burying her face in her sleeves, and for the only time in my life I heard Ishi wail like a servant. "Oh, Little Mistress, Little Mistress," she sobbed, "I am not sad. I am glad. I am thankful to the gods that I am lowly born and can cry when my heart is filled with ache and can laugh when my heart sings. Oh, my dear, dear Mistress! My poor, poor Master!" And she still sobbed.

That was all long ago, and now, after many years, my brother was coming back to his home.

The snow went away, the spring passed and summer was with us. It seemed a long, long wait, but at last same a day when the shrine doors were opened early in the morning and the candles kept burning steadily hour after hour, for Grandmother wanted the presence of the ancestors in the welcome to the wanderer, and as the trip from Tokyo was by jinrikisha and *kago* in those days, the time of arrival was very uncertain. But at last the call "Honor-

able return!" at the gateway brought everybody except Grandmother to the entrance. We all bowed our faces to the floor, but nevertheless I saw a man in foreign dress jump from his jinrikisha, give a quick look around, and then walk slowly up the old stone path toward us. He stopped at one place and smiled as he pulled a tuft of the little blossoms growing between the stones. But he threw it away at once and came on.

The greetings at the door were very short. Brother and Mother bowed, he speaking gently to her and she looking at him with a smile that had tears close behind. Then he laughingly called me "the same curly-haired, round-faced Etsu-bo."

His foreign shoes were removed by Jiya, and we went in. Of course, he went to the shrine first. He bowed and did everything just right, but too quickly, and some way I felt troubled. Then he went to Grandmother's room.

Immediately after greetings were over, Grandmother handed him Father's lacquer letter-box. He lifted it to his forehead with formal courtesy; then, taking out the letter, he slowly unrolled it and, with a strange expression, sat looking at the writing. I was shocked to feel that I could not know whether that look meant bitterness, or amusement, or hopelessness. It seemed to be a combination of all three. The message was very short. In a trembling hand was written: "You are now the head of Inagaki. My son, I trust you." That was all.

That evening a grand dinner was served in our best room. Brother sat next to the *tokonoma.* All the near relatives were there, and we had the kind of food Brother used to like. There was a great deal of talking, but he was rather quiet, although he told us some things about America. I watched him as he talked. His strange dress with tight sleeves and his black stockings suggested kitchen people, and he sat cross-legged on his cushion. His voice

was rather loud and he had a quick way of looking from one person to another that was almost startling. I felt a little troubled and uncertain—almost disappointed; for in some puzzling way he was different from what I wanted him to be. But one thing I loved at once. He had the same soft twinkle in his eyes when he smiled that Father had. Every time I saw that, I felt that however different from Father he might look—or be—he really had the lovable part of Father in his heart. And in spite of a vague fear, I knew, deep, deep down, that whatever might happen in the days, or years, to come, I should always love him and should always be true to him. And I always have.

VI

My brother's coming introduced an entirely new and exciting element into our home. This was the letters which he occasionally received from friends in America. The letters were dull, for they told of nothing but people and business; so after the first few I lost all interest in them. But the big, odd-shaped envelopes and the short pages of thick paper covered with faint pen-writing held a wonderful fascination. None of us had even seen a pen or any kind of writing-paper except our rolls of thin paper with the narrow envelopes. We could write a letter of any length, sometimes several feet, on that paper. We began at the right side and, using a brush, wrote in vertical lines, unrolling from the left as we wrote. The graceful black characters standing out against a background all white, but shaded by the varying thickness of the paper into a mass of delicate, misty blossoms, were very artistic. In later years we had flowered paper in colors, but when I was a child only white was considered dignified.

Brother always used the large, odd-shaped envelopes for letters to America; so I supposed that kind was necessary. One day he asked me to hand to the postman a letter enclosed in one of our narrow envelopes, embossed with a graceful branch of maple leaves. I was greatly surprised when I saw that it had an expensive stamp on the corner and was addressed to America.

"Honorable Brother," I hesitatingly asked, "will Government allow this letter to go?"

"Why not?"

"I thought only big envelopes could be used for letters to America."

"Nonsense!" he said crossly. And then he added in a kind tone, "I haven't any more, and those I sent for to Tokyo haven't come."

And so the delicate maple leaves went to America and my girlish heart was pleased. It was the first pleasant bond between the two countries of which I had known.

There was nothing definite in my mind against America, but I was so constantly hearing allusions to the disagreeable experiences of almost all persons who had dealings with foreigners that I had a vague feeling of distaste for the unknown land. This impression was strengthened by odd stories told by servants of "red-faced, light-haired barbarians who had no heels and had to prop up their shoes with artificial blocks."

It was said that animals were eaten whole by these strange people, and that the master of a lordly house often entertained his guests by cutting up a cooked eagle in their presence. It was also rumored that the cheap red blankets extensively imported at that time were dyed with the blood of stolen infants. One report, which was wide-spread, in city and country alike, was that the peculiar animal odor of foreigners was caused by the eating of flesh. This probably originated from the unfamiliar odor of wool noticed

in the damp clothing of foreign sailors. Since we had neither sheep nor woolen cloth in Japan, the unfamiliar odor was naturally associated with the person who carried the scent about with him. The name has clung, and even yet it is not uncommon for country people, inquiring in a store for woolen cloth, to ask for "animal-smelling goods."

Brother denied very few of these tales. I think many of them he believed, even after having lived in America. Apparently he had met while there very few people except those engaged in buying and selling. Once Grandmother said, with a sigh, "Your honorable brother seems to have learned only the ways of tradesmen in far-away America. But," she added thoughtfully, "perhaps it is a land where only tradesmen live."

He had been to America, but we did not realize that he had seen only one small portion of one coast city in that great land.

As time passed on, Brother seemed to withdraw from our family life, and yet he did not fall into the life of the people of Nagaoka. He was different from everybody. Sometimes he looked troubled and anxious, but more often he was only restless and dissatisfied. At such times he frequently came and sat beside me as I sewed or studied, and I think he talked more freely to me than to any one else. Occasionally, though not often, he spoke of himself, and gradually I learned much of what his life had been since he left home.

His going to America was due to the craze for foreign business which had struck Tokyo so forcefully about the time Brother left the army. Many young men, confident of rapid and brilliant success, were launching out in various directions, and someone induced Brother to invest all he had in what was represented to be a large export company having offices in America. He was offered a partner-

ship if he would take charge of the business there. Like most men of his rank, he had no realization of his own ignorance of business methods; so he accepted and set sail for America. On reaching his destination he found that he had been defrauded. The export company was only a small toy-shop situated in a crowded Japanese district and kept by the wife of a workman who knew nothing of the promised partnership.

Astonished and disappointed, Brother made his way to a near-by hotel—a pretty poor place, he said—where many Japanese men were talking and playing games. They were mostly workmen or cheap clerks of a humble class with almost no education. But they were most respectful to him, and, though the surroundings were uncongenial, he knew no other place to go. In a short time he had spent all his money, and, knowing nothing of any kind of work, and almost nothing of the English language, he easily drifted downward into the life of those around him.

Some men would have pushed up through the mud and found light, but my brother knew little of foreigners, he had no ambitions regarding them, and what he saw of them where he was only repelled him.

Sometimes he left the crowded district where he lived and strolled through wide streets where there were tall buildings and big stores. There he saw foreign people, but they either paid no attention to him or looked at him as he himself would look at a coolie at home. This amused him; for, to him, the strange-looking men who hurried by him, talking in loud voices and smoking large, ill-smelling tobacco rolls, or chewing horrible stuff that they blew out of their mouths on to the street, were wholly disgusting. The women were queerly dressed creatures who stared, and laughed with their mouths open. Nothing seemed delicate or refined, only big and strong and coarse. Every-

thing repelled his artistic soul; so he drifted back to his uncongenial—but understandable—surroundings.

Then Fate stepped in. My brother was hurt by an accidental blow on the head, which sent him to a hospital for three blessed, cool, clean weeks. The day he was dismissed and, sick at heart, was slowly walking toward the only place he knew to go—his old quarters—he turned a corner and suddenly came face to face with a young man, vigorous and brisk, walking with a quick step. The man laughed aloud as both abruptly came to a standstill; then, seeing how pale and ill Brother looked, he turned and walked with him.

However shabbily my brother might be dressed, he always had the bearing of a gentleman, and recognizing this, the young man, whose name was Matsuo, insisted on taking Brother to his own room. A few days later he found a place for him in a store where he himself was foreman, and the acquaintance thus begun ripened into a warm and lasting friendship.

Had this help been given when Brother first reached America, the high-bred, delicately reared youth, although over-indulged and unwisely trained for practical life, might have won his puzzling way through all the strangeness; but it was now too late. That accidental blow on the head had caused an injury, which, though not apparent at first, gradually developed into a trouble that unfitted him for steady work; and my poor brother was never the same again. But Matsuo was steadfastly kind.

Then came a message from Major Sato in Tokyo, saying Father was ill and wanted his son to return home. Of what was in my brother's heart then I know nothing, but for many weeks he delayed his reply. Then he came.

That autumn our year of mourning was over, and Brother being home to take the place of Father, Sister's

marriage was planned for harvest time. The season, however, was early. Rice patches throughout Echigo were bowing with rich promise early in October, but of course, nobody was ever married in the no-god month, so the first good-luck day in November was chosen.

When the day of Sister's wedding came, we were all greatly excited; but the real excitement of a Japanese marriage is at the house of the bridegroom, as it is there that the wedding takes place. However, the ceremony of leaving home is always elaborate, and for several days our entire house was filled with the sound of people ordering and people obeying. Then came a day when Taki, Ishi, and Toshi were busy for hours, all three folding bedding and packing bridal chests; and the next day the procession of bridal belongings went swinging out of our gateway and on over the mountain to Sister's home-to-be.

Two days later Sister went away. The hairdresser came very early that morning, for the bride's hair had to be arranged in the elaborate married style with wonderful ornaments of tortoise-shell and coral. Then her face and neck were covered with thick white powder and she was dressed in a robe and sash of white—the death color—because marriage means the bride's death to her father's family. Beneath this was a garment of scarlet, the dress of a new-born babe, typical of her birth into her husband's family. Mother had on her beautiful crest dress, and Brother looked like Father in the ceremonious pleated linen skirt and stiff shoulder-piece of the *kamishimo*. I was so glad to see him look like Father.

Just as the bridal palanquin was brought to the door, we all went to the shrine for Sister to say farewell to the spirit of our ancestors, for, after marriage, she would belong no longer to our family, but to her husband's. She bowed alone before the shrine. Then Mother slipped over the

mat to her side and presented her with a beautiful mirror-case, the kind that all Japanese ladies wear with ceremonial dress. Sister's was beautiful mosaic-work of crêpe in a pattern of pine, bamboo, and plum. It had been made by our great-grandmother's own hands. Inside it was a small mirror. A brocade-covered crystal hung from it on a silk cord and, on the edge of the case, slipped under the band, was a long silver hairpin. In olden days this was a dagger. These are emblematic of the mirror, the jewel, and the sword of the Imperial regalia.

As Mother handed the mirror-case to Sister, she said the same words that every mother says to a bride. She told her that now she was to go forth bravely to her new life, just as a soldier goes to battle. "Look in the mirror every day," she said, "for if scars of selfishness or pride are in the heart, they will grow into the lines of the face. Watch closely. Be strong like the pine, yield in gentle obedience like the swaying bamboo, and yet, like the fragrant plum blossoming beneath the snow, never lose the gentle perseverance of loyal womanhood."

I never saw my mother so moved, but poor Sister looked only blank and expressionless beneath the stiff white powder.

We all bowed deeply at the door. Sister entered the palanquin and the next moment was hidden behind the reed screen of the little window. Her own nurse, who should have come next, had married and gone far away, so Ishi took her place and entered the first jinrikisha. The go-between and his wife were in the next two, and then came Brother and Mother. The procession started, Toshi sprinkled salt on the doorstep just as if a corpse had been carried out, and mingling with the sound of rolling wheels and the soft thud of trotting feet came Grandmother's trembly old voice singing the farewell part of the wedding-song:

"From the shore
A boat with lifted sail
Rides toward the rising moon.
On waves of ebbing tide it sails,
The shadow of the land falls backward,
And the boat sails farther—farther——"

So ended Sister's life as an Inagaki; for however often she might visit us after this, and however lovingly and informally she might be treated, she would never again be anything but a guest.

Long afterward Sister told me of her trip to her new home. It was only a few hours long, but she had to go over a mountain, and the palanquin jolted fearfully. She said her greatest anxiety was to keep her head, laden with the heavy shell bars, from bumping against the cushions and disarranging her elaborately dressed hair. Finally the carriers were trotting along evenly on a smooth road, then they came to a stop and Ishi pushed up the reed screen of the window.

"Young Mistress," she said, "we have reached the halting place where we are to rest before presenting ourselves to the house of the honorable bridegroom."

Mother and Ishi helped Sister out, and they all went into a good-sized but simple farmhouse. They were received most graciously by the hostess, who was a distant relative of the bridegroom's family. There they had dinner, each person being served with red rice and a small fish, head and all—meaning Congratulation. Ishi freshened up Sister's dress, looked over her sash, examined her hair, and retouched her powdered face. Then the procession moved slowly on, up a long sloping hill. At the top they were met by the "seven-and-a-half-times" courier and soon reached the big gateway with its crest banner and lanterns of welcome. She was conscious of being on a

stone path when the carriers placed the palanquin on the ground. She could see nothing, but she knew that in a moment the little window in the front would be opened and the bridegroom's face would appear. Then he would strike the top of the palanquin with his fan, which would mean Welcome.

There was usually no delay, but this bridegroom was a bashful youth, only seventeen, and they had to go for him. Sister said that in those few minutes of waiting, she, for the first time, was frightened. Then she heard swift footsteps and the next moment the little reed screen was jerked open. She ought to have sat quietly, with her eyes cast modestly down, but she was startled and gave one quick glance upward. In that instant's time she saw a pale, pock-marked face with a broad low brow and close-pressed lips.

Down went the screen and, without a second's pause, "clap! clap!" came a nervous slap of the fan above her head.

The palanquin was lifted and carried to the door. Sister, within, sat strangely calm, for in that instant of lifted screen her fright had slipped away—for ever.

The door was reached. The palanquin was lowered to the ground. Sister was helped out, and as she entered her life home, two old voices completed the wedding-song with the words of welcome:

"On the sea
A boat with lifted sail
Rides toward the rising moon.
On the waves of the flowing tide it comes.
The shadow of the past lies far behind,
And the boat sails nearer—nearer
To the shore called Happy Life."

VII

BROTHER had been at home a year when the letters from his friend in America began coming more frequently. After each one Grandmother, Brother, and Mother would have long talks, and not all of them were happy ones. In a vague way I sometimes thought these discussions had something to do with me; and one day was a little troubled when a long conference ended by Brother's abruptly coming out of the room with only a short bow that was almost rude. He started swiftly toward the door, then turning, came back and stood by my side, looking steadily at me for a moment. But he went on without saying a word.

Several weeks later a thick, heavy letter came, one with many stamps; and after another talk in Grandmother's room, Brother sent Jiya out with the long lacquer box tied with a cord which I knew held a "rounding letter" for all the relatives. Jiya would wait at each place for it to be read before carrying it on to the next place. That afternoon I noticed Mother was very thoughtful and quiet; and Grandmother sat by her fire-box, silent and stern, with her long, slender pipe in her hand. The tiny bowl held only three puffs, and, after refilling it twice, she always put it away, but she seemed to have forgotten it that day and sat holding it a long time.

The next day there was a meeting of the family council.

It has always been a Japanese custom to decide important family problems by calling an assembly of the older relatives. There had been family councils ever since I could remember, but, being the youngest of the family, and a girl, I was not concerned in them, and I never gave more than a passing thought as to whether this time it would mean the selling of another piece of land or of one

of our roll pictures. We had been selling things all my life. Sister and I were so accustomed to seeing the second-hand man go into the big plaster storehouse with old Jiya that we made a practice of playing a guessing game as to whether he would come out with a small package in his hand or a big bundle on his shoulders. Mother used to look troubled when a group of men came to look at things, but Father would laugh and say, "Useless beauty had a place in the old life, but the new asks only for ugly usefulness."

But one thing Father never laughed about. Whenever negotiations were pending in regard to land he was always watchful. The outside limits of our once large estate had gradually been withdrawn within the wall, and year by year they were closing in nearer to the house; but Father would never part with any portion of the garden overlooked by Grandmother's room. After his death Brother was equally considerate; so as long as she lived, Grandmother could gaze out upon the garden, the stream, and the little slope of azaleas against the background of feathery bamboo just as she had done for years.

This family council was the largest that had been held since Father's death. Two gray-haired uncles were there with the aunts, besides two other aunts, and a young uncle who had come all the way from Tokyo on purpose for this meeting. They had been in the room a long time, and I was busy writing at my desk when I heard a soft "Allow me to speak!" behind me, and there was Toshi at the door, looking rather excited.

"Little Mistress," she said with an unusually deep bow, "your honorable mother asks you to go to the room where the guests are."

I entered the big room. Brother was sitting by the *tokonoma,* and next to him were two gray-haired uncles

and the young uncle from Tokyo. Opposite sat Honorable Grandmother, the four aunts, and Mother. Tea had been served and all had cups before them or in their hands. As I pushed back the door they looked up and gazed at me as if they had never seen me before. I was a little startled, but of course I made a low, ceremonious bow. Mother motioned to me, and I slipped over beside her on the mat.

"Etsu-ko," Mother said very gently, "the gods have been kind to you, and your destiny as a bride has been decided. Your honorable brother and your venerable kindred have given much thought to your future. It is proper that you should express your gratitude to the Honorable All."

I made a long, low bow, touching my forehead to the floor. Then I went out and returned to my desk and my writing. I had no thought of asking, "Who is it?" I did not think of my engagement as a personal matter at all. It was a family affair. Like every Japanese girl, I had known from babyhood that some time, as a matter of course, I should marry, but that was a far-away necessity to be considered when the time came. I did not look forward to it. I did not dread it. I did not think of it at all. The fact that I was not quite thirteen had nothing to do with it. That was the attitude of all girls.

The formal ceremony of the betrothal took place some months later. It was not an elaborate affair, like a wedding, but was very important; for in old-fashioned families the betrothal was considered as sacred as the marriage itself, and indeed it could not be nearly so easily broken as might be the marriage tie.

There was an air of quiet excitement in the whole house that day. The servants, who always felt a personal interest in everything that happened in the family, had hung weather dolls of folded paper on the *nanten* bush near the porch, to insure sunshine, and were jubilant over the

result; and even Mother, who always seemed more calm when she was excited, went around giving unnecessary directions to various maids. "Be careful in powdering Etsu-ko Sama's face," I heard her say to Ishi. "Get the paint smooth." And when the hairdresser arrived Mother made a second trip to the room to give a special order that Etsu-ko Sama's hair must be pulled *straight.*

As soon as I was dressed, I went to Grandmother's room for morning greetings. Her kindly smile was more gentle than usual, and we had a pleasant talk before breakfast was announced. As we were leaving the room she reminded me that it was the Day of the Bird.

"Yes, I know," I said. "A betrothal ceremony always takes place on the Day of the Bird. Honorable Grandmother, why is it?"

"Be not ambitious to be vain!" she said, smiling and resting her arm on my shoulder as we walked down the porch. "This day was chosen by your relatives with the kind wish that good fortune will bless your life with silks and brocades as plentiful as are the feathers of the birds."

Matsuo's aged uncle, Mr. Omori, had arrived from Kyoto a few days before and had been entertained at the home of the go-between. The ceremony had to take place in the waxing rather than the waning of the day; so about the middle of the forenoon, when I went into the best room, I found the others already assembled. Matsuo's uncle was seated on a cushion near the *tokonoma.* He sat very straight and had a pleasant face. I liked him. Grandmother, Brother, Mother, and the two go-betweens were there, and I sat beside Mother. The woman go-between brought to me a small white table with a square of crêpe over it, on which was Matsuo's crest. It was the engagement gift from his family, and I was looking for the first time upon the crest that I should have to wear all my life; but I did not seriously realize it. Another tray held other

gifts, the most important of which was a pair of folding fans, signifying a wish for constantly widening happiness.

Then Toshi brought into the room two trays and set them before Mr. Omori. It was my family's gift to Matsuo.

Of course, I had been told exactly what to do; so I lifted the square of crêpe from my table, displaying a roll of magnificent brocade for a sash. On Mr. Omori's tables were the essential pair of fans and a wide-pleated silk skirt called *hakama*—the regulation dress for a Japanese gentleman. These have been the betrothal gifts from time immemorial.

I bowed most formal thanks, and Mr. Omori did the same. Then the gifts were placed on the *tokonoma,* and everybody, even Grandmother, made a slight bow and murmured, "Congratulations!"

Soon after, the maids brought the small tables for our dinner, placing those for the gentlemen on one side of the room and those for the ladies on the other. Then Toshi, with her tray, took her place in the open space at the end of the two lines, each person made a slight bow, and the dinner commenced. The conversation was general and the guests seemed to have a pleasant time, but, of course, I was very quiet and dignified.

The most interesting part of the day to me came after everyone had gone and Ishi was taking off my dress. She eyed my head very closely. "*Maa! Maa!* Etsu-bo Sama," she said. "It was such luck that today was cold and dry. Your hair has not one bit of a crinkle!"

For once my unruly hair had not disgraced my family, and giving a sigh of relief, I placed my head carefully upon my little wooden pillow and went contentedly to sleep.

After my betrothal my life was a sort of make-believe game, for my education as a wife began that very day. I had already received the usual training in cooking, sew-

ing, and various household duties, as well as flower-arranging, tea-serving, and other womanly accomplishments; but now I had to put these things into practice as if I were already in my husband's home. I was expected to select without assistance the proper flowers, the suitable roll picture and *tokonoma* ornament, and see that the house was always arranged according to certain established rules.

Every moment my life was filled with training and preparation. The object was not explained to me, for this education was a taken-for-granted part of every betrothal; and it happened in my case that no special explanation was necessary other than that I had to be careful not in any way to show disrespect to wood-sorrel since Matsuo's crest was conventionalized wood-sorrel. Except that I had to learn to like tuna, which was a favorite dish of Matsuo's and which I had never cared for, my diet was not affected at all by my betrothal. Sister had a long training, for she had been betrothed five years, including the year of postponement on account of Father's death. As her expected husband's crest was conventionalized plum, she never, during the five years, tasted plum, even in jelly. It would have been disrespectful.

The hardest thing I did that year was to learn how to make a sleeping cushion. I loved to sew and was rather skillful with the needle, but I had never made anything by myself. Ishi or Toshi had always helped me. But every Japanese housewife had to know how to make cushions, for they were our chairs and our beds; so Mother said that I must make a sleeping-cushion entirely alone. This was a difficult thing for any one to do, and my sleeves were wet with foolish tears when for the fourth time I pulled out the threads and turned the immense cushion inside out, in order to refit the corners, which, in spite of my persistent efforts, *would* stay twisted.

Another of my duties was the preparation, on anniversaries and at festival times, of a shadow table for my absent fiancé. On these days I myself cooked the food which Brother told us Matsuo especially liked. His table was placed next to mine and I arranged for it to be always served before my own. Thus I learned to be watchful for the comfort of my prospective husband. Grandmother and Mother always spoke as if Matsuo were present, and I was as careful of my dress and conduct as if he had really been in the room. Thus I grew to respect him and to respect my own position as his wife.

Most of the memories of that time are like faint heart-throb phantoms now, but one always stands out clear and strong. That has to do with a birthday. Japanese people do not, as a rule, observe individual birthdays. Instead, it is the custom to celebrate New Year as a birthday for each person of the nation. This gives a double meaning to the day and makes New Year the most joyously celebrated of any festival of the year. But in our house one especial birthday was always honored. That was Matsuo's. This was not on my account. From the time Mother had learned of his kindness to Brother, never did a January 8th pass that we did not have an elaborate dinner with a table for Matsuo in the place of honor as our guest. Mother always kept up this custom, and in later years, when in a far-distant land, I have thought with a mist in my eyes of the birthday table in my mother's home in the mountains of Japan.

During these months Mother and I came closer to each other than we had ever been before. She did not confide in me—that was not Mother's way—but it seemed that an invisible cord of sympathy was drawing our hearts together. I had always greatly admired my mother, but there was a little awe mixed with my admiration. Father had been my comrade and my friend as well as my wise

adviser; and my whole heart was filled with tender love for my dear, patient, unselfish Ishi. But Mother was aloft, like the sun, flawless and steady, filling the home with life-giving warmth, yet too far away to be treated familiarly. So I was surprised one day, when she came quietly to my room and told me there was something she wanted to speak to me about before she told Grandmother. Our house had received word from the go-between that Matsuo had removed to a city in the eastern part of America, and had gone into business for himself. On this account he had decided not to return to Japan for several years, and asked that I be sent to him there.

Mother always accepted inevitable circumstances with calm resignation, but this was a very unusual and puzzling situation. For generations Japanese mothers, believing that the destined home for every girl is settled by the gods, have sent their daughters as brides to distant provinces; so my going to America was not a matter of deep concern. But for a bride to go into a home where there was neither mother-in-law nor an elder sister of wisdom-age to train her in the ways of the new household was a serious problem. And this was not a case that could be referred to the family council; for I was as much bound to Matsuo as if I were already married, and in his affairs the Inagaki family had no authority. In this strange situation Mother turned to me, and for the first time in my life I was consulted in a family matter. I think I changed from girl to woman in that hour of conversation with my mother.

We decided that, at least for the present, there was but one problem for us to face. That was how to prepare for an unknown life in a strange land. In this my relatives could take no part. Of course, all were excited and each one volunteered advice; but the only practical suggestion came from Brother. He said I must have an English edu-

cation. That meant that I should have to be sent to school in Tokyo.

All that winter the household was busy getting me ready for school. The pathos of these preparations I did not realize; nor, I think, did any of us. Mother spent evening after evening bending her stately head over wonderful embroidered garments, ripping out, stitch by stitch, the exquisite work of hands folded in rest generations ago. Then Ishi would dye the silk and make it into plain garments suitable for my school life.

And many things were sold. Grandmother and Mother consented to any sacrifice, though sometimes their faces were sad; but Brother seemed to have lost all feeling for the precious old belongings and would part with them without one expression of regret.

"Treasures are a useless care," he often said. "In a poor house like ours there is no need to keep dozens of chests of retainers' armor. They had their place in the past, but hereafter the sons of our ancestors must fight on the battlefield of commerce. Business is the key to wealth, and in this new world wealth is the only power."

I thought little of it then, but now it aches me to remember the sword-hilt ornaments of exquisite workmanship in gold and silver and bronze that were sold for almost nothing; and I can see, even now, how the great scales of the dealer in old iron tipped heavily with the weight of swords that once were the pride of our humblest retainers.

One cold evening I went into Grandmother's room and snuggled down beside her cushion, close to the fire-box, just as I used to do in the days which were beginning to seem to me far in the past. We had grown somewhat apart that year. I was no longer the little child she could make happy with sweets, could train in politeness and teach useful lessons by means of fairy lore; and I felt that,

much as she loved me, the new conditions that my future faced were beyond her old-fashioned comprehension. But I learned that night, while I talked with her, that samurai training will prepare one for any future.

As we sat in the quiet room, lighted only by the soft glow of the charcoal fire, she told me how, that very day sixty years before, she, as a bride, had left her home in a distant province to come to her husband in Nagaoka. Most brides of her rank revisited their homes each year in a long procession of grandeur, but, though messengers were sent with inquiries and gifts every New Year and summer-festival season, Grandmother never, after she entered the marriage palanquin, saw her home or her people again. In those days of slow travel, distance was counted by time rather than miles, and hers was a long trip. She left home on the night of a full moon, and another full moon was in the sky when she was carried through the entrance gate of her husband's home.

"I was just your age—fourteen," she said, "and sometimes as the procession passed through strange provinces, climbing over mountains and crossing wide rivers, I wondered many things. It was farther than Kyoto that I came, and at the gateway of each province there were long waits while the officials of the procession exchanged papers and received permission for us to pass. At these times my nurse always came and remained beside my palanquin, and the spear-retainers and 'six-shoulders' of coolie carriers were with us; so I did not fear. But the world seemed very strange and large to me. And the people I came to live among were very different from my own. The customs were new; even the language had an accent and idioms that seemed peculiar. It was like a foreign land. And so, of late, I have thought much of you and the unknown country to which your fate is taking you. Remem-

ber, Etsu-bo," and her voice was strangely tender, "where you live is a small matter. The life of a samurai, man or woman, is just the same: loyalty to the overlord; bravery in defence of his honor. In your distant, destined home, remember Grandmother's words: loyalty to your husband; bravery in defence of his honor. It will bring you peace."

VIII

My Tokyo relatives had arranged for me to live with them and attend a celebrated school for girls, where English was taught by a man who had studied in England. This I did for several months, but my brother was not satisfied. The girls were required to give much attention to etiquette and womanly accomplishments; and since my uncle lived in a stately mansion, a great part of my time at home was occupied with trifling formalities. Brother said that I was receiving the same useless training that had been given him, and, since I was to live in America, I must have a more practical education.

Once more my poor brother was totally misunderstood by our kindred on account of his stubborn opposition to all advice; but finally Father's old friend, Major Sato, suggested a mission school that his wife had attended and which bore the reputation of being the best girls' school for English in Japan. This pleased Brother and, since it was a rule of the school that each pupil should have a resident guardian, Major Sato accepted the responsibility and it was arranged that, until the beginning of the next term, some weeks away, I should be a member of the Sato household. Major Sato's wife was a quiet, gentle lady, unassuming in manner, but with a hidden strength of

character most unusual. Having no daughter, she accepted me as her own and in numberless kind ways taught me things of lasting value.

In very bad weather I was sent in Mrs. Sato's jinrikisha, but, true to my dear priest-teacher's training, I felt that it was almost a disgrace to consider bodily comfort when on the road to learning, so I usually walked.

I liked my school from the first, but some of my experiences were very puzzling. Had it not been for the constant sympathy and wise advice of kind Mrs. Sato, my life might have been difficult; for I was only a simple country girl alone in a new world, looking about me with very eager, but very ignorant, eyes, and stubbornly judging everything by my own unreasonably high standards of conservative opinion.

All our studies, except English and Bible, were taught by Japanese men—not priests, but professors. Since they came only for their classes, we saw little of them. The foreign teachers were all women. I had seen one foreign man in Nagaoka, but, until I came to this school, I had never seen a foreign woman. These teachers were all young, lively, most interesting and beautiful. Their strange dress, the tight black shoes, the fair skin untouched by the cosmetics which we considered a necessary part of dressing, and the various colors of hair arranged in loose coils and rolls, were suggestive of dim visions I had had about fairyland. I admired them greatly, but their lack of ceremony surprised me. The girls, most of whom were from Tokyo, where living was less formal than in my old-fashioned home, made very short bows and had most astonishing manners in talking with one another; nevertheless, I had a certain interest in watching them. But the free actions of the teachers with the pupils and the careless conduct of the girls in the presence of the teachers shocked

me. I had been taught such precepts as "Step not on even the shadow of thy teacher, but walk reverently three steps behind," and every day I saw familiar greetings and heard informal conversations that seemed to me most undignified on the part of the teacher and lacking in respect on the part of the pupil.

And there was another thing which troubled me greatly. Friendly smiles and small attentions from teachers seemed to be liked by these city girls, but I shrank indescribably from personal advances made to myself. My rigid training held me back from being even mildly responsive to either teachers or schoolmates, and it was a long time before the strangeness wore away and I found myself joining with the girls in their games and beginning to feel acquainted with my teachers. This was helped along greatly by certain democratic rules in the school, which, though not enforced, were encouraged, and became the fashion. One of these was giving up the use of the honorific "Sama" and substituting the less formal prefix, "O"; thus placing the girls on a plane of social equality. Another, which greatly interested me, was the universal agreement to give up arranging the hair in Japanese style. All wore it alike, pulled back from the face and hanging in a long braid behind. This change was a mixed pleasure. I was no longer a martyr to the "gluing-up process" of scented oil and hot tea, but as I was the only curly-haired girl in the school I could not escape a certain amount of good-natured ridicule.

These things I accepted with ease, but my shoes were a real annoyance. All my life I had been accustomed to leave my shoes at the door whenever I stepped inside a house, but here, in the school, we wore our sandals all the time, except in the straw-matted dormitory. I was slow to adapt myself to this, and it was months before I conquered

the impulse to slip back my toes from the cord when I reached the door of the class room. The girls used to wait outside, just to laugh at my moment's hesitation.

These changes in my life-long habits, combined with the merry ridicule of the girls, made me feel that I was one of them, and that Etsu-bo had slipped entirely out of the old life and was now fitted happily into the new. Nevertheless, there were times when, aroused from deep study by someone suddenly calling, "O Etsu San!" and, after a dazed moment of adjusting myself to the new name, I would hurry down the hall, my sandals sounding a noisy "clap-clap" on the floor, and my head feeling light with the cool looseness of unbound hair, I would be vaguely conscious, somewhere within me, of an odd fear that Etsu-bo was nowhere.

However, this feeling could never last long; for there was a dreaded something which constantly reminded me that I was still a daughter of Echigo. My pronunciation of certain sounds, which was different from that of Tokyo, caused considerable amusement among the girls. Also, I suppose I used rather stately and stilted language, which, combined with the odd Echigo accent, must have sounded very funny to city-bred ears. The girls were so good-natured in their mimicry that I could not feel resentment, but it was a real trial to me, for it touched my deep loyalty to my own province. Since I did not quite understand where the difficulty lay, I was helpless, and gradually got in the habit of confining my conversation to few remarks and making my sentences as short as possible.

Mrs. Sato noticed that I was growing more and more silent, and by tactful questioning she discovered the trouble. Then she quietly prepared a little notebook with a diagram of the troublesome sounds and, in the kindest way in the world, explained them to me.

Brother was there that evening, and he laughed.

"Etsu-bo," he said, looking at me rather critically,

"there is not such good reason to be shamed by the accent of an honorable province as over your countrified dress. I must get you some different clothes."

I had already grown suspicious of the glances which my schoolmates had been casting at the sash that Toshi had so painstakingly made me of a piece of newly imported cloth called *a-ra-pac-ca,* so I was glad to accept the garments which Brother brought the next day. They were surprisingly gay, and the sash, with one side of black satin, reminded me of the restaurant waiters of Nagaoka, but the girls all said they had a "Tokyo air," so I wore them with a pride and satisfaction greater than I ever had felt about clothes—except once. That was many years before, when my father, on one of his visits to the capital, had seen in a store foreign clothes for a child and had brought them home for me. They were of dark blue cloth and very peculiar in shape. None of us knew they were clothes for a little boy. Ishi dressed me and I strutted about, cramped into a straitjacket of cold, tight, scratchy discomfort. But the family admired me, the servants watched me with in-drawn breaths of awe, and I was as proud as the "bird of many eyes," which is our symbol of vanity.

The more I saw of my teachers, the more I admired them. I had lost my feeling of repulsion at their lack of ceremony when I learned to understand the hidden dignity that lay beneath their individual differences, and finally it began to dawn upon me that the honorable position of instructor was not inconsistent with being merry and gay. My Japanese teachers had been pleasantly courteous, but always lofty and distant in manner; while these smiling, swift-moving creatures ran with us in the gymnasium, played battledore and shuttlecock with us, and took turns in eating with us in our own dining room where Japanese food was served on trays as it was on our small tables at home.

Often on Friday evenings we were allowed to arrange a Japanese program of entertainment. We would bring out our bright undergarments, which are the gayest part of Japanese dress, and hang them across the room, where they swayed in long curves suggesting the broad-striped and crest curtains stretched by ancient warriors in camp. Then we would borrow things of each other to make costumes for tableaux or character sketches of celebrated people. Sometimes a daring girl would select a teacher—but always a favorite—and pleasantly caricature her. Occasionally we gave a pantomime of an old historic drama, but we never acted with words. That would have been too bold and unladylike. Even in theaters, women's parts were taken by men, for our stage was not yet far removed from the time when actors were called "beggars on the shore."

The teachers were always present on these occasions, laughing, applauding, and praising our efforts as freely and happily as if they were girls of our own age. And at the same time, they were all busy knitting and sewing, or —most interesting of all the things in that wonderful school—darning stockings.

But in spite of my steadily increasing contentment there was one thing that was a constant ache to me. Neither at school nor near the Sato home was there a shrine. Of course, there were prayers at morning service in the school chapel, and they were very beautiful and solemn. I always felt as if I were in a temple. But they lacked the warm homeliness of our family gathering in Honorable Grandmother's quiet room with the lighted candles and curling incense of the open shrine, and the consciousness of the near-by protecting presence of the ancestors. This I missed more than anything else. And an added grief was that I could have no part in the service held on the twenty-ninth of each month in memory of my father's death-day.

Before I left home Mother had given me a very sacred

thing. It was my father's death-name written on a certain kind of paper by my revered priest-teacher. Preciously I had carried this with me wherever I went, but after I became a boarder in the school I had a vague feeling that for me to keep it there permanently would be disloyal to the sacred name and also discourteous to the school; for it would be intruding something of the old into an atmosphere which belonged only to the new. I felt I could not keep it, and yet I could not part with it. I was sorely puzzled.

One week-end I went to visit Mrs. Sato. It was the twenty-ninth day of the month. We were sewing, and our cushions were drawn close to the open doors overlooking the garden. I had dropped my work and was thinking, my unseeing eyes gazing out at a path of stepping-stones that ran between two little hills and around a big stone lantern before disappearing in a group of small trees.

"What are you thinking, O Etsu San?" asked Mrs. Sato. "You look worried."

Turning, I saw real concern in her face. Perhaps under the influence of the school my reserve was beginning to melt. At any rate, I told her of my trouble.

At once she was all sympathy.

"I am ashamed that we have no shrine," she said; "for we have not even the excuse of being Christians. We are nothing. It is the fashion lately to adopt the Western way, and we have no house shrine. But there is one in the nun's house at the end of the garden."

"The nun's house at the end of the garden!" I repeated in great astonishment.

She explained that the land on which they lived had once belonged to an old temple where priestesses were in charge, which, on account of the changing times, had grown very poor. The property had been sold to Major Sato on condition that a little thatched hut, once belonging

to a temple servitor, should be allowed to remain as the home of a very old and very holy nun, who wished to spend her life in this much-loved spot.

That evening we went to see her, walking over the stepping-stones between the little hills and around the stone lanterns to where, through the foliage, I could see a small house surrounded by a low brush fence. Faint candlelight twinkled through the paper doors, and I heard the gentle, familiar "ton-ton, ton-ton" of the soft wooden drum and the low chanting of Buddhist words. I bowed my head, and in the darkness homesick tears came to my eyes.

Mrs. Sato opened the humble bamboo gate.

"Pardon. May we enter?" she called gently.

The chanting ceased. The door slid back, and a kindly looking, very aged nun in a gray cotton robe welcomed us most cordially.

The room was simply furnished except that on one side stood a very beautiful temple shrine of gilded lacquer. It was darkened by age and constant incense smoke. Before the gilded Buddha lay a pile of worn chanting-books and the small wooden drum we had heard.

The nun was gentle and sweet like my grandmother, and it was easy for me to explain my trouble and show her the paper holding the sacred name. Lifting it to her forehead, she took it to the shrine and reverently placed it before the Buddha. Then we had a simple service, such as we used to have in Honorable Grandmother's room at home, and when I came away I left the precious paper in the safe keeping of her shrine. After that, on the last Friday of every month, I used to visit the holy nun and listen to her soft voice chant the service in memory of Father's death-day.

IX

Our time in school was supposed to be equally divided between Japanese and English, but since I had been already carefully drilled in Japanese studies, I was able to put my best efforts on English. My knowledge of that language was very limited. I could read and write a little, but my spoken English was scarcely understandable. I had, however, read a number of translations of English books and—more valuable than all else—I possessed a supply of scattered knowledge obtained from a little set of books that my father had brought me from the capital when I was only a child. They were translations, compiled from various sources and published by one of the progressive book houses of Tokyo.

I do not know whose idea it was to translate and publish those ten little paper volumes, but whoever it was holds my lasting gratitude. They brought the first shafts of light that opened to my eager mind the wonders of the Western world, and from them I was led to countless other friends and companions who, in the years since, have brought to me such a wealth of knowledge and happiness that I cannot think what life would have been without them. How well I remember the day they came! Father had gone to Tokyo on one of his "window toward growing days" trips.

That was always an important event in our lives, for he brought back with him, not only wonderful stories of his journey, but also gifts of strange and beautiful things. Mother had said that he would be home at the close of the day, and I spent the afternoon sitting on the porch step watching the slow-lengthening shadows of the garden trees. I had placed my high wooden clogs on a stepping-stone just at the edge of the longest shadow, and as the

sun crept farther I moved them from stone to stone, following the sunshine. I think I must have had a vague feeling that I could thus hasten the slanting shadow into the long straight line which would mean sunset.

At last—at last—and before the shadow had quite straightened, I hurriedly snatched up the clogs and clattered across the stones, for I had heard the jinrikisha man's cry of *"Okaeri!"* just outside the gate. I could scarcely bear my joy, and I have a bit of guilt in my heart yet when I recall how crookedly I pushed those clogs into the neat box of shelves in the "shoe-off" alcove of the vestibule.

The next moment the men, perspiring and laughing, came trotting up to the door where we, servants and all, were gathered, our heads bowed to the floor, all in a quiver of excitement and delight, but of course everybody gravely saying the proper words of greeting. Then, my duty done, I was caught up in my father's arms and we went to Honorable Grandmother, who was the only one of the household who might wait in her room for the coming of the master of the house.

That day was one of the "memory stones" of my life, for among all the wonderful and beautiful things which were taken from the willow-wood boxes straddled over the shoulders of the servants was the set of books for me. I can see them now. Ten small volumes of tough Japanese paper, tied together with silk cord and marked, "Tales of the Western Seas." They held extracts from "Peter Parley's World History," "National Reader," "Wilson's Readers," and many short poems and tales from classic authors in English literature.

The charm of delight that rare things give came to me during days and weeks—even months and years—from those books. I can recite whole pages of them now,

There was a most interesting story of Christopher Columbus. It was not translated literally, but adapted so that the Japanese mind would readily grasp the thought without being buried in a puzzling mass of strange customs. All facts of the wonderful discovery were stated truthfully, but Columbus was pictured as a fisher lad, and somewhere in the story there figured a lacquer bowl and a pair of chopsticks.

These books had been my inspiration during all my years of childhood, and when, in my study of English at school, my clumsy mind began to grasp the fact that hidden beneath the puzzling words were continuations of stories I knew, and of ideas similar to those I had found in the old familiar books that I had loved so well, my delight was unbounded. Then I began to read eagerly. I would bend over my desk, hurrying, guessing, skipping whole lines, stumbling along—my dictionary wide open beside me, but I not having time to look—and yet, in some marvelous way, catching ideas. And I never wearied. The fascination was like that of a moon-gazing party, where, while we watched from the hillside platform, a floating cloud would sail across the glorious disk, and we—silent, trembling with excitement—would wait for the glory of the coming moment. In the same way, a half-hidden thought—elusive, tantalizing—would fill me with a breathless hope that the next moment light would come. Another thing about English books was that, as I read, I was constantly discovering shadowy replies to the unanswered questions of my childhood. Oh, English books were a source of deepest joy!

I am afraid that I should not have been so persistent, or so successful in my English studies, could I have readily obtained translations of the books I was so eager to read. Tokyo bookshops, at that time, were beginning to be

flooded with translations of English, French, German, and Russian books; and these generally, if not scientific treatises, were classics translated, as a rule, by our best scholars; but they were expensive to purchase and difficult for me to obtain in any other way. To read, even stumblingly, in the original, the books in the school library was my only resource, and it became one of my greatest pleasures.

Excepting English, of all my studies history was the favorite; and I liked and understood best the historical books of the Old Testament. The figurative language was something like Japanese; the old heroes had the same virtues and the same weaknesses of our ancient samurai; the patriarchal form of government was like ours, and the family system based upon it pictured so plainly our own homes that the meaning of many questioned passages was far less puzzling to me than were the explanations of the foreign teachers.

In my study of English literature, it seems odd that, of all the treasures that I gathered, the one which has been most lasting as a vivid picture is that of Tennyson's "Dora." Probably this was because of its having been used by a famous Japanese writer as the foundation of a novel called "Tanima no Himeyuri"—Lily of the Valley. The story of Dora, being a tale of the first-born of an aristocratic family disinherited because he loved a rustic lass of humble class; and the subsequent tragedy resulting from the difference in training of different social circles, was a tale familiar and understandable to us. It was skilfully handled, the author, with wonderful word pictures, adapting Western life and thought to Japanese conditions.

"The Lily of the Valley" appeared at just the time when the young mind of Japan, both high and humble, was beginning to seek emancipation from the stoic philosophy, which for centuries had been the core of our well-bred

training, and it touched the heart of the public. The book rushed with a storm of popularity all through the land and was read by all classes; and—which was unusual—by both men and women. It is said that Her Imperial Majesty became so interested in reading it that she sat up all one night while her court ladies, sitting silent in the next room, wearily waited.

I think it was my third year in school that a wave of excitement over love stories struck Tokyo. All the schoolgirls were wildly interested. When translations were to be had we passed them from hand to hand through the school; but mostly we had to struggle along in English, picking out love scenes from the novels and poems in our school library. Enoch Arden was our hero. We were familiar with loyalty and sacrifice on the part of a wife, and understood perfectly why Annie should have so long withstood the advances of Philip, but the unselfishness of the faithful Enoch was so rare as to be much appreciated.

The hearts of Japanese girls are no different from those of girls of other countries, but for centuries, especially in samurai homes, we had been strictly trained to regard duty, not feeling, as the standard of relations between man and woman. Thus our unguided reading sometimes gave us warped ideas on this unknown subject. The impression I received was that love as pictured in Western books was interesting and pleasant, sometimes beautiful in sacrifice like that of Enoch Arden; but not to be compared in strength, nobility, or loftiness of spirit to the affection of parent for child, or the loyalty between lord and vassal.

Had my opinion been allowed to remain wordless, it probably would never have caused me annoyance, but it was destined to see the light. We had a very interesting literature society which held an occasional special meeting, to which we invited the teachers as guests. With an

anxious pride to have a fine entertainment, we frequently planned our program first and afterward selected the girls for the various tasks.

For a while my great interest in English reading filled all my hours of leisure, but there came a time when my heart longed for the dear old stories of Japan, and I wrote to my mother asking her to send me some books from home. Among others she selected a popular classic called *Hakkenden,* which I especially loved. It is the longest novel ever written in the Japanese language, and our copy, Japanese-bound and elaborately illustrated, consisted of 180 volumes. With great effort Mother succeeded in obtaining a foreign-bound copy in two thick volumes. I welcomed these books with joy, and was amazed when one of the teachers, seeing them in my bookcase, took them away, saying they were not proper books for me to read.

To me, *Hakkenden,* with its wonderful symbolism, was one of the most inspiring books I had ever read. It was written in the eighteenth century by Bakin, our great philosopher-novelist, and so musical is the literature, and so lofty the ideals, that frequently it has been compared, by Japanese of learning, to Milton's *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. The author was a strong believer in the unusual theory of spiritual transmigration, and his story is based on that belief.

The tale is of the daimio Satomi, who, with his almost starving retainers, was holding his castle against a besieging army. Knowing that the strength of the enemy lay alone in their able general, he desperately offered everything he possessed, even to his precious daughter, to any one brave enough to destroy his enemy. Satomi's faithful dog, a handsome wolf-hound named Yatsubusa, bounded away, and the next morning appeared before his master, carrying by its long hair the head of Satomi's foe.

With their leader gone the enemy was thrown into confusion, and Satomi's warriors, with a mighty rush, put them to flight. Thus was the province restored to peace and prosperity. Then, so bitterly did Satomi regret his promise that he was enraged at the very sight of the faithful animal to whom he owed his good fortune. But his beautiful daughter, the Princess Fuse, pitied the wronged animal.

"The word of a samurai, once uttered, cannot be recalled," she said. "It is my duty to uphold the honor of my father's word."

So the filial daughter went with Yatsubusa to a mountain cave where she spent her time in praying to the gods that a soul might be given to the brave animal; and with every murmured prayer the noble nature of the dumb Yatsubusa drew nearer to the border line of human intelligence.

One day there came to the mountain a loyal retainer of Satomi. He saw, just within the cave, the Princess Fuse sitting before the shrine holding an open book. Before her, like a faithful vassal, Yatsubusa listened with bowed head to the holy reading. Believing he was doing a noble deed, the retainer lifted his gun and fired. The bullet, swift and strong, was guided by fate. It passed directly through the body of Yatsubusa and on, piercing the heart of the Princess Fuse.

At that instant the freed spirit of the Princess, as eight shining stars in a floating mist, rose from her body and floated softly through the sky to the eight corners of the world. Each star was a virtue: Loyalty, Sincerity, Filial Piety, Friendship, Charity, Righteousness, Courtesy, and Wisdom.

Fate guided each star to a human home, and in course of time, into each of these homes a son was born. As they blossomed into manhood, Fate brought the youths to-

gether, and the reunited eight virtues become heroic vassals, through whom came glory to the name of Satomi. So the spirit of the filial daughter brought honor to her father's name.

I could not understand why this miracle-story, filled with lofty symbolism, could be more objectionable than the many fables and fairy tales of personified animals that I had read in English literature. But, after much pondering, I concluded that thoughts, like the language, on one side of the world are straightforward and literal; and on the other, vague, mystical, and visionary.

At the end of my school life my beloved books were returned to me. I have them now—battered, looseleafed, and worn—and I still love them.

As time passed on, I learned to like almost everything about my school—even many of the things which at first I had found most trying; but there was one thing which from the very first I had enjoyed with my whole heart. The school building was surrounded by large grounds with tall trees. A small lawn near the principal doorway was well cared for, but beyond was an extensive stretch of weedy grass and untrained shrubbery. There were no stone lanterns, no pond with darting gold-fish, and no curving bridge; just big trees with unbound branches, uncut grass, and—freedom to grow.

At my home there was one part of the garden that was supposed to be wild. The trees were twisted like wind-blown mountain pines; the stepping-stones marked an irregular path across ground covered with pine needles; the fence was of growing cedar peeping between uneven rods of split bamboo, and the gate was of brushwood tied with rough twine. But someone was always busy trimming the pines or cutting the hedge, and every morning Jiya wiped off the stepping-stones and, after sweeping beneath the pine trees, carefully scattered fresh pine

needles gathered from the forest. There the wildness was only constant repression, but here at the school everything was filled with the uplifting freshness of unrestrained freedom. This I enjoyed with a happiness so great that the very fact that such happiness could exist in the human heart was a surprise to me.

One section of this wild ground the teachers divided into small gardens, giving one to each of the girls and providing any kind of flower seeds we wanted. This was a new delight. I already loved the free growth of the trees, and the grass on which I could walk even in my shoes; but this "plant-what-you-please" garden gave me a wholly new feeling of personal right. I, with no violation of tradition, no stain on the family name, no shock to parent, teacher, or townspeople, no harm to anything in the world, was free to act. So instead of having a low bamboo fence around my garden, as most of the girls had, I went to the kitchen and coaxed the cook to give me some dried branches used for kindling. Then I made a rustic hedge, and, in my garden, instead of flowers, I planted—potatoes.

No one knows the sense of reckless freedom which this absurd act gave me—nor the consequences to which it led. It had unloosed my soul, and I stood listening, while from a strange tangle of unconventional smiles and informal acts, of outspoken words and unhidden thoughts, of growing trees and untouched grass, the spirit of freedom came knocking at my door.